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NME

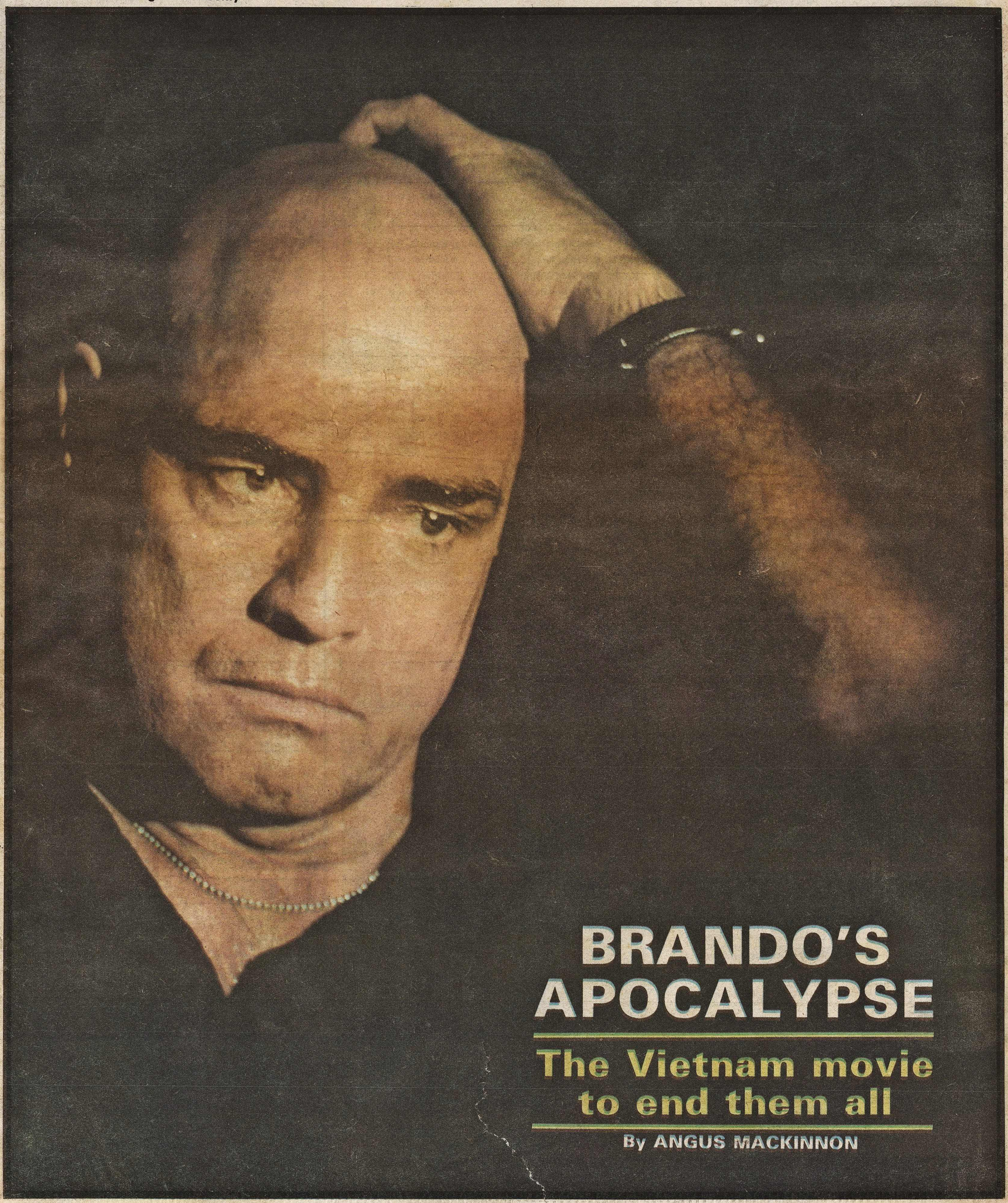
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

The World's Best Selling Rock Weekly

JUST A JACKSON?
The Thoughts Of An Ordinary Joe

PRESIDENT BIAFRA
What Makes A Dead Kennedy Run

THE CLASH CATACLYSM
Is There Life Beyond Double Albums?



Don't wait for this one to show up on telly: Marlon Brando goes bald in Apocalypse Now.

BRANDO'S APOCALYPSE
The Vietnam movie to end them all

By ANGUS MACKINNON

NME CHARTS

Week ending December 15, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(11)	**Another Brick In The Wall**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	2	1
2	(1)	**Walking On The Moon**	Police (A & M)	3	1
3	(9)	**Que Sera Mi Vida**	Gibson Brothers (Island)	4	3
4	(19)	**I Only Want To Be With You**	Tourists (Logo)	3	4
5	(2)	**No More Tears**	D. Summer/B. Streisand (Casablanca/CBS)	5	2
6	(15)	**Rappers Delight**	Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)	2	6
7	(3)	**When You're In Love**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	9	1
8	(4)	**Confusion**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	4
9	(29)	**Nights In White Satin**	Moody Blues (Deram)	2	9
10	(5)	**Complex**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	5
11	(17)	**Union City Blue**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	11
12	(6)	**Crazy Little Thing Called Love**	Queen (EMI)	8	4
13	(8)	**One Step Beyond**	Madness (Stiff)	5	8
14	(7)	**Still**	Commodores (Motown)	6	3
15	(16)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	3	15
16	(13)	**It's A Disco Night**	Isley Brothers (Epic)	5	13
17	(10)	**Eton Rifles**	Jam (Polydor)	6	2
18	(14)	**Diamond Smiles**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	14
19	(27)	**My Simple Heart**	Three Degrees (Ariola)	2	19
20	(—)	**Day Trip To Bangor**	Fiddlers Dram (Dingles)	1	20
21	(12)	**Ladies Night**	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	7	6
22	(20)	**Rockabilly Rebel**	Matchbox (Magnet)	4	20
23	(—)	**Have A Dream**	Abba (Epic)	1	23
24	(—)	**Wonderful Christmas Time**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	1	24
25	(22)	**The Sparrow**	Ramblers (Decca)	7	12
26	(—)	**Sarah**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	23
27	(—)	**Living On An Island**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	27
28	(—)	**It's My House**	Diana Ross (Motown)	1	28
29	(—)	**My Feet Keep Dancing**	Chic (Atlantic)	1	29
30	(24)	**Is It Love You're After**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	3	24

UP AND COMING:

Brass In Pocket — The Pretenders (Real).
Tears Of A Clown — The Beat (Two Tone).
Working For The Yankee Dollar — Skids (Virgin).
I Don't Want To Be A Freak — Dynasty (Solar).
She's Not There — U.K. Subs (Gem).
Moonlight and Musak — M (MCA).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 17, 1974

1 Lonely This Christmas — Mud (Rak)
2 You're The First, The Last, My Everything — Barry White (20th Century)
3 You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet — Bachman-Turner Overdrive (Mercury)
4 Oh Yes! You're Beautiful — Gary Glitter (Bell)
5 Streets Of London — Ralph McTell (Reprise)
6 My Boy — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 Get Dancing — Discotex & The Sex-O-Letes (Chelsea)
8 Gonna Make You A Star — David Essex (CBS)
9 Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds — Elton John (DJM)
10 Tell Him — Hello (Bell)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 17, 1969

1 Two Little Boys — Rolf Harris (Columbia)
2 Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town — Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)
3 Yester-Me, Yester-You, Yesterday — Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
4 Sugar Sugar — Archies (RCA)
5 Melting Pot — Blue Mink (Philips)
6 Suspicious Minds — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 Winter World Of Love — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
8 The Onion Song — Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell (Tamla Motown)
9 All I Have To Do Is Dream — Bobbie Gentry & Glen Campbell (Capitol)
10 Call Me (Number One) — Tremeloes (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 18, 1964

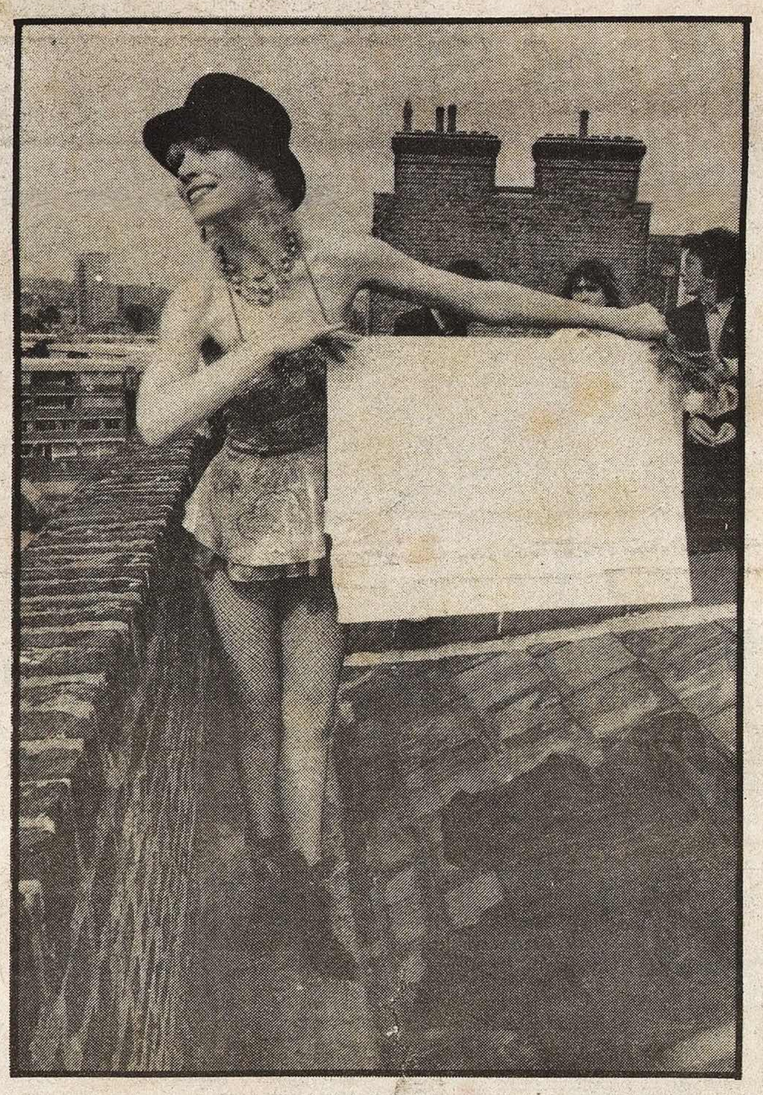
1 I Feel Fine — Beatles (Parlophone)
3 I'm Gonna Be Strong — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
3 Downtown — Petula Clark (Pye)
4 Little Red Rooster — Rolling Stones (Decca)
5 Walk Tall — Val Doonican (Decca)
6 I Understand — Freddie and the Dreamers (Columbia)
7 Somewhere — P. J. Proby (Liberty)
8 No Arms Could Ever Hold You — Bachelors (Decca)
9 Pretty Paper — Roy Orbison (London)
10 I Could Easily Fall — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2**	Abba (Epic)	6	1
2	(2)	**Greatest Hits**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	1
3	(4)	**Love Songs**	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	3	3
4	(5)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	10	1
5	(3)	**20 Golden Greats**	Diana Ross (Motown)	4	2
6	(7)	**Rock 'n' Roller Disco**	Various (Ronco)	6	4
7	(28)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	2	7
8	(10)	**Night Moves**	Various (K-Tel)	3	8
9	(6)	**Setting Sons**	Jam (Polydor)	4	6
10	(8)	**Lena's Music Album**	Lena Martell (Pye)	9	4
11	(11)	**ELO's Greatest Hits**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	11
12	(15)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	8	2
13	(12)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	12	3
14	(26)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	26	1
15	(—)	**Crepes & Drapes**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	15
16	(17)	**Out Of This World**	Moody Blues (K-Tel)	5	11
17	(13)	**Greatest Hits**	10cc (Mercury)	10	5
18	(20)	**One Step Beyond**	Madness (Stiff)	6	16
19	(18)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	11	2
20	(9)	**20 Golden Greats**	Mantovani (Warwick)	5	6
21	(16)	**The Specials**	Specials (Two Tone)	7	8
22	(14)	**Sometimes You Win**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	4	14
23	(19)	**String Of Hits**	Shadows (EMI)	14	4
24	(—)	**Metal Box**	Public Image Limited (Virgin)	1	24
25	(23)	**Wet**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	4	20
26	(29)	**Glory Boys**	Secret Affair (I Spy)	2	26
27	(—)	**Chic's Greatest Hits**	Chic (Atlantic)	1	27
28	(22)	**Echoes Of Gold**	Adrian Brett (Casablanca)	2	22
29	(—)	**On Parole**	Motorhead (United Artists)	1	29
30	(—)	**The Secret Life Of Plants**	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	5	11

UP AND COMING:

Platinum — Mike Oldfield (Virgin).
Tranquility — Mary O'Hara (Warwick).
Live Rust — Neil Young (Reprise).
Sid Vicious Sings — (Virgin).
The Secret Policeman's Ball — Various (Island).
Indecent Exposure — Billy Connolly (Polydor).



Annie of The Tourists, this week at number four, goes for an update of the Beatles 'Let It Be' stunt. In front of an estimated 500,000 crowd she demonstrates her undisputed skill in the art of reversed origami. We see her triumphant after just completing the final stages of turning a complex, fully operative paper swan into a large blank square piece of ordinary foolscap.

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**No More Tears**	Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer
2	(4)	**Escape**	Rupert Holmes
3	(3)	**Please Don't Go**	KC & The Sunshine Band
4	(1)	**Babe**	Styx
5	(6)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool & The Gang
6	(7)	**Send One Your Love**	Stevie Wonder
7	(8)	**You're Only Lonely**	J. D. Souther
8	(5)	**Still**	Commodores
9	(11)	**Jane**	Jefferson Starship
10	(12)	**We Don't Talk Anymore**	Cliff Richard
11	(15)	**Rock With You**	Michael Jackson
12	(9)	**Heartache Tonight**	Eagles
13	(18)	**Do That To Me One More Time**	The Captain & Tennille
14	(10)	**Dim All The Lights**	Donna Summer
15	(16)	**Take The Long Way Home**	Supertramp
16	(21)	**Cruisin'**	Smokey Robinson
17	(26)	**Coward Of The County**	Kenny Rogers
18	(19)	**Half The Way**	Crystal Gayle
19	(22)	**Cool Change**	Little River Band
20	(25)	**Head Games**	Foreigner
21	(13)	**Ships**	Barry Manilow
22	(24)	**I Want You Tonight**	Pablo Cruise
23	(14)	**Pop Muzik**	M
24	(28)	**Better Love Next Time**	Dr Hook
25	(27)	**This Is It**	Kenny Loggins
26	(30)	**Don't Do Me Like That**	Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers
27	(17)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
28	(—)	**The Long Run**	Eagles
29	(23)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
30	(—)	**Don't Let Go**	Isaac Hayes

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**The Long Run**	Eagles
2	(2)	**On The Radio Greatest Hits**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**Cornerstone**	Styx
4	(5)	**Wet**	Barbra Streisand
5	(4)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
6	(6)	**The Secret Life Of Plants**	Stevie Wonder
7	(7)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin
8	(10)	**Bee Gees' Greatest Hits**	Bee Gees
9	(9)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
10	(8)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
11	(14)	**Damn The Torpedoes**	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
12	(12)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
13	(15)	**Head Games**	Foreigner
14	(13)	**Kenny**	Kenny Rogers
15	(17)	**Masterjam**	Rufus & Chaka
16	(11)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow
17	(21)	**Freedom At Point Zero**	Jefferson Starship
18	(18)	**Keep The Fire**	Kenny Loggins
19	(16)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool And The Gang
20	(23)	**Greatest Hits**	Rod Stewart
21	(—)	**Phoenix**	Dan Fogelberg
22	(20)	**Dream Police**	Cheap Trick
23	(22)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
24	(24)	**Flirtin' With Disaster**	Molly Hatchet
25	(—)	**Night In The Ruts**	Aerosmith
26	(26)	**Regatta De Blanc**	The Police
27	(27)	**Injoy**	The Bar-Kays
28	(19)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie
29	(—)	**Hydra**	Toto
30	(—)	**Prince**	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

(1) **Your Man** — Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
(2) **Sky Juice** — Nigger Kojak & Lisa (Joe Gibbs)
(3) **Rome** — Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
(4) **Breadfruit Season** — Jah Scott (Harry J)
(5) **Rub A Dub Evenin'** — Joe Tex & U Black (Joe Gibbs)
(6) **Natty Dread She Want** — George Fulwood (Gorgon)
(7) **Mafia** — Barry Brown (State Lion)
(8) **Roach In The Corner** — Erroll Scorcher (Aries)
(9) **Eileen** — General Echo (Freedom Sound)
(10) **Penitentiary** — Nigger Kojak (Nigger Kojak)

Chart Supplied by JOE GIBBS, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14

DISCO

(1) **Off The Wall** — Michael Jackson (Epic)
(2) **Ladies Night** — Kool & The Gang (Mercury)
(3) **It's A Disco Night** — Isley Brothers (Epic)
(4) **Rappers Delight** — Sugar Hill Gang (Sugarhill)
(5) **Que Sera Mi Vida** — Gibson Brothers (Island)
(6) **I Don't Want To Be A Freak** — Dynasty (Solar)
(7) **Don't Stop Til You Get Enough** — Michael Jackson (Epic)
(8) **Still** — Commodores (Motown)
(9) **Mellow Mellow** — Lowrell (AVI)
(10) **No More Tears** — Donna Summer/Barbra Streisand (Casablanca/CBS)

Chart Supplied by: POWERHOUSE ROAD SHOW, Tel (01) 368-9852.

INDIES

(1) **Raincoats** — Raincoats (Rough Trade)
(2) **Dirk Wears White Sox** — Adam & The Ants (Do It)
(3) **Four A Sides** — Scirtti Polliti (St Pancras)
(4) **Mind Your Own Business** — Delta 5 (Rough Trade)
(5) **White Mice** — Modettes (Mode)
(6) **Where's Bill Grundy Now** — TV Personalities (Kings Road)
(7) **20 Jazz Funk Greats** — Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
(8) **Copy/Robot** — Plastics (Rough Trade)
(9) **Transmission** — Joy Division (Factory)
(10) **I Can't Control Myself** — Dr Mix (Rough Trade)

Chart Supplied by ROUGH TRADE, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W1.

NEWS — and more big tours for 1980

JOEY RAMONE

RAMONES
Twenty dates for February-March

THE RAMONES are now definitely set for a British tour early in the New Year, confirming *NME*'s exclusive forecast six weeks ago. They arrive on January 15, and appear in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* the same night. Their tour itinerary takes in 20 dates around the country, climaxing in a major London show, and the schedule comprises:

Brighton Top Rank (January 16), Leicester De Montfort Hall (17), Cambridge Corn Exchange (18), Norwich East Anglia University (19), Exeter University (21), Cardiff University (22), Aylesbury Friars (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Leeds University (26), Edinburgh Odeon (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Liverpool University (30), Manchester Apollo (February 1), Lancaster University (2), Sheffield Top Rank (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Bristol Colston Hall (5), Colchester Essex University (8) and London Rainbow (9).

Tickets for the Rainbow show are priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50, and they are on sale now. They are also available at all other venues, although prices vary. The Ramones' visit has been set up by the MAM Agency.

The band were due to pay a UK visit earlier this year, but pulled out at short notice for reasons of "logistics and finance" — problems which were incurred mainly on the European section of their proposed tour. Their 1980 visit coincides with the late January release by Sire Records of their new album 'End Of The Century', which was produced by Phil Spector (and which, incidentally, includes their version of the Spector number 'Baby I Love You' — a hit for The Ronettes). A single will be culled from the LP, but titles have not yet been selected.

RITCHIE BLACKMORE

RAINBOW
UK dates at last

THE LONG-AWAITED UK tour by Rainbow has finally come together. Originally mooted a year ago, it was postponed indefinitely due to line-up changes, then delayed again this autumn because of on-going recording sessions.

But now Ritchie Blackmore and the band are poised to make their British stage comeback with their revised personnel — featuring Blackmore (guitar) and his former Deep Purple colleague Roger Glover (bass), Graham Bonnet (vocals), Cozy Powell (drums) and Don Airey (keyboards).

After a series of European dates early in the New Year, they open at Newcastle City Hall on February 19 and 20, then play Edinburgh Inglestone Royal Highland Exhibition Hall (22), Stafford New Bingley Hall (23), Manchester Apollo (26), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (27), London Wembley Arena (29) and Leicester Granby Halls (March 3).

It's almost certain that a second Wembley date will be added — *NME* understands that it's already booked, but won't be announced officially until after Christmas — and an additional London show at the Rainbow is also on the cards. Ticket prices vary from one venue to another, but basically they're in the £4 and £4.50 range.

First tour of top concert halls by TOURISTS

THE TOURISTS, currently hitting the high spots with their single 'I Only Want To Be With You', have been lined up for their first major concert tour of leading theatre venues. They're playing a dozen dates in February under the banner of 'The Last Laugh Tour', and there's a possibility of one or two more being added.

Their confirmed schedule takes them to Ipswich Gaumont (February 14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Blackburn King George's Hall (17), Sheffield City Hall (18), Edinburgh Odeon (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Glasgow Apollo (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Southampton Gaumont (27) and London Hammersmith Odeon (28).

Ticket prices are £3.50, £2.50 and £2 at all venues, except Hammersmith where there are additional £3 seats. They'll be on sale at box-offices and usual agencies within the next week or two, but opening dates vary and readers should check with individual venues. Name of the support band will be announced shortly.

● As already reported, The Tourists also play the final night of the 'More Front Row Festivities' festival at London Kensington Nashville on December 22, which they say they're doing as "a Christmas thank-you" to their supporters.

DAVID BOWIE
World tour plans

PLANS ARE being laid for a world tour in 1980 by David Bowie, which would bring him to this country in the late spring or early summer, NME learned this week. Bowie is understood to be keen to undertake the project — which provisionally includes a string of concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon. But knowing his reputation for changing his mind, nothing can be confirmed until he gives the official go-ahead — and that could come sooner than expected, if his new disco version of 'John, I'm Only Dancing' is a hit.

HARVEY
Four venues for January

ALEX HARVEY & His New Band (that's the official billing) finally get into live action next month and, although they're only playing four concerts in January, these will be followed by a string of February dates which are still being finalised.

The confirmed gigs open in Harvey's home city of Glasgow at the Apollo on January 10, followed by Newcastle City Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (13) and Sheffield City Hall (14).

Tickets are on sale now, priced £3, £2.50 and £2 at all venues, and the support act is Straight Eight. The new Harvey band comprises Matthew Cang (guitar), Gordon Sellar (bass), Simon Charterton (drums) and Don Weller (sax).

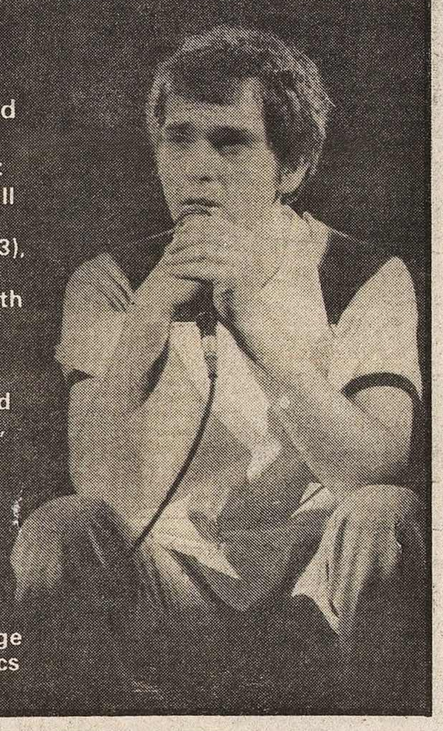
GABRIEL

DATES AND VENUES for the February-March tour by Peter Gabriel, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME over two months ago, were announced this week. It's his first full tour since 1977, and it comprises:

Birmingham Odeon (February 23), Leicester De Montfort Hall (24), Sheffield City Hall (25), Aberdeen Capitol (28), Glasgow Apollo (29), Edinburgh Odeon (March 1), Newcastle City Hall (3), Liverpool Empire (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (7), Southampton Gaumont (8), London Hammersmith Odeon (11 and 12) and Brighton Centre (15). It's understood that a third Hammersmith show is likely to be slotted in subsequently.

Tickets go on sale at all box-offices tomorrow (Friday) priced £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50 — except Leicester (£3.50, £2.50 and £2), Hammersmith (£4, £3 and £2) and Cardiff (all at £3). All shows start at 7.30pm — except Brighton (8pm). Details of Gabriel's tour band and the support act will be announced closer to the time.

Gabriel will have a new single released by Charisma in January, as a forerunner to his next album — simply titled 'Peter Gabriel' — which is due out in late February to coincide with his concerts. The LP apparently marks a significant change of direction for Gabriel, whose tour manager reckons the critics "will either slate it or hail him as a genius!"



UFO, ASH EXTRA

UFO, who go out on a major UK tour next month, have already sold out several of their concerts. As a result, they have added second shows at three venues — in each case, the night after the original date. They are Newcastle City Hall (January 18), Birmingham Odeon (26) and Manchester Apollo (30). And they have slotted in a third concert on February 5 at London Hammersmith Odeon, where their shows the two previous nights are a sell-out. Their new single 'Young Blood' is issued by Chrysalis on January 4 — it's taken from the album 'No Place To Run', which comes out a week later.

WISHBONE ASH have slotted a second night at Sheffield City Hall into their previously reported New Year tour schedule. It's on Sunday, January 20 — the day after their first gig at the venue, which is now sold out — and tickets are on sale at the box-office priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. A spokesman for the band said that a number of other additional dates are being lined up, and will be announced shortly.

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EDWIN STARR SUPPORTING MARVIN

More Gaye days

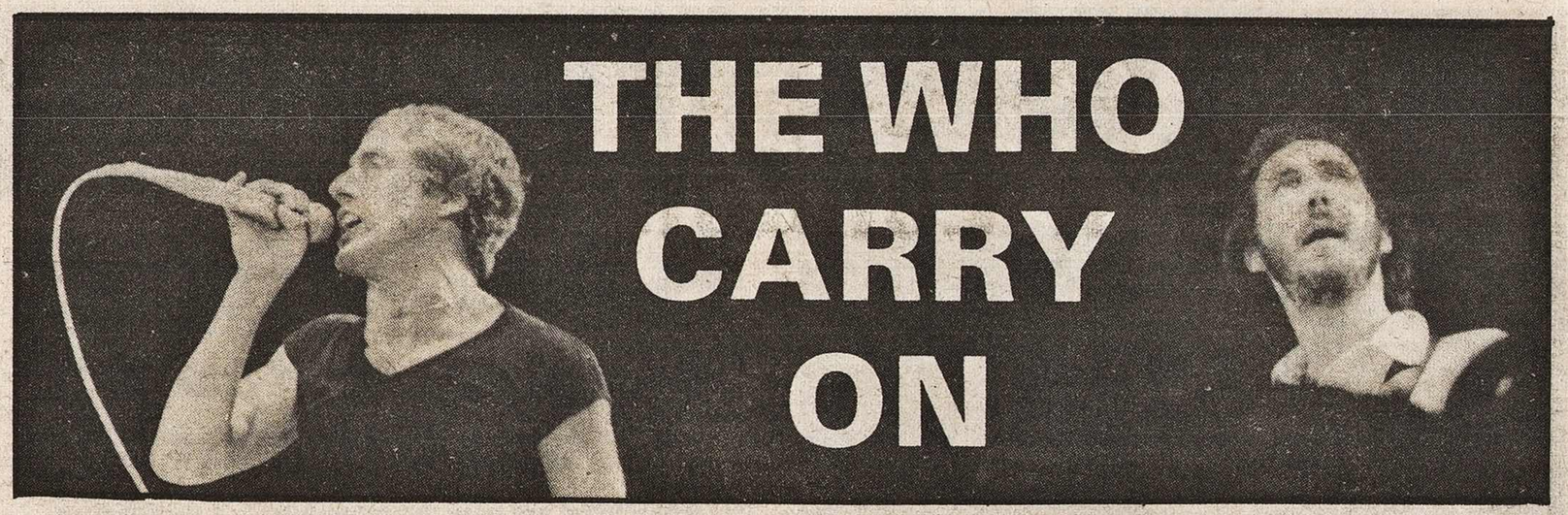
MARVIN GAYE has added three dates to his UK concert series in the New Year, the first of which is at Edinburgh Usher Hall on January 21. Then after his three previously reported concerts — at Liverpool Philharmonic (23), London Albert Hall (25) and London Rainbow (26) — he flies to Europe for gigs in Holland, Switzerland and France. On his return, he plays the other two extra dates at Brighton Centre (February 2) and Manchester Apollo (6), with the prospect of a couple more being slotted in on the interim dates. Edwin Starr is the support act throughout the tour.

BUT THE BIGGEST DISCO SHOW IS CALLED OFF

and no-one will offer a reason!

THE SO-CALLED 'Biggest Disco In The World', in which both Gaye and Starr were to have appeared, has been called off. It was to have been staged at the National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham on Saturday, January 19 — and among the acts announced for the event were K.C. & The Sunshine Band, McFadden & Whitehead, George McCrae, Showaddywaddy and The Marvelettes.

Malcolm Feld and Johnnie Peller, who were to have promoted the show, issued a statement at the weekend saying that it will not take place "due to circumstances beyond their control". It's not known if this implies lack of ticket sales (£9.50 for the full day), unavailability of some artists, or problems with the venue or local council — as attempts to elucidate further information have failed.



THE WHO have decided to complete their U.S. tour schedule, despite the Cincinnati tragedy on December 3, when 11 young people died in the stampede to gain admittance to the venue the band were playing. Immediately after the disaster, they were so shattered that they considered cancelling — or at least curtailing — the remainder of the tour. But now the initial shock has subsided, they've agreed to fulfil their commitments.

Commented Roger Daltrey: "We'll see it through. We talked seriously about pulling out, but we felt that cancelling the tour wouldn't undo what had happened, and would only have the effect of disappointing thousands of other people. We've also decided to go ahead with our charity concert at Hammersmith Odeon on December 28."

Daltrey explained that The Who's thinking was conditioned by the fiasco occurring outside the stadium, and therefore beyond their control and responsbility. He added: "If it had happened while we were on stage, we'd have been on the first plane home, and probably never performed live again."

Now Pete Townshend is going to great lengths to ensure that a clause is entered into the band's contracts, whereby safety measures come under their jurisdiction. "We want to be in a position where we ourselves can legislate for this situation, and so make certain that such a tragedy never happens again," he said.

LONDON EXTRA BY DICKIES

THE DICKIES have added one final last-minute date to their British tour — it's at London Camden Electric Ballroom this Saturday (15), and they say it will be their last gig in this country until next autumn. As a bonus, The Vibrators are re-forming specially for this show, and the other support act is Holly & The Italians.

Venue overbooks, so Jam play second gig

THE JAM are to play a second show at Bath Pavilion on Thursday, December 20 — the night before the closing date of their tour at that venue. The reason is that the Pavilion box-office sold too many tickets for the December 21 gig (several hundred over capacity) and, at first, the band considered cancelling for safety reasons. But now they've decided to play an extra show to accommodate the overspill. Friday ticket-holders are advised to exchange their tickets for the Thursday at Records Unlimited (of Bath), where a discount of 25p per ticket will be given on exchanges. Tickets will also be available on the night. If in doubt, contact promoter Kevin Draper on Bristol 211697.

PROTEX, who've just finished a tour as support to The Boomtown Rats, are now playing a few headlining gigs in their own right — at London Canning Town Bridge House (tonight, Thursday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (December 17), Dundee Maryat Hall (19), Aberdeen College of Commerce (20) and Glasgow The Bungalow (22). Their debut album ('Strange Obsessions' will be issued by Polydor early in the New Year.

THE BOYS, who were planning to go back on the road before Christmas, have delayed their comeback until immediately after the holiday — when they'll be doing their first major tour for 18 months, and over 30 dates are now being finalised. Their only gig before Christmas is at London Marquee on December 19. They're promoting their new Safari album 'To Hell With The Boys' and single 'Kamikaze'.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS headline a Christmas show at Belfast Ulster Hall on December 21, and the previous day they're doing another concert in their native Ireland at Dublin Olympic — with The Members guesting on both dates. SLF are halfway through recording their first Chrysalis album, for release in March, when they'll be going on tour to promote it — the first confirmed date is Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (March 25).

THE SPECIALS, who have already announced two extra dates just before Christmas, have now added a third — at Edinburgh Odeon on December 21. The previous day at Coventry Tiffany's they will now give two performances — the first is at 4 pm for under-16s only, and it's followed by the regular late-night show which is now sold out. The second Coventry show, plus those at Edinburgh and Glasgow Apollo (23), will be benefits for the Cambodian relief fund — and they are hoping to fix a London concert for the same cause.

UK SUBS, already set for a headliner at London Lyceum on December 27 (reported last week), have now confirmed a one-off pre-Christmas date. It's at Liverpool Eric's this Saturday (15).

SIMPLE MINDS are to have the whole of their new Zoom LP 'Real To Real Cacophony' used as the soundtrack for a French TV film called *La Morte En Direct (Death Watch),* a documentary about the making of a sci-fi film. It was shot in Glasgow, and Zoom say there's a good chance it will also be seen on British TV in the New Year.

THE FLYS have London dates after Christmas at Clapham 101 Club (December 29), Marquee Club (January 8), Fulham Greyhound (13) and University College Union (18). They're also at Nottingham Sandpiper on December 28.

THE RUTS are playing three dates next week, which they call 'Christmas Glee Club Specials'. The first is on Sunday (16) at Cardiff Top Rank, which they've chosen because they were unhappy about their appearance on their last visit to that city. And the other two are at London Marquee next Monday and Tuesday (17-18).

THE SLITS headline a one-off Christmas show next Wednesday (19) at High Wycombe Legal Hall. They'll be supported by Creation Rebel, Exodus and Mo-Ambassa, plus two other bands still to be named.

999 ELPEE AND TOUR

999 are going out on a major tour in the New Year, the most extensive they have yet undertaken in this country. It will open at Liverpool Eric's on January 24 and run right through into March — details are currently being finalised and will be announced shortly. The tour aids promotion of the band's third album, The Biggest Prize In Sport, due out on January 1 as their first release under a new deal just signed with Polydor.

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RECORD NEWS

Anna Ford's bum —

HAVE YOU ever thought about 'Anna Ford's Bum'? Well, one of the many people who's been giving it serious consideration is **Wavis O'Shave,** who this week releases a 28-minute mini-album of that title, with a £2.50 top price. It's on Newcastle's Anti-Pop label, distributed by Bonaparte, Rough Trade, Red Rhino and Pinnacle. Through the same outlet comes the single 'Pocket Money' by **The Noise Toys,** coupled with 'The Wundersea World Of Jacques Cousteau' by **Arthur 2-Stroke,** priced 85p.

— and Reggie's single

REGINALD BOSANQUET, late of ITN fame, turns up on vinyl this weekend with the release by Virgin of the single 'Oh, Bosanquet'. It's actually a song which the cast of BBC-2's satire series *Not The Nine O'Clock News* performed on the box, and they — **Pamela Stephenson, Rowan Atkinson** and **Mel Smith** — have been joined by Reggie himself for the record version.

● Four-piece outfit **Iron Maiden,** who complete their current UK tour by headlining at London Camden Music Machine on December 19, have been signed by EMI to a long-term worldwide record deal. After Christmas they start recording their debut album for March release, and it will be preceded by a single in January.

● Scottish band **The Solos,** recently signed to EMI's new Cobra label, will have their debut single 'Talking Pictures' released on February 15. And the band, who were previously known as The Monos, will preview it by way of a nationwide tour early in the New Year.

● Warner Brothers have signed **Pearl Harbor & The Explosions,** currently one of the hottest bands on the San Francisco scene. Their debut album, with their name as its title, is released in February — and they're being lined up for a British club tour in the spring.

● London-based Cherry Red Records have come up with what they call their "most ambitious project yet", a compilation album called 'The Hybrid Kids', released officially on Christmas Day. *(Maybe that's why it's ambitious, 'cos no-one can buy it then).* It features one track each by 13 unknown artists, most of them previously unrecorded, performing well-known songs — which range from 'D'Ya Think I'm Sexy' to 'God Save The Queen'.

● Trojan rush release a four-track single by **Dandy Livingstone** on their Maxi-Trojan label, selling at £1.35. Main title is his original version of 'Rudy A Message To You', now a re-styled and slightly re-titled hit for The Specials. Other tracks are 'A Tribute To The Prince', 'Big City' and 'Think About That'.

● A classic reggae single, originally released in 1975 and now a high-priced collector's item, is reissued this week by Voyage International Records (7" and 12"). It's 'Caught You In A Lie' by **Louisa Mark.**

● Three Glasgow bands — **Positive Noise, The Alleged** and **Restricted Code** — have each contributed two tracks to a 12-inch EP called 'Second City Statik', to be issued next month on the groups' own self-financed label Statik Records. It will be available in local shops in January, and a distribution deal is being negotiated.

● Also in Glasgow, French Records make their bow this month with what they claim to be "the first original rock album to be written, recorded, released and marketed north of the border". It's called **'Jim Wilkie** — The Waxer', and Wilkie is forming a ten-piece band to go on the road and promote it.

● While currently negotiating a record deal with EMI, **The Wall** have a new single out on Small Wonder. Titled 'Kiss The Mirror'/'Exchange', it was produced by Steve Jones.

● Glasgow band **The Berlin Blondes** have signed a long-term deal with EMI, and their first single 'Science' is due for release next month. They'll be gigging throughout England to promote it, starting on January 25.

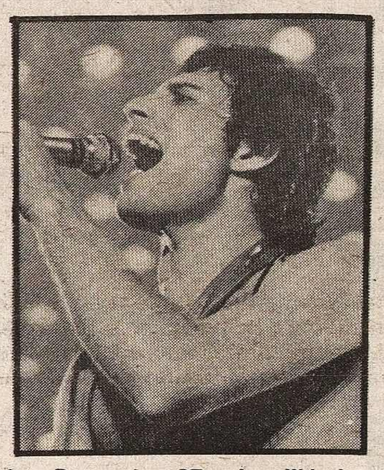
Wings, Who, Queen, in London benefits

THE WHO, WINGS and QUEEN have now been officially confirmed as headliners of charity concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon right after Christmas. Queen are showcased on Boxing Day (December 26) with guests still to be announced; The Who star on December 28, and it's understood that The Specials are likely to be guesting with them; and Wings appear on December 29, with a guest line-up including Billy Connolly, Elvis Costello and Rockpile featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe.

The benefits were conceived and are being produced by Harvey Goldsmith on behalf of the High Commission For Refugees and UNICEF, with all proceeds going towards food and relief in Cambodia (though some of The Who's receipts will go to their own trust fund 'Oo Charity Ltd).

Tickets for Queen are all at the one price of £5; for The Who and Wings they are all at the one price of £8. They may be obtained by post only, and are limited to four per applicant. This is how to apply.

Postal Orders only will be accepted, and they should be made payable to "Odeon Hammersmith". Send your booking to The Box-Office, Odeon Theatre, Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith, London W6. — and write the name of the show for which you are applying on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. Don't forget to enclose SAE. Separate applications must be made if booking for more than one concert.



Pictured right: F. MERCURY of Queen

A fourth show — to be presented on December 27 — is still being finalised. It's understood that Ian Dury and The Blockheads are being negotiated for this date but, as it is not yet confirmed, ticket applications cannot be accepted at this stage. The benefit will now be resricted to four concerts, and will not run for a week as originally planned.

HAWKWIND 'INTO THE EIGHTIES' CONCERTS

HAWKWIND, who've just completed an extensive UK tour, have slotted in two more London shows at the end of the year to tie in with the holiday festivities. Under the banner of 'Into The Eighties', they headline at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Friday and Saturday, December 28 and 29 — with The Psychedelic Furs as special guests and Andy Dunkley opening the show (tickets £3, on sale now). H'Wind are also close to finalising a new recording deal and, pending an official announcement, NME understands that Automatic Records are front-runners to capture them.

● Because of their gigs with Hawkwind, The Psychedelic Furs have called off their proposed Electric Ballroom show on Boxing Day.

Damned's Christmas special

The Damned are also playing an Electric Ballroom gig, as an extra to their recent tour — their show is on Saturday, December 22 (admission £3). A special one-off bill is being put together by the band themselves — Splodgenessabounds are known to be confirmed — and they promise "a night to remember"!

Blondie's secret revealed

THE LOCATION of Blondie's "secret" gig can now be revealed! As reported three weeks ago, they're playing a low-key gig on Boxing Day (not announced nationally), as a warm-up for their UK tour which officially opens in Leicester on December 27. Now that this hush-hush gig is sold out on the strength of local advertising, we can tell you that it's at Bournemouth Stateside Centre.

In fact, the whole of the Blondie tour was sold out within days of the official announcement, and tickets are being sought and offered at hugely inflated prices. There have been reports of some changing hands at between £20 and £30 each.

Blondie performing the whole of their 'Eat To The Beat' album is now available in the States as a video cassette. It's expected to be on sale in Britain soon, with an estimated price of about £29.

Wyman to quit? Rubbish!

WIDESPREAD rumours circulating in rock circles this week, suggesting that Bill Wyman is leaving The Rolling Stones, were denied categorically by the band's London spokesman. He commented: "This has been buzzing around for some weeks, and has suddenly gathered momentum. But I can say officially that Bill is not leaving the Stones again this week!"

● A much longer-running rumour, concerning the break-up of Emerson Lake and Palmer, finally looks like coming to fruition. It's one of those stories the music Press has resurrected from time to time over the years, whenever there's been a shortage of news — rather like the persistent 'Presley for Britain' reports. But now it really does look as though the ELP partnership is disintegrating, as they all negotiate separate solo recording deals.

RECORD NEWS EXTRA: LOOKING AHEAD

Upcoming elpees for 1980

WEA ARE whetting our appetites by letting us know what albums we can expect from their organisation in the first part of 1980. Lined up for release early in the New Year on Elektra/Asylum are 'Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School' by **Warren Zevon** and 'Little Company' by **Andrew Gold,** plus a **Jackson Browne** LP as yet untitled. They'll be followed by sets from **Judy Collins, Joni Mitchell** (live) and **Linda Ronstadt,** as well as a new **Tom Waits** epic called 'On Heartattack And Vine'. Warner Brothers' first 1980 batch includes albums by **Randy Crawford** (produced by The Crusaders) and **Chaka Khan** — with upcoming LPs from **Van Halen, The Doobie Brothers, Stephen Bishop** and **Al Jarreau.**

● Motown's first biggie of 1980 is 'The Last Dance', a compilation of 20 love songs drawn from their catalogue, and released in January. Among artists featured are **The Commodores, Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Marvin Gaye, Gladys Knight & The Pips, The Temptations, The Four Tops, Smokey Robinson & The Miracles** and **Steve Wonder.**

MEMBERS OUT OF NASHVILLE EVENT

THE MEMBERS have dropped out of the 'More Front Row Festivities' festival at London Kensington Nashville, where they were due to appear tomorrow (Friday). They say they don't approve of the venue refusing to admit people under 20, and weren't previously aware of the ban due to their absence abroad. So they join The Psychedelic Furs, who've already announced that they won't play the Nashville any more until the under-20 ban is lifted.

● New bookings for the Nashville event are Lew Lewis (this Friday) and Wreckless Eric (18).

● Besides the Nashville next Monday (17), Doll By Doll also have London gigs at The Venue (18) and Marquee (21).

NEWS BRIEFS

OSIBISA — who've been absent from the British scene for some time, due to extensive touring abroad coupled with their split from Bronze Records — return to the UK concert circuit in the New Year. Their first confirmed headliner is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on January 27, and other dates will be announced shortly.

THE BEATLES' movies are to be screened in their entirety by BBC-TV over the Christmas period, starting with *Magical Mystery Tour* on Friday, December 21. Others to follow are *A Hard Day's Night, Help!, Yellow Submarine* and *Let It Be,* plus the in-concert film *The Beatles At Shea Stadium.*

FIVE HAND REEL, whose new album 'A Bunch Of Fives' has just been issued by Topic Records, celebrate their fifth anniversary with a Christmas party at London Putney Half Moon next Tuesday (18).

QUEEN have been invited to write, and possibly perform, the score for the up-dated blockbuster film version of *Flash Gordon,* which is now in production. Their spokesman said they are still considering the offer, in the light of their other commitments.

ALEXIS KORNER, Charlie Watts and Jack Bruce come together again in the occasional Boogie Woogie Band for a special end-of-the-year gig at London Camden Dingwalls on Sunday, December 30. The last Dingwalls gig before Christmas is The Inmates on December 23 — the venue is closed on Christmas Eve and Boxing Day, resuming on December 27 with Charlie Dore's Back Pocket.

ROCKET 88 featuring Charlie Watts, The Sinceros and Matumbi are among latest bookings for London Victoria The Venue. So the complete run-up to Christmas now consists of Gallagher & Lyle (tonight, Thursday), Kokomo (Friday), Rocket 88 (Saturday), Sponooch (Sunday), Merger and Electrotunes (19), Taj Mahal (20 and 21), The Sincercos, Roy Sundholm and The Decoys (22), Richard Digance (23) and Matumbi (24).

MIKE OLDFIELD is showcased on TV on Thursday, December 20, when BBC-2 screen a 50-minute film of his tour earlier this year — which involved a full orchestra and choir.

STRAITS TICKETS: MORE AVAILABLE

DIRE STRAITS revealed this week that, in an attempt to overcome ticket touts and inflated prices, they have held back a number of tickets for their two concerts at London Rainbow on December 20 and 21 — and these will be on sale at the box-office on the nights in question at £3.50 each. Although all seats for their two gigs at London Lewisham Odeon on December 18 and 19 are sold, there will be a limited amount of standing room available on the nights.

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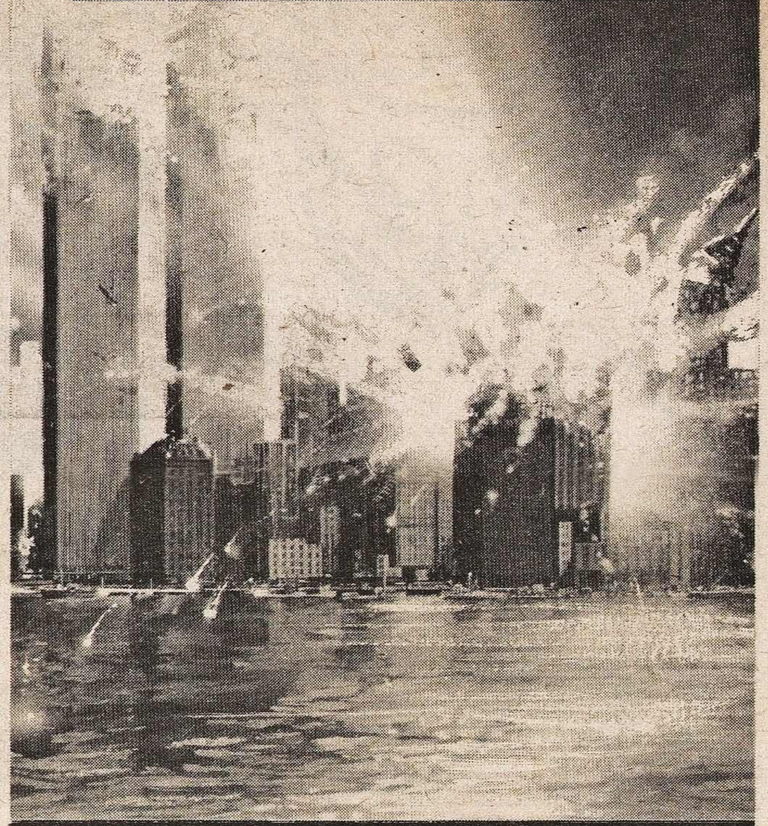
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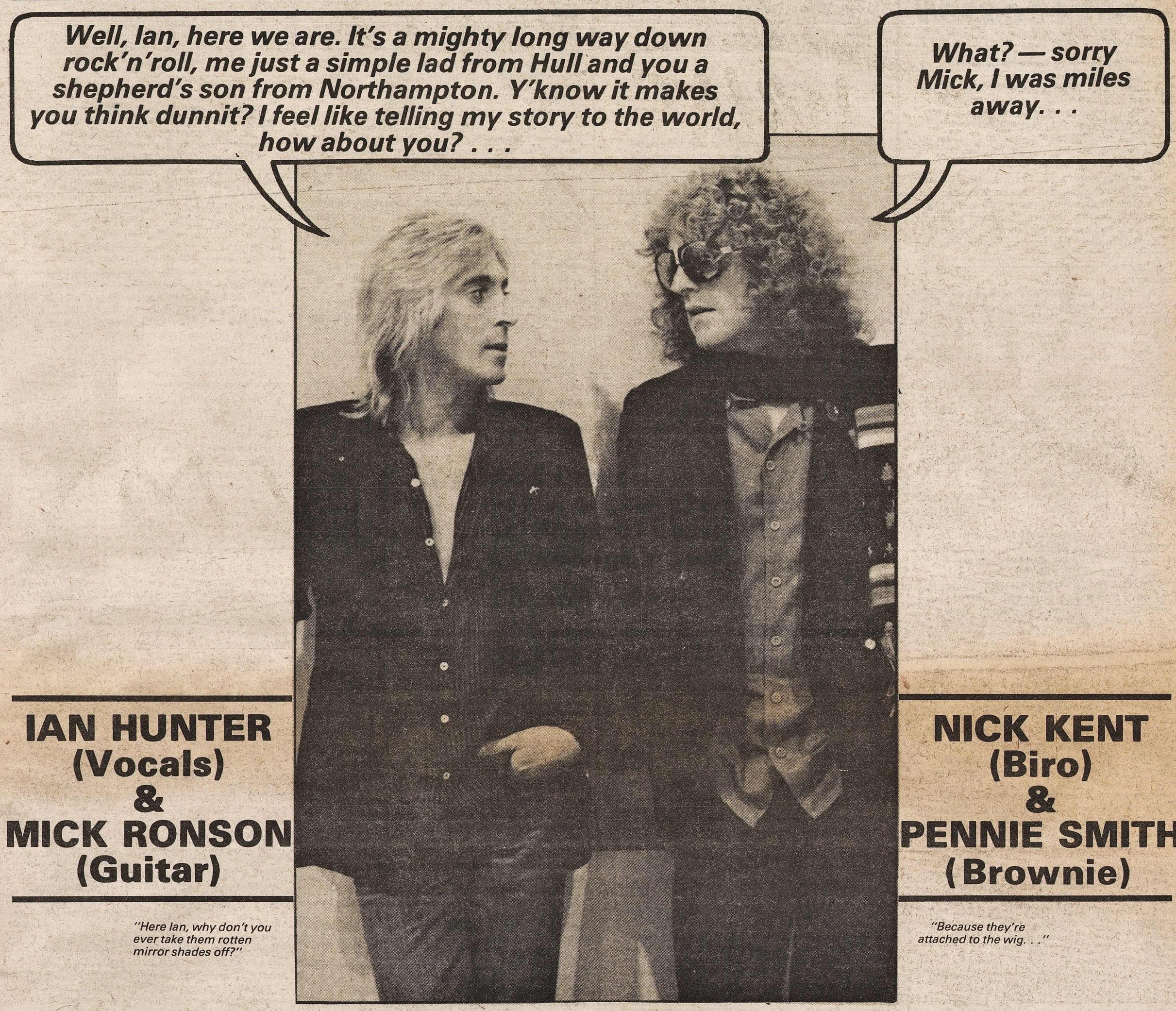
Well, Ian, here we are. It's a mighty long way down rock'n'roll, me just a simple lad from Hull and you a shepherd's son from Northampton. Y'know it makes you think dunnit? I feel like telling my story to the world, how about you? . . .
What? — sorry Mick, I was miles away. . .

IAN HUNTER (Vocals) & MICK RONSON (Guitar)

"Here Ian, why don't you ever take them rotten mirror shades off?"

NICK KENT (Biro) & PENNIE SMITH (Brownie)

"Because they're attached to the wig. . ."

"AFTER years of deluding myself and thinking in real stock rock'n'roll cliches, I've simply learnt a few basic facts of life.

"First, it's ridiculous to call people young or old, to herd them into two categories. All that's happened is that rock has grown up and is coming to terms with its own longevity. Over half the world's been taken over by rock music, because number one, it's heard everywhere and number two, it isn't some dumb celebration of 'youth' but a means of expression for anyone who feels passion, pressure, frustration, elation — you name it. The age factor is strictly bullshit.

"I don't feel like a veteran. It just doesn't make sense to me at all. I've had successes and failures and both have had nothing to do with age whatsoever. I've just found myself in a certain position or I haven't.

"It's not even a question of ego for me and never has been. Ego's just a playful kind of term. Pride is the real bitch. Ego I can handle anytime but when I've been down, everyone's known it and so have I — which is the harshest thing of all. It's my sense of pride that really aches. And it's pride that causes me to retaliate every time. The best possible thing anyone can do is to tell me I'm washed-up, a has-been, 'cos I'll fight back until I'm right back there in the forefront.

"See, failure can teach you so much about life, yourself and what makes you tick, whereas you're rarely able to learn anything from success whatsoever. It's just this flashy fizz. Christ, if me and Ronson become successes this time round it'll probably last five minutes — five fuckin' minutes that we won't even know occurred at the time. Then I'll blow it and the whole cycle starts again.

"Still, we've got all the time in the world. Ronson said that once and I didn't believe him at the time, but now I do.

"The time factor doesn't even come into it. You're either alive or dead. That's all that matters. Simple as that."

Ian Hunter, Nov. 1979

WHEN Ian Hunter and *NME* last met up to discuss his career, Hunter chose a somewhat unusual entrance to keep fellow scribe Charles Shaar Murray and photographer Joe Stevens amused, by brandishing two loaded shotguns. Just props of course, but still somewhat juvenile behaviour in a man who had previously displayed an agreeable level-headedness about the ups, downs and all-arounds of the rock'n'roll lifestyle.

The Errol Flynn accoutrements however merely hinted at the storm brewing up that was soon to send Hunter tumbling into a downbound spiral so severe that the New York-based emigre's career was to be shredded into tatters and debris.

1977 was the year of Ian Hunter's Overnight Angels, an ill-starred enterprise from the very outset (the recording studio the band's album was being worked on went up in flames during an early session) and an experience Hunter now readily admits was a nadir that left him almost totally bereft of self-confidence.

Hunter had released a precursor to the 'Angels' snafu entitled 'All-American Alien Boy'. A courageous, left-field work that matched Hunter alongside such session pros as Cornell Dupree, Jaco Pastorius, David Sanborn and Chris Stainton, it attempted to spotlight the singer/songwriter image side of the man at the expense of his more renowned analytical rocker slant. 'Alien Boy' Hunter regards with strong affections: "I had a lot to say lyrically and I said it all well, whilst proving I could keep astride with the best session mothers around, even if I had stomach cramps for a month."

"However, the predictable lack of sales, plus Hunter's constant restlessness, gave rise to the Overnight Angels endeavour.

"Boredom's the key to it all really. I went into recording 'Alien' never wanting to play a fast song ever again. I came *out* just *dying* to do fast songs again! That's why I'm so manic on that horrible album. I'd had a belly-full of it."

The album, produced by Queen producer Roy Thomas Baker, was an abomination. Hunter's voice — a hysterical shriek — is buried in a heavy metal mix whilst as he himself mutters, the production was "too thin".

Such was the antipathy of US Columbia to what was to be Hunter's last album for them, they refused to release it. Hunter meanwhile took the band on the road over here, only to receive a resounding critical thumbs-down for the live shows which culminated at Hammersmith Odeon.

The reviews however were of secondary importance to other occurrences on the tour.

"At Leicester, three days before Hammersmith, I realised that I couldn't go on another minute with my existing manager. And it was only my birthday and the guy had bought me a present so you can just imagine that it wasn't the most pleasant task I've had to deal with. Then directly after Hammersmith I had no means of shifting 40,000 bucks' worth of gear back to the States plus I had no way of paying the band's wages. The last thing I was thinking about was the show. It was more 'How the hell am I gonna get this lot back?'

"When the reviews came through, I just said 'Oh fuck it, this isn't my week. Go to bed'. Which I did.

IT'S LATE November of 1979. Hunter and *NME* are going to meet for the first time since the guns were being waved about. This time however Ian Hunter walks into the PR room in the Chrysalis Records building with no theatrical flourishes. The curly mane of gingerish brown hair and thick impenetrable shades look suitably menacing, a menace offset by a genial smile and hand-shake. The black ensemble — straightforward velvet jacket, black jeans and black woollen scarf — make him look a touch like one of the killers in Altman's *McCabe And Mrs Miller*.

Ten minutes later, Pennie Smith has used up a roll or two of film on Hunter and current musical comrade-in-arms Mick Ronson, whose immaculate blonde hair and bronzed tan make it hard to believe that he has spent the last six months relentlessly touring the 52 States of America. Hunter and I are left alone.

Virtually six years ago, I'd last interviewed the then spokesman for Mott The Hoople. Then, only a fraction of a minute after our introduction, Hunter had fixed me with a half-wry, half-concerned look and stated: "I read some of your stuff and I want to know before we start this. Do you like my music?" The Ian Hunter of winter '79 professes no such concerns. He answers my opening questions with a politely somewhat sluggish tone, often punctuated with an unconcerned-sounding "Know what I mean?"

Cursory questions require cursory answers. Hunter checks his business bearings as a way of breaking the ice.

The current band behind Hunter and Ronson's guitar stabbing are all "friends of friends" — mostly New Yorkers. With rehearsals lasting a mere five days: "We were late finishing Foley's album." ("Foley" is Ellen Foley whose debut album, a Hunter-Ronson production, is just out on Epic. "Foley" is also an artiste signed to Cleveland International whose head, Steve Popovich, is Hunter's current manager). "He phoned me up to produce Foley, uh, about a year ago, yeah. That's when it started."

The last news on Hunter I'd heard had him marked as a likely candidate for Don Arden's management roster. That was more than a year ago, mind.

"Yeah", Hunter retorts, "for a while there it was pretty much on."

Why the breakdown?

"He didn't want me," Hunter chuckles to himself quietly. "He wanted the Overnight Angels album for US release but asked too little whilst Columbia asked too much."

Hunter's tone on the word "Columbia" has a

■ *Continues over*

HUNTER-RONSON

■ *From previous page*

sting of disdain to it. It was perhaps not a harmonious parting of the ways?

"Fuckin' right." The reply is succinct, to say the least.

Columbia have however released a double album, sympathetically compiling Hunter's Mott era classics with a mixture of solo Hunter. Impressed by the care and attention to detail, I declare it a commendable package.

"It's a pain in the arse," retorts Hunter. "Yeah, well it's well compiled — that's not the reason I'm pissed off. But I'm releasing a live double album soon with a number of those songs on there and I can just see kids writing in saying 'What's going on? You trying to empty the coffers or what?' So in that respect it is a drag 'cos those songs sound good live and it just interferes.

"Mind you," he continues, now mildly appeased, "fortunately they're not spending a cent on promoting it. That's fine by me 'cos the idea of two double albums coming out within four or five months of each other containing some of the same songs, is gonna sound like a right rip-off.

"See, Columbia are skint, right. And they're doin' anything — me, the Asbury Jukes — anything requiring no effort and guaranteeing a decent 75 grand just to keep afloat till they get themselves organised."

Although the final track selection has yet to be picked, Hunter remarks that the reshaped live versions of old songs haven't been changed a lot but it differs in certain "subtle ways": "Speed more than anything. If we fuck with my older songs we fuck with the speeds more than anything.

"See, I'm just doing songs I've written over the years. Some people call them Mott songs but I don't. I'd call them songs that Mott recorded. It's more my history than anyone else's in that group. Ralphers (Mick Ralphs, the only other composing before his split) always wanted to do something different anyway. Know what I mean?"

THE NAME Ian Hunter is still tied solely to memories of Mott the Hoople for many. Unfortunately, only a few people recognise the madcap spectre of current Clash producer Guy Stevens when the band's name is mentioned.

Stevens was an eccentric speed-freak maniac with a genius for working up brilliant album titles ("Sticky Fingers" is by one of many), brilliant band names, and inspired visions for creating the perfect rock group. Mott The Hoople was the name he'd chosen for a band who could somehow compound the hard-edged rock stab of 'Beggar's Banquet' era Rolling Stones with Bob Dylan's subterranean wine and ghostly Lowry organ sound. Stevens had found the nucleus for such a band and advertised for a singer to perfect this alchemy.

The advert attracted an unknown quantity known as Ian Hunter. Hunter worked in a factory, though he had played the odd pub gig on a semi-pro basis, reaching the ignominious position of occasional side-man in Freddie 'Fingers' Lee's Rock Revival Show.

"If you're workin' in a factory, you're so stripped of an identity that you automatically move around in herds. You never know anything about yourself, never have the chance to check anything like your real potential. So with Guy Stevens it was very, very special 'cos if it hadn't been for him seeing that glimmer of whatever that I certainly wasn't aware of, I'd still be in a factory right now.

Hunter turned up to the audition with curly hair, moustache and shades. He sat down at the organ and counted the band in on 'Like A Rolling Stone'. Mott The Hoople were born.

AROUND the time this incident took place, one Mick Ronson, a guitar player of semi-pro status resident in Hull, was busy mowing the lawn of a local girls school when fellow band member Rick Kemp (later of Steeleye Span) dropped by to ask Ronson if he fancied accompanying him down to London for some session work on an album being made by Michael Chapman, an acoustic singer/songwriter then signed to EMI's Harvest label. Ronson, the very epitome of the bashful local lad somewhat awestruck by their idea of making a go of things in the big city, but also marked with a strong impulsiveness that tended to win over his nervousness, picked up his guitar and joined Kemp for the ride down.

Once inside the studio, Ronson so impressed Chapman's producer Gus Dudgeon and arranger Paul Buckmaster with his playing on Chapman's 'Fully Qualified Survivor' album that they introduced him to a young man from Beckenham involved in various multi-media dabblings whose vacation as singer/songwriter over the past four or five years had finally struck oil with a single called 'Space Oddity'. David Bowie and Mick Ronson hit it off musically and, with producer and stand-in bassist Tony Visconti, plus drummer Woody Woodmansey in tow, the brilliant 'Man Who Sold The World' was made.

Although Bowie is credited for composing all the songs of 'M.W.S.T.W.', well-documented rumours stated that Bowie, having written the lyrics, would leave Ronson and Visconti with a mere thumbnail sketch of a melody and depart, content to let them get to grips with fully shaping up the considerable muscle of what arguably remains Bowie's finest hard-rock foray to date. When asked if he could verify this point, Ronson — currently not Bowie's biggest fan — hums and haws for a moment.

"Well, no . . . I mean, well, I suppose it could be said that me and Tony . . ." he pauses again, uncertain how to phrase his reply. Then, without bothering to give a clear-cut 'yea' or 'nay' he remarks buoyantly: "Of course, I was a bit more lively then, y'know."

RONSON and Hunter first met when the former, aiding Bowie as joint producer, was working on Mott The Hoople's 'All The Young Dudes' album. Ronson claims that he got intrigued by studio-work through Tony Visconti, who let the naive young guitarist observe him at work. "I'd be watchin' 'im and say to meself, 'Ere, I can do that!"

His first shot at arranging strings came during a Dana Gillespie session. "I just said 'I write string parts' when this arrangement was needed. I mean, it was either down to bluffin' or just keepin' me mouth shut."

Hunter chips in: "Yeah, he did the strings for 'Sea Diver' (the penultimate 'Dudes' track that granted Mott fans their official fan club moniker) and he's been sweatin' away for, like, three days solid working out all these sections and after he's set the whole thing up and it's recorded, I walked up to 'im and said, 'Ow much do you charge for doing string arrangements? And 'e stared at me with this totally confused look on his face and said, 'Umm 'ere I don't know. I didn't know you . . . uh got paid for this sort of thing'. Then he paused again and said, 'Well, how much *do* blokes get paid for this sort of thing? Howzabout a tenner?' "

"Actually I never liked Dylan's music before I played with him. I always used to think he sounded like Yogi Bear."

— Mick Ronson

IT'S NOW some five years since Ian Hunter left Mott The Hoople to explore different musical and lyrical precincts. His six-year long relationship with Mott he seems to consider as once worthwhile but now very, very distant, with the rot setting in very quickly after lead guitarist Mick Ralphs had left, taking with him not only the blueprint for Bad Company but "half the essence of the group. It wasn't like losing just one limb, it was like having half of the trunk of the group amputated. That was the end of Mott for me, looking back."

Ironically, Ralph's departure coincided with the band's financial clean-up period. After four years of commercial failure (Mott's four Island albums stiffed badly although as a live attraction the band built a strong following), they broke free of their considerable financial debts with their switch to Tony Defries' Mainman company, a strong CBS record deal and David Bowie's generous gift of 'All The Young Dudes'. A solid 18-month flame-up left everyone concerned, and Hunter in particular, financially very well off but bankrupt in terms of inspiration.

"Writing-wise, I'd exhausted all the topics that I considered Mott represented for me anyway. I'd written *about* the band until everyone was sick of that, for example, but most of all, as far as our real fans were concerned Mott were a strong rocker band with very real working-class affiliations. Like, it never quite felt right being lumped together with Bowie and Roxy. I'd say that the parallels were relevant in certain respects. We were loosely in a league with those two in that we all injected something exciting into a pretty drab scene and that, but they were more sophisticated than us, self-consciously or otherwise.

"We were more for yer working-class kids. I mean, that's the reason why I left Mott — because I realised that through success I was no longer a working-class guy and therefore could no longer honestly represent an attitude or mentality I was once a part of.

"I was . . . Christ, at first I was more working-class than most of 'em. But when I started earning a few quid, got some money in the band, I suddenly felt really uneasy takin' that stance. 'Cos when you've got a nice house, a couple of cars and all that you can't go out and sing songs to kids who've got fuck-all. It's dishonest and phoney and I felt very, very uncomfortable. And more than the material thing actually, that boredom factor — working in factories, the tedium of hard work and inadequate pay. I was no longer subject to that horrible boredom that they were and are still being subjected to.

"I've always held to belief that if you're phoney it'll show though somehow, particularly on record. With Mott, I always remember this wrestling place in Liverpool — always great gigs we played there — and I felt like a real little giant speakin' for the kids. When I ceased to feel that, I just decided I'd better fuck off, y'know. Really quickly.

"Was it traumatic? Nah, not at the time anyway 'cos I was interested in what was going to happen.

"Not that much did!"

WHEN discussing his departure from Mott, Hunter fails to mention one of the more acrimonious issues. After Mick Ralphs' exit, Spooky Tooth guitarist Luther Grosvenor was enlisted, changing his name to Ariel Bender in an attempt to grant him a fresh identity. A new name however failed to spark Grosvenor into playing inspired lead guitar; only his ego outweighed the clumsiness of his playing and posturing and after one album and a year of touring, with his rhinestone-encrusted trousers failing to conceal an ample girth around the gut, he left in a fit of puerile self-assertion to fall straight back into the dumper.

Clandestine meetings sealed the inspired ploy of usurping Mick Ronson, fresh off a disastrous attempt at going solo but still a popular figure from his days as Bowie's right-hand man. What seemed like the perfect mating for Mott's continued success in fact acted as the perfect catalyst for the band's destruction. Ronson, hot to regain credibility and strike back at Bowie, resented the band's lack of professionalism; several Mott members hated Ronson's belittling candour regarding their talents. One single was all that came of the coalition. Ronson left with Hunter: the less said of those who remained the better.

Strangely, not much is said re 'Ian Hunter', the first of the four solo albums so far released. Neither a masterpiece nor a disgrace, it's an endeavour that caught Hunter in an unwittingly compromising situation. Attempting to make a fresh independent stance but not really fully in control of a perspective potent enough to do so, the album is memorable more for Ronson's excellent production and the comically assertive "'Ello" that prefaces the enterprise than for anything more substantial.

The extent of this initial compromise was even more evident when the pair teamed up for live gigs. Ronson, after all, was still hemmed in tight by Defries' managerial checkmate and his second album as frontman, 'Play Don't Worry', demanded some measure of exposure.

Hunter-Ronson live consisted of an uneven ratio of solo Hunter, Ronson and the obligatory Mott greatest hits. The human chemistry should have gelled, but circumstances made combustion impossible.

In the face of abysmal audience reaction, the pair, still friendly, went to the States and settled in New York. Hunter found a source of inspiration in the city, whilst Ronson, finally free of managerial demands ill-suited to his style of work, freewheeled around the Village, by chance entering into a loosely assembled series of impromptu sessions fronted by Bob Dylan that quickly spiralled off into a travelling show entitled the Rolling Thunder Revue.

I ASK about Mick Ronson playing lead guitar back-up for Bob Dylan throughout the Rolling Thunder Revue shows. Ronson's voice — a polite Hull-derived whisper — takes on a half-bemused tone.

"He used to come on one night and play real fast, like. Then next he'd play t'same songs real slow. Either 'e was doin' it on purpose or . . . tell you the truth, I reckon 'e had a bit of a bad memory, now I think about it. 'Cos 'e was all over the place some nights. 'E'd just wander off somewhere, sort of expectin' us all to follow 'im. Come to think of it, 'e had problems with knowing what key 'e was playin' in. We'd just 'ave to look at 'im all the time 'cos otherwise 'e'd 'ave finished one song and be into another.

"There were nights when — if you weren't lookin' — you'd find youself still playin' when the song was over. Right embarrassing that was. 'E really forced you to look at 'im, 'cos what with 'im being a bit shaky on his timings, key changes and all, 'e didn't know what 'e was doin' half the time. 'E'd just turn around and shout something at you an' if you weren't looking or couldn't 'ear 'im, you were in a right mess. Plus 'e never played anything the same way twice. Kept you on 'is toes 'e did."

These remarks cause me to cite Chuck Berry's style of picking up bands in every place that he plays and simply telling them what key the songs are in. Ronson nods his head knowingly and states that, unlike Berry's mercenary attitude, Dylan's fashion of working, however . . . um . . . unorthodox, taught him a lot and that he "really respects those people" (presumably Dylan and the rest of the Rolling Thunder mob). But . . .

"Actually, I reckon Bob didn't know which key was which. Liked 'e'd say 'Play this in C' and then, after a few bars, you'd notice 'e was playing in F or some other completely different key!"

But whatever his shortcomings, surely the very fact of having actually played with the awesome Bob Dylan must have been something akin to a dream come true? Ronson looks confused.

"Not really. Actually I never liked his kind of music before. Me and Ian used to have great arguments about 'im. I always thought 'e sounded just like Yogi Bear!"

WHILE Ronson played with Bob Dylan all over the States and continued to freewheel merrily around, either producing or joining up with the odd enterprise — like Philip Rambow, who he played with for several months when Rambow returned from the States to London and was making a strong impact on the club circuit before a dispute with Chrysalis temporarily stymied his career — always making sure never to tie himself to any written contract or commitment, Ian Hunter was learning about how to deal with the harsh realities inherent in the term 'failure'.

"I've never considered myself wise in terms of planning my moves ahead," Hunter admits. "I just let nature take its course and believe that music shouldn't be planned in any way. I knew that I needed a different source of inspiration. You may go down the tubes, you may just dry up. Nothing's certain.

"To start with, I knew that Mott was considered as just a rock band — it was too one-dimensional for me 'cos the slow songs I wrote just seemed to get ignored or left behind. I was never too happy about that, but then I'd go onstage and feel that I had to hold 'em up, keep it movin' fast.

"That's all changed. I'm older than my audience and I don't represent this mentality at all. I just represent *me*, and that's difficult 'cos people want images, they want you to represent somethin' or other. But now it's just singer-songwriter time. Looking back, I had to go through those changes. I fucked around a lot. I fucked around with 'Alien Boy', tho' I'll stand by it. I *really* fucked up with 'Overnight Angels'.

"Did I feel like packin' it in at times? Oh yeah! There were periods of rampant paranoia all the way down, then. It was like this enormous pressure boring down on me, sayin' to me constantly 'Something's got to give!', over and over again. 'Cos I was surrounded by all the wrong people — it looked like it'd take years to sort out. And that thought of just hangin' in limbo was appalling to me. Like, with the 'Schizophrenic' album, well, side two is the first year and gettin' rid of everything and side one is having gotten out of the hole. I can remember though just sittin' there — day after day, totally miserable and surrounded by this . . . this bleakness. 'what's gonna happen?'

"Fortunately, things did fall into place, more by coincidence than application really. I got a new manager, record deal (Chrysalis, directly after the Gen X production deal), great rhythm section (Springsteen's E Street Band members Gary Tallent. Max Wienberg and Roy Bittan) and Mick, of course. Like 'Schizophrenic' is . . . well it's a positive step in the right direction.

"Ronson came to stay for the weekend and ended up six months with me. I just said to him, 'Look, you're a bloody talented bloke and so am I — if what people say is true. So what are we doin' just sitting on our arses with nothing to show for it?'

"It wasn't financial as much as spiritual. Maybe that somes from sittin' around feeling like a loser. It can be good in a way. You can learn a lot. Anyway we were both in the right mood and . . . see, I need Ronson with me. I *need* a creative musician to spur me on and those sort of guys are very, very hard to find.

"I like the album ('You're Never Alone With a Schizophrenic'). I'd finally learnt how to write simple songs again." He laughs quietly to himself. "Down to three or four chords. It's like I'm in this rowing boat about 100 yards off that US coast. I'm not all the way there but it's getting nearer. 'Alien' was strictly English, having just been in the States three minutes. 'Angels' was a complete mess, like a halfway across. I'm nearer the other side now. At an agreeable proximity, so to speak."

Ronson, when asked why Ian Hunter is the only person out of the likes of Dylan and Bowie he's chosen to return to, is as always singularly straightforward in his reply.

"Friendship. That's the main factor. Like if Ian's doin' somethin' that's real good, then I'll tell 'im. If I think it's rubbish, I'll tell 'im that too. We don't argue. Ever. Currently I like the things he's doin'. I just want to be a part."

RONSON and Hunter make an intriguing study in contrasts. Hunter appears cautious at first, blase, feigning disinterest as a front behind which wounded pride can turn septic, but still hungry enough to ride a winning ticket for all it's worth. Ronson is younger, virtually berext of ego, but possesses a toughness under his bemused, pleasant exterior that refuses to allow him to get caged in. 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy' is a feasibly relevant theme song but their strengths still some through in Hunter's determination and Ronson's self-assurance.

It was all there in the gig at Hammersmith Odeon, with Hunter determined to triumph on home-ground but never going over the top — whilst Ronson, *sans* platform boots or jaunty matelot shirt and scarf, quietly got down to the job of playing superb guitar, matching his long-established style of elegant sustain-tone lead soloing with an incredibly diverse series of sympathetic touches and subtle embellishments.

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■ *Continues on page 61*

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5	4	THE JAM – SETTING SONS	5.06	4.06	£1.00 OFF
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10	NEW ENTRY	THE CLASH – LONDON CALLING	5.00	3.75	£1.25 OFF
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12	10	THE SPECIALS	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
13	11	HERB ALPERT – RISE	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
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54	37	STEVE HOWE – THE STEVE HOWE ALBUM	5.00	3.99	£1.01 OFF
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THRILLS

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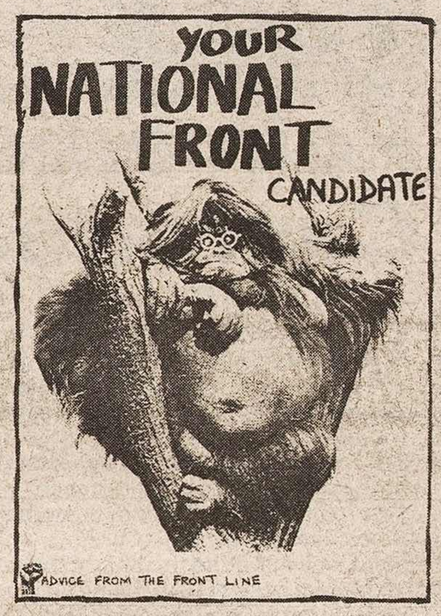
FOLLOWING last week's review of the Virgin 'Sid Sings' album and the *Thrills* piece on the swastika logo carried on the record label itself, the *NME* was contacted by Virgin boss Richard Branson.

Branson was disturbed that it could be misconstrued that the Virgin organization was supporting unpleasant right-wing beliefs.

He asked to be given the opportunity to be able to place in writing his own thoughts on the matter.

Here is Branson's reply.

Dear Neil,
It was ironic that, in your streeter-than thou dismissal of "Sid Sings" last week, you should initiate your attack with as totalitarian a broadside as "If rock 'n' roll had any backbone, it would close Virgin Records down". Just because I don't stroll down Club Row in East London on Sundays — nor, for that matter, inhabit 'the fabulous world of Kings Road thinking' which Danny Baker is so keen to attribute to me — doesn't completely exclude me from understanding the meaning of the swastika.
Jamie Reid, the Sex Pistols' sleeve designer, provided us with two logos of swastikas to use in the presentation of their records. One was covered with marijuana leaves, the other — which we used on Sid's album — was in the form of four guitar necks. Both were intended to convey his opinion about the repressiveness of record companies in general and Virgin in particular.
Being liberals to the point of oafishness, we have always made a point of printing all the artwork given to us by the Pistols' camp, including full-page attacks on ourselves.
We also presumed — wrongly as it turns out — that by demystifying and trivialising the swastika, much as Sid himself did by wearing it on his increasingly grubby t-shirts, it would be seen as an object of ridicule. Certainly no offence was intended, as I share *NME*'s distaste for the National Front, similar organisations and all their grisly supporters.
So, much as I initially disliked the superior, bossy, moralistic tone of Baker's review, on further reflection I totally accept that if even one Jew or immigrant was offended, he would have been justified in his attitude. The use of real swastikas over Blair Peach's face, around Brick Lane and on Asian shops — brazen intimidation if I ever saw it — is completely sickening.
Finally on this point — so that you can be absolutely certain that Tyndall, Webster and I would not have an enjoyable time in bed together — I enclose one of the posters Virgin put out to ridicule the National Front at the time of the last election.
No apologies for the album itself — no more so than for, say, the Elvis Presley LP, another posthumous album we released to enthusiastic reviews in the same week. If you were offered stories on either Vicious or Presley and thought they would sell papers and interest your readers, you would have no hesitation in printing them. In this respect, I take exception to your hypocritical remark about how our marketing manager — whom you approached for a misquote — "appears only able to think in terms of profit margins". What was your ad manager thinking about when he approached him for the artwork for a full-page Sid album ad? Ceasefires in Rhodesia? Cabinet leaks?
You are free to put Elvis Presley or Sid Vicious on the cover of NME to sell more copies. The public, in turn, are not obliged to buy the paper. We can do likewise by issuing their unreleased material. Once again, the public don't have to buy it.
Unless they want to.
Roll on 'Flogging A Dead Horse'.
Yours,
Richard Branson.



Defence Exhibit A
Virgin election poster

Linda Lovelace: The Porn Broke Her

Lovelace — Porn Into Slavery!

Shock Claim By Deep Throat Star

LINDA LOVELACE, star of the porn classic *Deep Throat*, has claimed in the course of some extraordinary Long Island court hearings that she would never have appeared in the film if she hadn't been forced to do so by a combination of beatings and hypnotism.

Ms Lovelace (real name Linda Susan Boreman) was applying to the court for an official guardian to handle her business affairs, claiming that neither she nor her husband is capable of managing them.

According to Linda, unnamed persons had taken care of her money during the filming of *Deep Throat* and the subsequent commercial exploitation of her resulting notoriety.

The unnamed persons, she further alleged, had kept all the proceeds from the film and its spinoffs, and refused to show her any accounts on her income. Ms Lovelace claimed that she was now penniless but hoping to net some $100,000 in the next year from her soon-to-be published book, *Untitled Memoirs Of Linda Lovelace.*

Her testimony started to turn ugly when she described how she had come to star in the film that took pornography in America out of the back room and onto the big screen.

It all began during a visit to her sister in upstate New York, where she was introduced to "a world of people involved in narcotics, alcohol and what might generally be considered as anti-social behaviour".

From her sister's place, she was taken to Florida where she was "sold as a chattel from person to person".

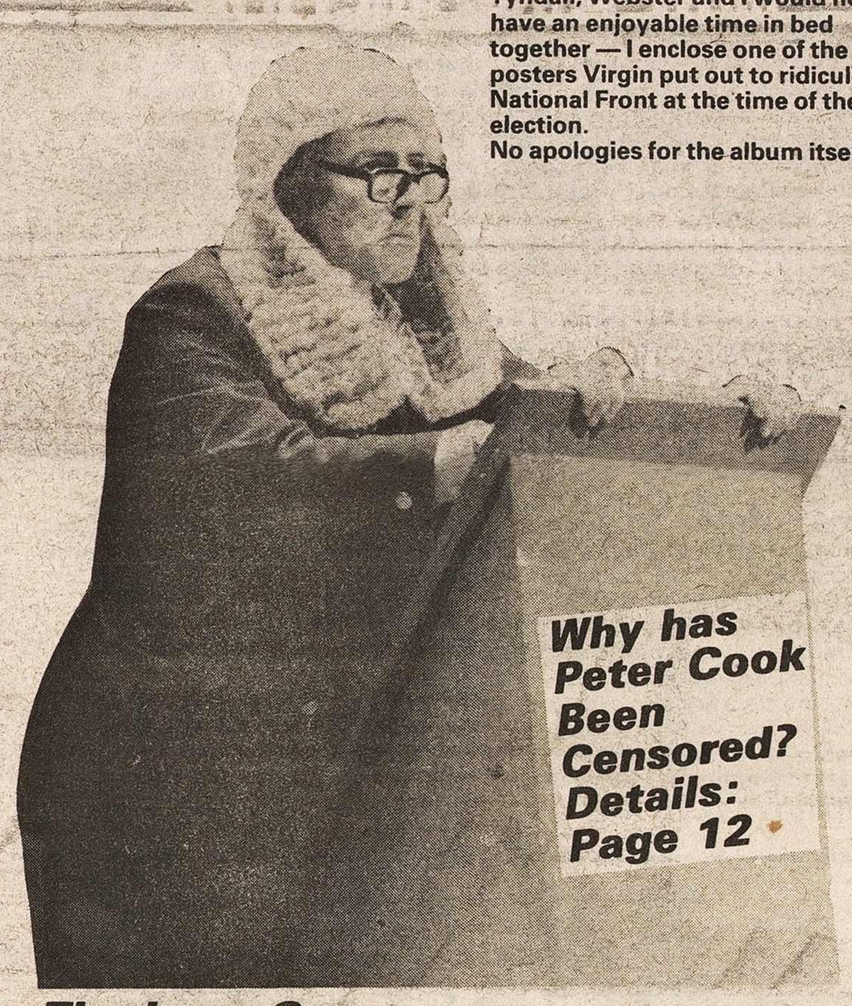
Ms Lovelace claims that she was "beaten in and about the body to make her perform the acts that resulted in the film *Deep Throat*".

It would appear that the acts were the involuntary result of hypnosis and beatings, some of which were so severe that filming had to be postponed until make-up would cover the bruises.

This sordid little story would seem to put paid to the idea that the stars of porn enjoy their work.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS



Cincinnati: Why Did It Happen?

THE TRAGEDY which took the lives of 11 young rock fans on Monday, December 4, at Cincinnati's River Front Coliseum cannot come as a total surprise.

Attend any large rock show in any large city in the States and the entire area surrounding the building resembles the old bazaar in Cairo. Everywhere you move there are spare-change panhandlers and cottage-industry entrepreneurs openly peddling everything from bootlegs to booze, t-shirts to trash trinkets, hot dogs to drugs. And in most instances, the local police authorities turn a blind eye to such blatant displays of American-style free enterprise. Coupled with the fact that a section of American rock concertgoers subscribe to the theory that the only way to enjoy the event is to first get completely blitzed and barbaric and the unsophisticated techniques in crowd control an eventual disaster was almost unavoidable.

"Everyone," Pete Townshend may have insisted when, following the concert, he was informed on the tragedy, "who indirectly earns money from The Who was in some way responsible for what happened — including me!" But then, any responsible person would react in such a matter under similar circumstances. And in the wake of the Cincinnati massacre, The Who may be attempting to have all future contracts re-written so as they personally assume full responsibility for security arrangements.

The circumstances which led up to this, the worst-ever tragedy in rock history, began when only half of the 18,000 seats put on sale for the eight o'clock show were numbered and reserved, the remainder being un-numbered festival-style first - through - the - door - first - in - front - of - the - stage. This policy caused crowds to gather in front of the Coliseum as early as noon and when at around 8.30 pm the strains of a sound-check reached the impatient crowd, someone threw a bottle through a plate-glass door, the crowd surged forward and a stampede ensued. It was then that 11 people died. When The Who took the stage, both they and most of the audience were completely unaware of the incident which had taken place. In fact, The Who's manager Bill Curbishly wasn't informed of the tragedy until well over an hour after it happened. Apparently, this delay was caused by fears that if The Who cancelled the concert mid-show further disturbances could break out.

Without trying to sound at all callous, Roger Daltrey likened the incident to a rather bad auto smash that could have happened outside of any rock concert. However, he stated his position thus. "If it happened whilst The Who had been on stage . . . if one person had been killed because of us, I would have been on the first plane back home and I would have never gone on a stage ever again in my life!"

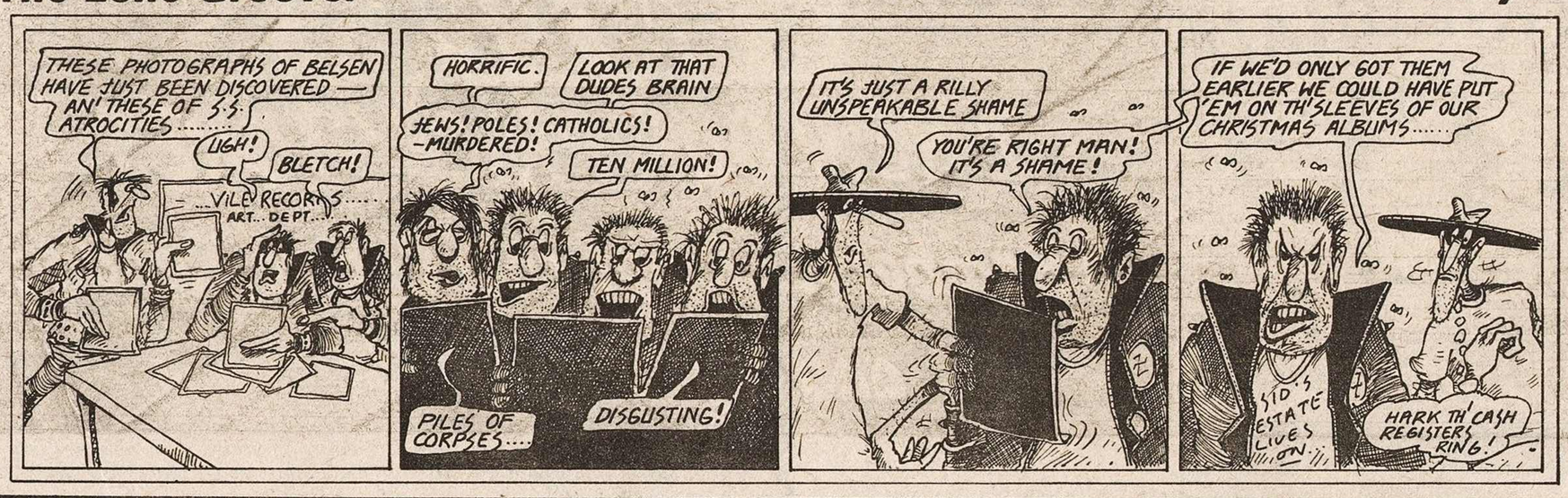
As yet a full enquiry into the affair has to be held, but moves to try and ban further American Who concerts and police chiefs making irresponsible statements to the press, insisting that The Who incite their audiences into a frenzy aren't helping matters.

So far, nobody has managed to get a statement from either the concert promoter or the management of the Coliseum concerning the way in which the pre-concert arrangements were handled.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — **Benyon**


THESE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BELSEN HAVE JUST BEEN DISCOVERED — AN' THESE OF S.S. ATROCITIES.....
UGH!
BLETCH!
VILE RECORDS..... ART.. DEPT..
HORRIFIC.
LOOK AT THAT DUDES BRAIN
JEWS! POLES! CATHOLICS! -MURDERED!
TEN MILLION!
PILES OF CORPSES....
DISGUSTING!
IT'S JUST A RILLY UNSPEAKABLE SHAME
YOU'RE RIGHT MAN! IT'S A SHAME!
IF WE'D ONLY GOT THEM EARLIER WE COULD HAVE PUT 'EM ON TH'SLEEVES OF OUR CHRISTMAS ALBUMS.....
SID'S ESTATE LIVES ON
HARK TH' CASH REGISTERS RING!

"Why do these women keep chasing me?" Pic: I. N. Competant.

World's Greatest Self-Publicist Does It Again

AS BRITT Ekland was leaving the studios of Tyne Tees Television, she was surprised, nay shocked, to find herself confronted by a wiry little chap displaying an 18in false nose.

Immediately she realised who it was, and delightedly posed for some pics with the deviant, who, if you haven't guessed by now was Wavis O'Shave a.k.a. Rod Stewart (his real name, *honest*).

They chatted about the programme Britt had just guested on, with Brian Clough, and when Wavis asked if she'd enjoyed it she replied in hushed tones: "No, all zey talk about eez football."

The happy couple then disappeared into the night with only a white Roller for transport and Wavis hasn't been seen since.

S. NECK

THRILLS

"If we pose as shop assistants no-one will suspect a thing."

Gen X Credibility Shock

CONTRARY to reports elsewhere it is totally untrue that a Swell Maps' guitarist is about to join Generation X.

Instead, their utter lack of current critical credibility notwithstanding, the quartet of Idol, James, Laff and Derwood have been behaving in a manner apt for the first outfit ever to play London's Roxy Club.

Embroiled in the kind of litigation with their manager that has obliged Chrysalis, their record label, to adopt a strictly neutral financial role towards the band, Generation X have been engaged for the past month in a 21-date roots tour.

"Our credibility's so low," laughs bassist Tony James, currently also acting as band manager, "that if it had leaked out that we were playing a 'secret' tour the papers would've sneered at us and said we were making a deliberate attempt to get back into favour."

About a month after the onset of their "managerial problems" James decided that the band's daily meetings, ostensibly to boost morale, were becoming more and more down in mood. "We were beginning to sound like a bunch of old workmen sitting round a brazier," he says.

Accordingly, he called Cowbell, the band's booking agency, and asked them to book the group a string of club dates. He insisted that the band only be announced as appearing on the day of the gig.

Instead of staying in actual hotels the band and their crew put up each night in pubs. Accordingly, their costs per night were rarely more than £40 a night, as opposed to the £150 or so that they were laying out on their last tour of major halls.

In contrast to the depressingly down vibe of that last tour the gigs, says James, have been going amazingly well. "On that last tour," he explains, "kids would come backstage and we'd ask them what they thought to the show and they'd just say, 'Oh, alright!' and we knew it hadn't been very good at all.

"Now, though, before we even ask them they've been saying, 'Oh, that was fantastic. Really great.' And we knew they weren't just saying it to make us feel okay because all those gigs just felt really good.

"All we've been doing," he continues, "is to just go out and play for the sake of rock'n'roll. Which it doesn't seem you're meant to do these days at all: all you're supposed to do is tour when the new album comes out.

"Particularly," he adds, "a group like us who're just supposed to sit around at home sipping Martinis and waiting to go on *Juke Box Jury*."

Generation X even managed the supposedly impossible task on such a tour of not losing money, coming out at the end of the 21 gigs with a small profit.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

NICK

LOWE

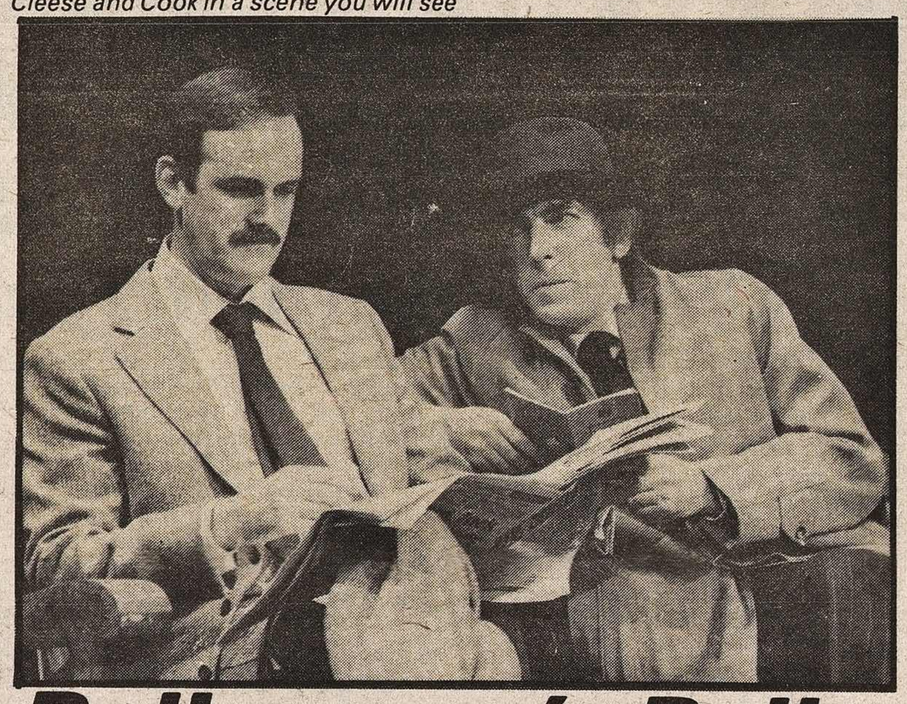
COMP

VOUCHER

NUMBER

TWO

Cleese and Cook in a scene you will see



Policeman's Ball Castrated

Cook, Robinson cut from TV Special

VIEWERS of ITV can count on the usual watered-down barf this yuletide. Network chiefs — perhaps mindful of the 'still fluid' situation in regard to licence renewal and the new independent channel — continue to obliterate all traces of human life from the small screen.

Latest case for the scalpel is the filmed version of *The Secret Policeman's Ball,* the allegedly hilarious spectacle performed on the London stage last June as a fund-raiser for Amnesty International.

As it turned out, despite the participation of heavyweights Cleese, Palin, T. Jones, Eleanor Bron, B. Connolly and the unfortunate Pete Townshend, the event was not quite the ball-breaking "gala of comedy" it's been touted up to be. More a case of Cleese and Co. paddling up old and stagnant waters.

It was left to grande dame Peter Cook to demonstrate the sublime British art of taking the piss out of famous and important people. His 'Entirely A Matter For You' sketch in which he plays a biased old dog of a judge summing up in "a recent political trial" (Norman St. John Scott, Bex Bissell, Jack Haywire — get the picture?) was not only wonderfully funny, it was dangerously and provocatively funny. And, of course, will not be seen when the TV version goes out on December 22.

Also expunged is Tom Robinson's sneering performance of 'Glad To Be Gay' a piece of foul lunacy by the Ken Campbell Roadshow in which a four inch, sterilised nail is driven into a Scotsman's nose, and some effing and blinding by cheeky Bill Connolly.

You might have supposed that this kind of suppression would have irritated the chaps in question, given the politically-loaded nature of the event. Well, yes and no.

At a press conference at the Liberal Club last week, Cleese and co. revealed themselves to be bemused as opposed to out and out irked.

"I don't actually know the reason why," said Cook referring to the expurgation of his self-penned Judge piece. "I would imagine there isn't actually a reason. I would imagine they (LWT) would feel vaguely uneasy but don't know why."

But were there no objections lodged with ITV about the cuts? asked a lady inquisitor. The judge piece makes some "important" points.

"You might say", Cook rejoined," that my official position is 'pissed off'.

"I believe," offered Cleese, "that Martin would know about this one."

Well, Martin? Martin Lewis is producer of the long playing version of the show released on Island last Friday and *containing* the Judge sketch.

"London Weekend," Mart began, "made certain . . . suggestions about what the director Roger Graef could do with certain sections of the film."

Yes, yes? And?

"Among these was Peter's judge sketch and Tom Robinson singing 'Glad To Be Gay'. Tom wanted to be here himself but was unable . . ."

You mean . . .

"He's on jury service at the Old Bailey."

Gawd. I knew it. They've got 'im. They've got Tom.

But why, it was asked, did ITV get the show as opposed to the bold BBC.

Money, it was explained. ITV put it up, BBC wouldn't.

"I thought Mike Brearley was frightening," muttered Cleese.

(The England skipper was seen to boot and punch Terry Jones all over the stage in a sketch called "The Name's The Game".)

"I hope," Cleese added "he displays a similar aggression in Australia."

"Yes," said Pete. "Mr. Brearley has an extraordinary capacity for violence."

Moments later, the entire top table was confiscated by agents of Amnesty International and Island Records. Newspersons were ushered out. The captives' fate remains a mystery.

It can be revealed, however, that Freemen in the London area will be offered the full unexpurgerated 90 minutes of the Policeman's Ball at the Essential Cinema "early in the New Year".

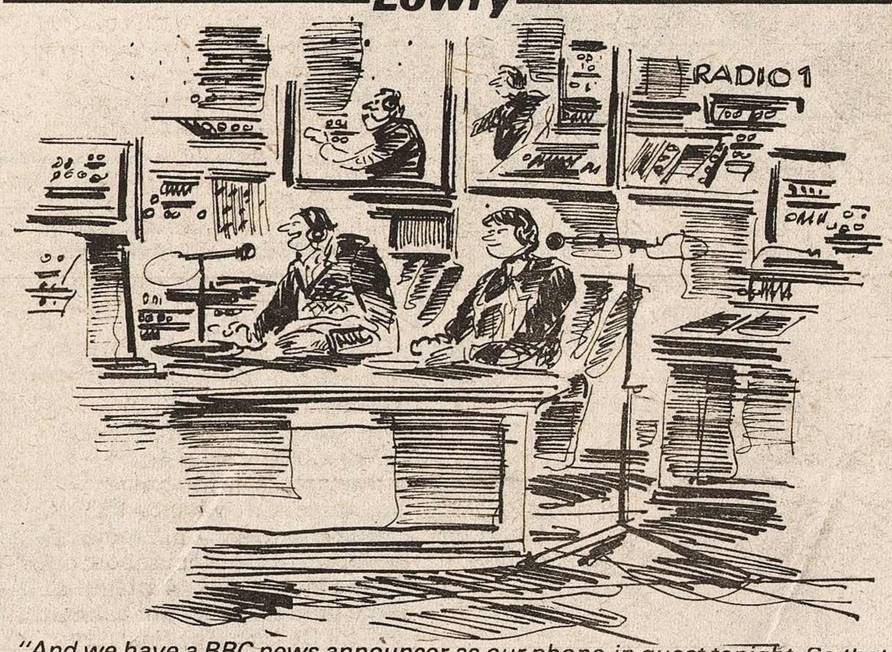
Music lovers are also promised a new year issue. Townshend, John Williams, Tom Robinson and Neil Innes in various permutations performing never-to-be forgotten collector's items all on one album.

Back to you Anna . . . wherever you are.

ANDREW TYLER

THRILLS

Lowry



"And we have a BBC news announcer as our phone-in guest tonight. So that you'll remember her as a warm and friendly personality the next time she's bringing you unpopular government legislation on the television news."

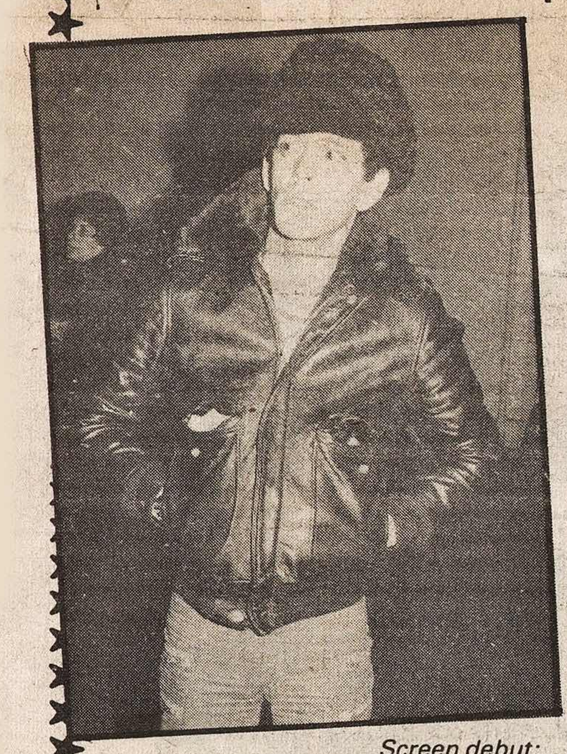
SCREEN DREAM

DICK TRACY takes a look at forthcoming movies

Screen debut: Joan Jett. Pic: Pennie Smith

THAT KIM Fowley-created, now disbanded, all girl rock band The Runaways are soon to be recreated in a new movie entitled *We're All Crazy Now* loosely based on their career.

The movie will follow the band from the Texas outback to Hollywood success and features Joan Jett as herself with Cheryl Smith and twins Karen and Kathy Fallentine in place of the other, original members of the band. Male lead is Arte Johnson and Peter Noone, ex Herman's Hermits singer, is another of the featured players.



Screen debut: Lou Reed. Pic: Kate Simon

Crazy is the first project from independent film maker Robert Zane. Filmed on a modest budget of less than $1 million and due for a quick release before Christmas, the film is directed and scripted by Bernard Girard and the soundtrack score will be handled by veterans Kenny Laguna and Richie Cordell.

Meantime the virtual stampede of musicians into the film business continues apace. Lou Reed is to make his acting debut as a record producer in Paul Simon's movie.

Alan Rudolph is to direct Blondie and Meat Loaf in *Roadie,* currently in production on locations in Austin, Texas, New York and Los Angeles, while Robbie Robertson, ex-Band man, will produce and star alongside Gary "Buddy Holly" Busey and Jodie Foster in the upcoming fairground movie *Carny.*

Could Westerns be riding back in from the sunset? Certainly activity in this area is increasing with five westerns released in 1979 and five more in production.

If a blockbuster is needed to launch a film trend, this may be supplied by Michael Cimino whose successor to *The Deer Hunter* is *Heaven's Gate* starring Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken, John Hurt and Jeff Bridges. Its main distinction at present is that it's the most expensive western ever made; originally budgeted at $12 million, it's now cost somewhere between $30-40 million.

Also in the offing is a remake of *The Lone Ranger,* jointly financed by Sir Lew Grade and the Wrather Corporation, who bought the rights in 1954. Sadly it will not feature Clayton Moore, the man behind the mask, who is still embroiled in legal disputes with Wrather. Worse still, his horse Silver died in 1977 and Tonto (Jay Silverheels) suffered a stroke and is partially disabled.

The last film Jack Nicholson directed was a western, *Going South* which went soft at the box office. Since then he's starred in Stanley Kubrick's new masterwork *The Shining* (not now due for release until 1980) and has now committed himself to the lead role in *The Postman Rings Twice.* Based on the 1934 best-seller by James M. Cain, and filmed three times before, the 1980 version will be directed by Bob Rafelson who last worked with Nicholson on *Five Easy Pieces.*

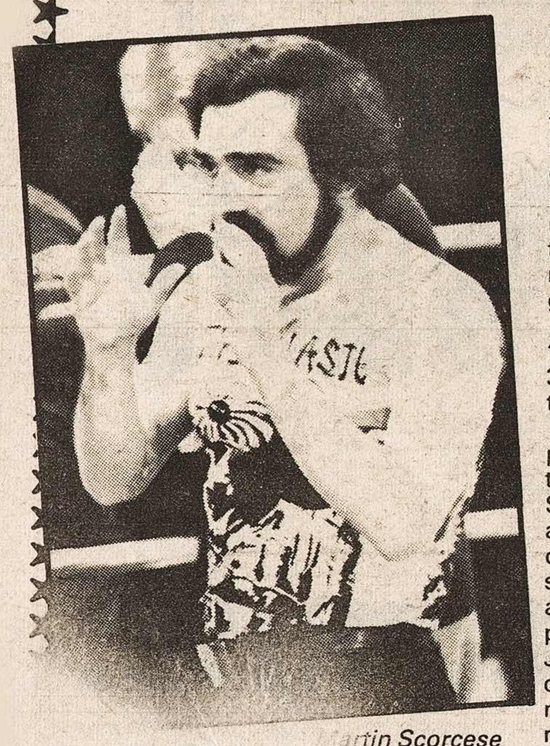
Despite its cool reception in Britain, the giant worldwide success of the Cheech and Chong drug comedy movie *Up In Smoke* has turned the duo into hot property in the film world. *Smoke* cost just $2 million and has so far grossed $104 million — and they're still counting.

The duo's next project for Universal is entitled *Cheech & Chong Go Hollywood* and will be directed by Tommy Chong from their own script. Cheech says of the film: "We'll go with our new image as movie stars although we'll show the low-rent side of Hollywood" and will, naturally, continue the team's predilection for sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.

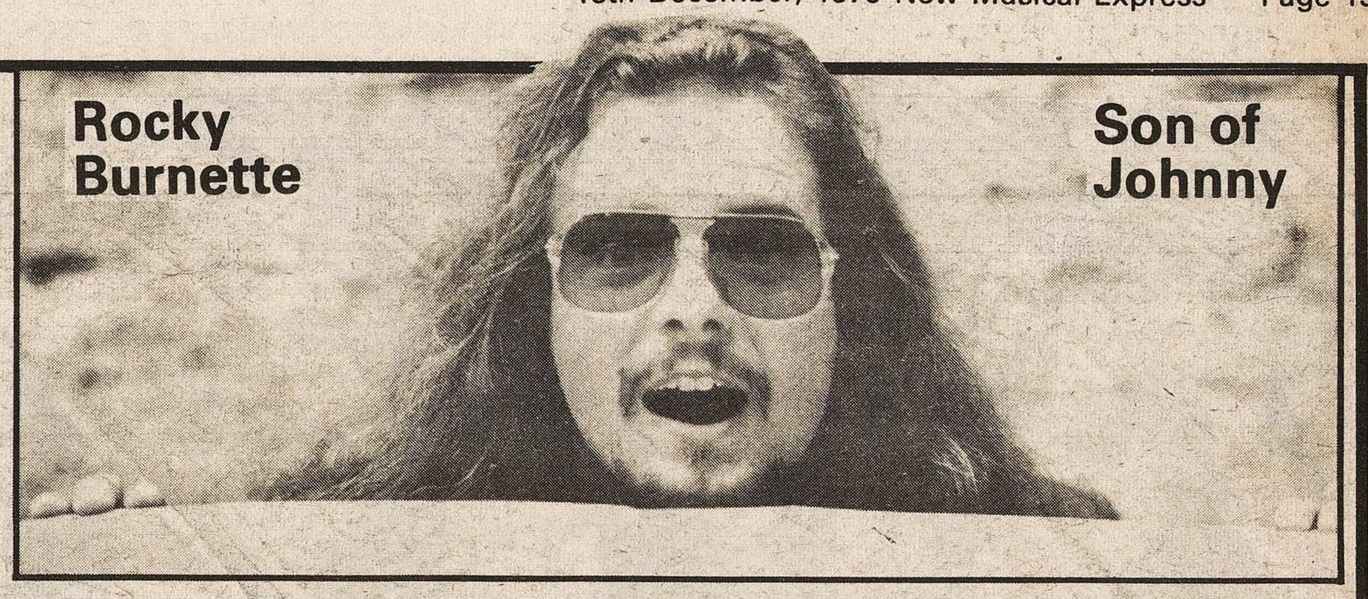
Rocky II has once again flouted traditional industry rules, by taking more at the box office than the original, and Stallone confirmed recently that there will be a third movie to complete the trilogy — but that will definitely be the last. The reason, Stallone claims, is that he's getting too old for the rigorous part.

He told Philadelphia's newsmen: "I made *Rocky I* when I was 29. I'll be 33 soon. My endurance is beginning to drop."

Meantime that other boxing picture *Ranging Bull* which reunites the *Mean Streets* team of De Niro, Scorsese and Mardik Martin is already long overdue and overbudget. This may have something to do with the team's attention to detail. Apparently the producers of the biopic about boxer Jake La Motta, took 14 attempts to create precisely the right battered nose for De Niro. The final cost: more than $8,000, a figure not to be sneezed at.



Martin Scorcese Clash T-shirt



In the '50s, Elvis Presley took this man out for walkies.

A SNEER, a stance, a shimmy. Most of us have a permanently fixed image of the likes of Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent and Eddie Chochran. Rocky Burnette's recollections of these legends is of a more intimate nature: it was these chaps who used to clutter up his house when he was but a whipper-snapper.

Elvis Presley, who used to take him for walks, he vividly recollects as having a bad case of acne. He recalls Gene Vincent as being disturbed and argumentative and Ma Burnette chasing Eddie Cochran from her front door with a large cast-iron frying pan having mistaken his tough exterior as being that of a felonious young hoodlum.

It's hard enough for the off-spring of any famous parent to carve out their own niche in life. But when, as in Rocky's case, his late father just happened to be the much venerated Johnny Burnette, one of rock 'n' roll's original hell-raisin' hierarchy, the shoes can prove pretty hard to fill. Rocky's nudging single, 'Tired Of Toein' The Line', though affirms that he isn't about to bring shame on the family's good name. Twenty-six-year-old Rocky has the past in his pocket and a bead on the immediate future. Would one really expect much less from someone who, together with his cousin Billy, inspired Johnny & Dorsey Burnette on the night Rocky was hatched (June 12, 1953), to not only dedicate their set onstage at Memphis' Cotton Club to their sons and heirs, but also commemorate the birth with the naming of a genre via the hedonistic 'Rock Billy Boogie'. For that, Rocky insists, is how when and why the term Rockabilly was first nailed to the wall. And the recent rejuvenation of Rockabilly, he opines, has much more going for it than mere surface nostalgia.

"When my dad and Dorsey first cut records like those of Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis they were just young and vibrant kids. They just cut loose and got barbaric. The reason why all those old records like 'Tear It Up' and 'Lonesome Train' sound even better today is because they had absolutely no inhibitions, no preconceptions of what they were doing or that it would quickly revolutionise popular music."

Rocky goes on to cite Joe Strummer as being astute enough to anticipate the resurgence two years before it happened; The Clash and The Pirates, he says, are two of the few bands to have successfully tapped the main energy source and totally personalised the basic form to meet today's requirements.

Being the only male sprog of an all-time King Of Rock 'N' Roll to have carried on the legacy, Rocky Burnette concedes that he's something of a genetic oddity: old enough to vividly recall his roots but young enough not to be set in his ways. And it's been his grasp of the situation that not only prompted Presley's entire road band to frequently back Rocky for cab fare at L.A.'s Sundance Club, but got Duane Eddy, Glen Campbell and Albert Lee to agree to pick a lick on an album he's tracking at Rockfield. His next priority is to persuade Chris Spedding, Mick Green and, hopefully, Dave Edmunds to add a personal contribution.

Whilst many are predicting a Top 20 placing for 'Tired Of Toein' The Line', Rocky claims the sole reason he performs his own material is "so that I can get on stage and sing all my dad's songs". He insists that this isn't retrogressive. "Songs like 'Tear It Up' and 'Bertha Lou' are part of my spirit and my growing up, so they're not foreign or secondhand. The fact that people like The Yardbirds, The Pirates and Robert Gordon re-recorded many of his songs shows that it's as valid today as when the Rock 'N' Roll Trio first put it down on tape".

Johnny Burnette died in a boating accident when Rocky was eleven and Dorsey Burnette, who raised his brother's child, died just two months ago. "In the last couple of years of his life, Dorsey became a devout reborn Christian and I'm sure that giving up his wild living and stopping drinking is what killed him!"

Rocky Burnette is a fund of anecdotes that only a full-blown biography could accommodate: how the Burnette Brothers graduated from being professional pugs to rough 'n' tumble rockers, how Colonel Tom Parker saw them as a threat to Elvis and made sure they weren't signed to Sun Records, the years of deprivation following Johnny's death, record company rip-offs and how a roll-call was created of Southern rock musicians whose careers were either terminated or damaged by amphetamines.

"It was all so innocent at the time," he relates, "they had absolutely no idea of the long-term effects amphetamines had on people. it was just something you got from the Dr. Feelgoods to get you high and keep you going on tours.

"Elvis, Jerry Lee, Johnny Cash, even Dorsey and my dad, got into that trip. The problem was that many of them were also heavy drinkers. They grew up drinking, fighting and rocking. And, in the end, that's what killed Elvis. Trouble with Elvis was he was The King, he thought he was immortal and never considered the idea of dying even though we all knew he was slipping away three years before the end.

"All I can say," concludes the former theology student, "is thank God, I learned from *their* mistakes."

Amen.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Nasty Rumours Of Oz

DURING THE last weeks Brisbane, Australia, has seen an influx of lads from Camberley. And they're causing trouble. First it was Graham Parker and the Rumour, then the Members.

4300 people crammed into the ageing ballroom, Cloudlands to see GP. They consumed vast amounts of alcohol, while the support bands warmed them up. As soon as a few hundred people get dancing, the sprung dance floor of Cloudlands acts like a giant pogo-machine, and you can't stand still even if you want to.

Parker was magnificent. He manipulated the crowd completely from the first song, 'Local Girls'. He urged 'Don't Get Excited', but demanded the opposite. GP possible surprised himself, as he commented in amazement 'You're the best audience on the whole fucking tour'.

The only time his control slipped was after the second encore when a roadie announced that it was Graham's birthday. So we all sang 'Happy Birthday To You' while GP strangled the guy. Then he did 'New York Shuffle' and it was all over. But that's when the trouble started.

A dazed, drunk crowd released from the heat and excitement proceeded to commit atrocious acts on the streets of Brisbane, the most henious of which was apparently several cases of fornication on the front lawns of the good, noble, well-clipped citizens of Brisbane.

The repurcussions began a couple of days later. The liquor licence at Cloudlands was revoked. The licensee of the proceedings received a note, poked under his door, saying that 'pending a full investigation, the licences for all discos at Cloudlands were cancelled. Consequently the Members' dance was dry. Only 1100 turned up to see the dance and a lot of those were police.

The crowd just didn't seem to be interested in eight different flavours of soft drink on sale, and kept nipping outside for a quick drop of liquor, where they'd be arrested. It's illegal to consume alcohol in public places. On the bars/soda fountains there was a small flow of odd looking people asking of they could have a beer or two on the sly. Blue flashing lights and sirens couldn't have made them more obvious.

Meanwhile, a few of the lads in blue had slipped back-stage. Yes, you guessed it. They arrested several members of the Members for — shock, horror, bus-plunge — consuming alcohol.

But the story doesn't have a totally and though demoralising ending. The Members did perform though the poor sober crowd took a bit of time to get going. By the time the Members began 'Police Car', they'd got the idea.

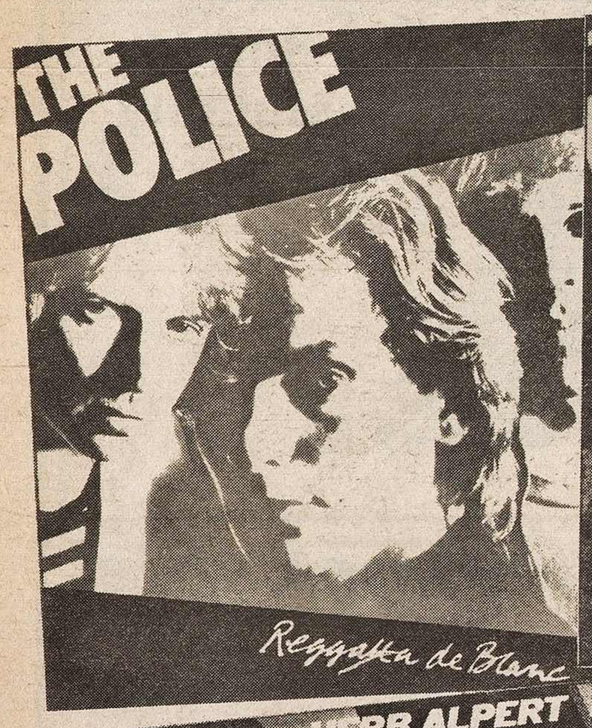
The Band's wry humour and political stance was totally appropriate and appreciated.

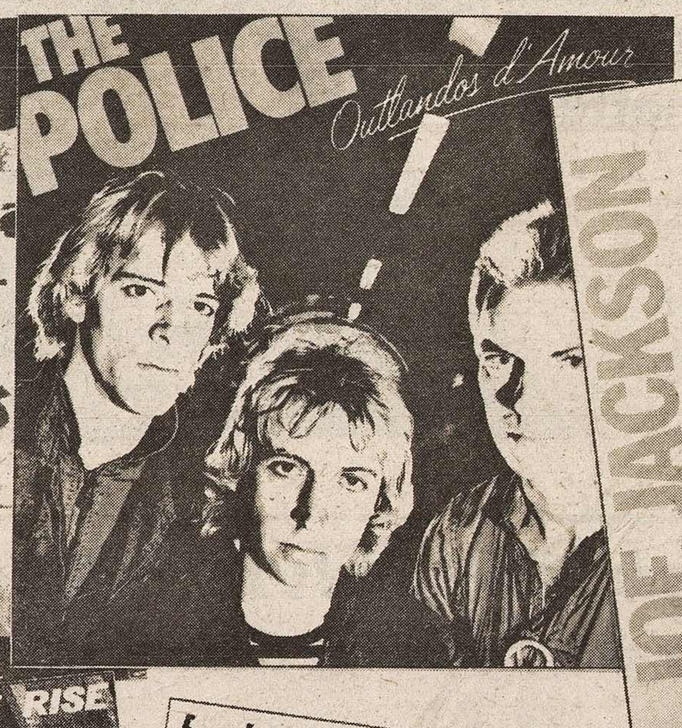
Next band who play here, though will have to come up with a few anti-police songs quick. They'll have to capture the crowd's interest somehow.

A. JONES

THRILLS

Pic: Chris Gabrin





Beautiful! We've taken £1 off six of the best until December 24th. Cassette versions are going for £4.49 so you cassette freaks save 50p. Sounds like a good deal, huh?

HOW DOES £3.99 SOUND?

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WHSMITH

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

Marlon Brando (left) as Colonel Kurtz with director Francis Coppola

JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF DARKNESS

'Apocalypse Now' says a long goodbye to the Vietnam War

By ANGUS MACKINNON

FIRST published in 1902, Joseph Conrad's *Heart Of Darkness* made a deep but unwelcome impression on readers in Edwardian England. The hero of the short novel, which took the form of a narrative by a lugubrious character named Marlow, was a certain Mr Kurtz.

Half-English, half-French and by all accounts a cultured man, Kurtz had left for Africa and made a great success of managing an isolated trading post; he was thus assured of both promotion and the envy of his fellow whites.

But then, for no apparent reason, Kurtz had gone mad. When Marlow had finally met him after a gruelling journey up-river in an antiquated paddle steamer, the man was emaciated, wracked with fever and at death's door, his house surrounded by poles topped with human heads. The reality of the situation was soon apparent; Kurtz had in fact gone tribal and was, it seemed, worshipped by the warlike natives he led in search of ivory and to whom he dispensed brutal justice.

That any able and supposedly sane man should have regressed into a state of pagan primitivism — this was shocking enough to Edwardian sensibilities, but Conrad's suffocatingly intense evocation of what he perceived as the heart of darkness itself induced further terrors.

This heart, Conrad suggested, throbbed in the impenetrable fastness of the African interior and had quickly found an echo in Kurtz — and if, it was implied, such an obviously outstanding man had succumbed to its baleful rhythms and committed atrocities whilst under its thrall, who then was safe? Conrad was making a mockery of the overweaning self-confidence of the imperial ethic ("We'll *civilise* these savages") and shredding notions of white, European supremacy.

Kurtz himself was utterly beyond the pale, operating in a moral vacuum. He had gazed about and within himself, only to find turmoil and chaos. And what of God? He, Kurtz, was God, answerable to himself alone, and this absolute loneliness was unbearable.

These insights terrified Kurtz as much as they did Conrad's readers, and ultimately defeated him. His dying words were simply "The horror! The horror!", a pitiful gasp of resignation in the face of a realisation that surpassed all human understanding.

Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* is closely based on *Heart of Darkness,* but transfers the story from nineteenth century Africa to twentieth century Vietnam; Coppola and co-scriptwriter John Milius' Kurtz (Marlon Brando) is a colonel in the U.S. Army.

Walter E. Kurtz was a brilliant career soldier, heavily decorated and headed straight for the top, until, inexplicably, he applied for duty in Special Forces at twice the usual age, and then disappeared into the jungle. He is currently based deep in Cambodia, conducting a vicious war of his own against the Vietcong with an army of deserters and Montagnard tribesmen.

Colonel Kurtz has become a severe embarrassment to the American High Command. His methods and ideas, a general drawls, have become "unsound". He is to be "terminated with extreme prejudice" (i.e. killed), and the man selected for this mission is Willard (Martin Sheen), a war-shocked captain who, unable to readjust to life back in the USA, has returned to Vietnam in a state of near-existential desperation.

Willard is played a tape of an intercepted radio broadcast by Kurtz, who's heard agonising forlornly about his predicament which he compares to that of a snail sliding along the edge of a razor, and is immediately mesmerised, just as Marlow had been by news of Mr Kurtz. Lost to the outside world as he pores over Colonel Kurtz's bulging file and, again like Marlow, provides us with a narrative (this courtesy of Michael Herr, author of *Dispatches),* Willard proceeds up-river in a patrol boat.

Conrad's heart of darkness has become Vietnam, a war-wrecked landscape in which moral niceties are strictly off-limits and over which looms the figure of another, later Kurtz.

In many ways it's a small miracle that *Apocalypse Now* exists at all. A slow film coming, for years or more in the making, the setbacks it received were daunting: most of its elaborate location sets in the Philippines had to be rebuilt from scratch after they were destroyed in a hurricane; Coppola sacked actor Harvey Keitel shortly after filming began and replaced him with Sheen, who duly suffered a heart attack; for political reasons the U.S. Department of Defense refused to provide Coppola with the necessary hardware and so he had to rely for this (helicopters mostly) on the erratic services of Philippine head of state, some would say dictator, Ferdinand Marcos. . .and so on and so forth.

As it is, Coppola has staked his own future and that of his Omni Zentrope production company on the success of *Apocalypse Now.* He should worry (but he probably does). Media hype may be so saturating these days that it's easier to ignore it altogether, but — dare I even say it? — this *is* an extraordinary film, a once in a decade or director's career achievement, on a level with Kubrick's *2001.* I had expected a substantial film from the maker of *The Conversation* and *The Godfather Parts I & II,* but nothing had prepared me for this.

Apocalypse Now exposes the last American 'Nam pic, Michael Cimino's *The Deer Hunter,* as the spiritually and intellectually impoverished and hysterically sentimental lump of flab it was: a film that in its own insidious way was no less reprehensible — no less exploitative — than, say, John Wayne's *Green Beret* escapades, in which good ol' American boys trashed the yellow peril and refought Hollywood's propaganda version of the earlier Korean war all over again.

This is not a film driven by liberal guilt (roll over *Coming Home),* and makes no excuse for the fact that all American involvement in Vietnam achieved was to turn sizeable areas of the country into chemically polluted, defoliated and bomb-cratered moonscape. No, it's a film about limits, extremes and opposites, and asks *why* humane, intelligent and sophisticated men like Colonel Kurtz go rogue, become unanswerable for their actions.

To some extent *Apocalypse Now's* South-East Asian setting is, perhaps surprisingly, irrelevant. The tragedies, ironies and absurdities that pass before Willard's glazed eyes as he progresses up-river are naturally peculiar to the American experience in Vietnam, but at the same time they're universal metaphors — for the insanity of war, for many other things — and Coppola is of course no stranger to the epic conception.

In pictorial terms alone *Apocalypse Now* is remarkable. Director of photography Vittorio Storaro worked with Bertolucci and Brando on *Last Tango In Paris,* and his camerawork is incredibly expansive, especially in the film's later stages when he bathes Kurtz's jungle compound and the surrounding temples and riverfront in a golden, luminescent haze.

One example of many such moments, Coppola's own orchestration of a massed helicopter attack on a Vietcong-held village is sensational. The choppers swarm in like locusts, Coppola compiling a vortex of high-speed images: giddying flow motion.

Coppola's eye for what often amounts to the surreal — and here his subject matter provides him with endless opportunities — is equally sharp. Two scenes in particular

■ *Continues over page*

Dazed: Willard (Martin Sheen)

Confused: War photog (Dennis Hopper)

Dangerous: Kilgore (Robert Duvall)

APOCALYPSE

■ *From previous page*

spring to mind, one in which three *Playboy* bunnies strut their stuff in front of a company of sex-starved troops, the other in which Willard encounters the remnants of an American garrison dug in around a bridge on the Vietnam-Cambodia border; black GIs stumble through the night, doped out of their brains and with Hendrix lunging at max. vol. out of their trannies, whilst above them hangs the bridge decked out like Blackpool's illuminations — it's of no strategic importance whatsoever, but every day the Americans build it up, and every night the Vietcong mortar it down. Yes, this is the *larger* picture, the wider angle.

Incidental but significant details are simply, unself-consciously noted: the tail-end of a huge B52 bomber rears out of the river, a gaunt reminder of Kissinger's illicit bombing of Cambodia — but no fuss, no bother, it's just there.

Willard's journey becomes a literally fantastic voyage. His companions on the patrol boat are a motley crew: Chief (Albert Hall), the stalwart and worldly black NCO, Chef (Frederic Forrest), a lampooning New Orleans *saucier* who was about to leave for Paris when he was called up, Lance (Sam Bottoms), a West Coast acid casualty, a real psychedelic surfer, and Clean (Larry Fishburne), a black kid straight out of the Bronx, uptight and scared as hell. These four provide the film with its rare moments of 'human' interest, offer humour and pathos. None of them want to fight a war.

Willard's own motivations are dubious. He ponders whether or not to kill a fellow American officer (Kurtz), but then shrugs it off, becomes increasingly detached and diffident. Sheen's performance is masterful, an insistent planing down of the character into supine acquiescence broken only occasionally by reluctant bursts of action. As a dramatic device, Willard works well; he's a jaded, cynical observer, amusing in a droll, deadpan sort of way sometimes, but almost unshockable, immunised against what he sees around him, against men like Kilgore.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kilgore, played grim to the brim of his stetson by Robert Duvall, is something 'else'. He thumbs playing cards marked with his air cavalry regiment's insignia onto Vietcong corpses, has the gung-ho legend "Death From Above" painted on his chopper's nose, rides into battle with Wagner's 'Ride Of The Valkyries' foaming out of speakers mounted beside him in the cockpit, reckons the war's just some kind of cowboys and injuns scam — kids' stuff really in a goddam hole of a country full of "gooks" and "slopes" and place names that all sound the same.

Kilgore's only passion seems to be surfing — the rest is strictly routine business, the business of killing — and that's it as far as he's aware, that's how the good guys and the bad guys line up. "But Charley," he shouts at a bewildered non-com, "but Charley don't *surf!!*".

Kilgore is invulnerable; the war won't touch him, and he knows it. We leave him calling up a napalm strike. When it's over and the jungle's well ablaze, Kilgore becomes positively lyrical, smells "the scent of . . . victory" and "someday," he concludes sagely, "someday this war will end".

No thanks to men like him. Kilgore examplifies the extent of the moral limbo we're being taken through. He's either completely sane and simply doing his job or completely crazy and a war criminal — it's impossible to say which. Kilgore is terrifying, a stroke of dramatic genius.

And so the dismal panorama unfolds. *Apocalypse Now's* weary depiction of the American military playing an elaborate end-game in Vietnam as they fought an unnecessary war they could never hope to win by shows of brute technological superiority — this is infinitely disturbing, far more so than if Coppola had harangued us from some ideological soap-box.

Then almost imperceptibly the film changes pace — this echoed in its haunting electronic soundtrack — and becomes uneasily meditative as Willard nears his destination. An American rescue helicopter burns out in the trees, the first heads on poles appear and we're out of ordinary time, moving back into the primordial. . .

Kurtz's compound is reached. Enter Dennis Hopper as a zany, zapping photo journalist, a sort of madcap court jester. Enter Kurtz himself. Brando's head is shaven and his hands ceaselessly, compulsively flatten down hair that isn't there. The hideously obese body rolls over upon itself, some unspeakable worm uncoiling, the fleshy, brooding face turns to the light — more fireworks from Storaro here — and expresses. . .what? Nothing? Everything? Brando's performance defies description, an all too knowing portrait of a man who's lost his own soul.

At which point it's necessary to wheel away and consider the sheer audacity of Coppola's grand design, a wide-ranging metaphysical sweep through all sorts of literary and anthropological arcana.

Some critics have accused the director of losing all sight of his means and ends. This simply isn't so. Coppola's map is very clearly marked. All the information is there, and all we have to do is dig for it. So let's dig.

Coppola's Kurtz isn't entirely Conrad's. He's been developed and remodelled, I think, for the better. His role is altogether more archetypal, and the psychology that lies behind it is worth exploring.

To wit — when poet T.S. Eliot completed *The Waste Land* in 1922, his manuscript carried Mr Kurtz's last words as an epigraph. The poem itself was an often hopelessly obscurantist attempt to summarise the post-war crisis of values that gripped more philosophically inclined Europeans.

Amongst his many sources for the poem Eliot had seized on eccentric scholar Jessie L. Weston's *From Ritual To Romance,* a work that investigated the legend of the Holy Grail, the cup Christ was supposed to have drunk out of at the Last Supper, and purported to prove that the Grail ceremony was in fact the last vestige of an ancient fertility cult. To seal the lid on her strange can, Weston had considered the waste land motif, one cherished along with that of the Grail by medieval Arthurian romancers.

The waste land was presided over by a king with a wound in his groin. This 'fisher' king as he was known was therefore impotent, and by implication unable to make his realm fertile. In the polite, Christian view of the romancers, this physical flaw was easily dealt with; a knight of great merit would ask the king a certain question and he would be magically rstored to the prime of health, his lands with him. In the more sober, anthropological view of men like Sir James Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough,* the king would be challenged and ritually sacrificed by a younger, stronger aspirant to the throne — in natural, mythical terms, spring would challenge winter — and it would be the king's blood that irrigated the waste land to make it fertile once more.

Now, all this may seem like so much humbug, but the resonance of such fertility myths and cycles is undeniable, even in this sceptical age of ours — and it's to Coppola's credit that he's managed to integrate such suppositions so seamlessly into *Apocalypse Now;* they certainly go a long way towards explaining the overwhelming impact of the closing stages of the film. In short, Coppola's Kurtz is part-Conrad's,part-king and Willard is part-Marlow, part-aspirant, and the results of their encounter are as climactic as you'd expect.

Other interesting leads include the fact that Colonel Kurtz, whose bedside reading of course includes *The Golden Bough* and *From Ritual,* recites from Eliot's *The Hollow Men* (1925), a poem its author had prefaced with the announcement by Marlow's native boy that "Mistah Kurtz — he dead". So does Coppola's Kurtz know about Conrad's Kurtz? As it happens, the question goes begging, but if Colonel Kurtz had read on we would have heard these lines: *"Between the idea / And the reality / Between the motion / And the act / Falls the Shadow . . . Between the conception / And the creation / Between the emotion / And the response / Falls the Shadow"* — all in all an admirable summary of his own snail-on-razorblade dilemma.

And so it all snaps into place as convincingly as Coppola's use of The Doors' 'The End' at the beginning of the film: *". . .a Roman wilderness of pain / And all the children are insane. . ."*. Quite so.

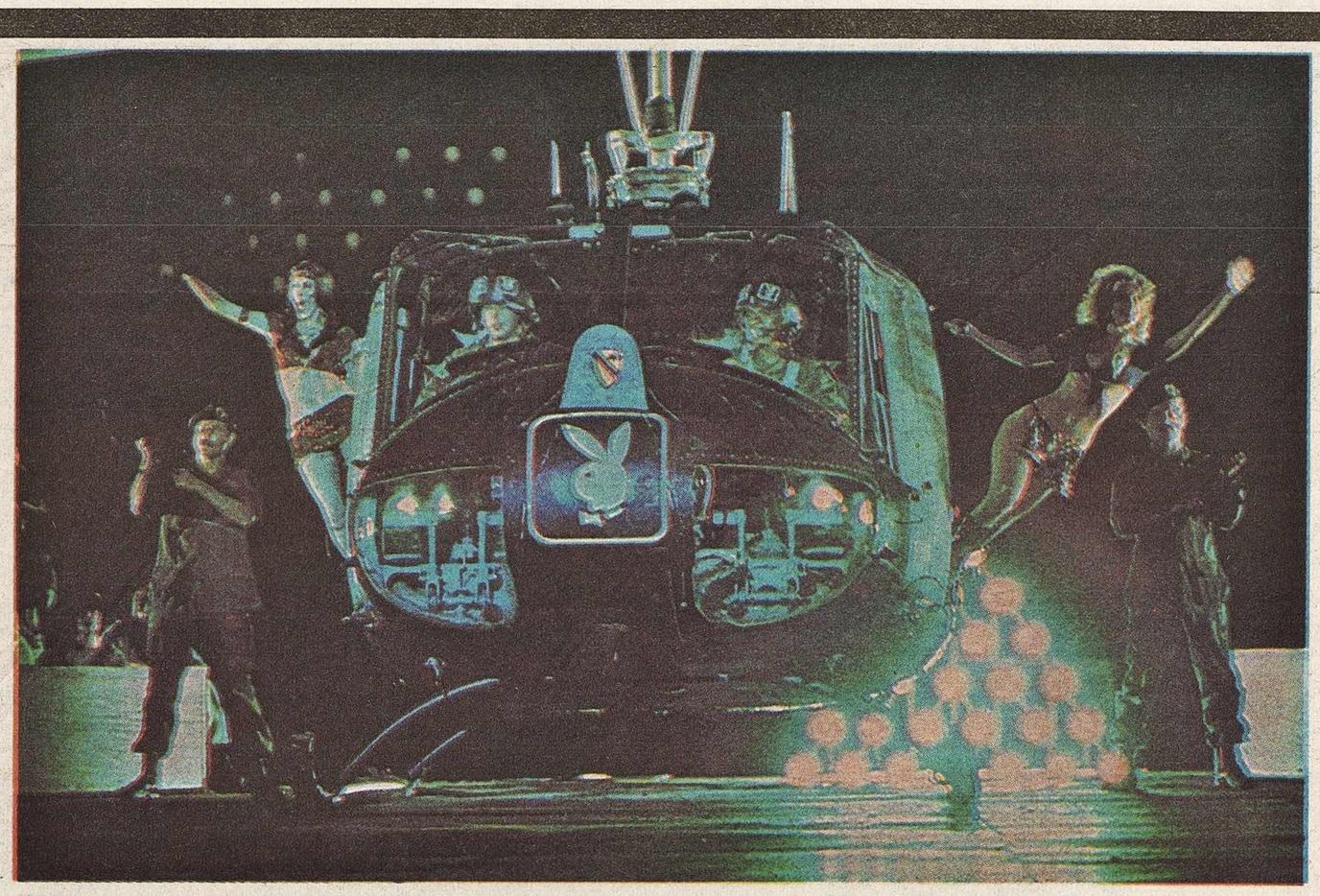
The upshot of all this rooting through the pagan bush should be plain. Our age may be the age of the space shuttle and the brain scanner, but it's also the age of Amin, Bokassa, Kissinger and the Khmer Rouge.

When Copolla's Kurtz tells of how one day the Vietcong had lopped off the arms of everyone in a village the Americans had just inoculated and talks of perceiving in their action a "genius", a "strength" and a force of "pure will", we know we're dealing with a mentality that's barely removed from Hitler's. But how to respond to it — "It's judgement that defeats us", sighs Colonel Kurtz — and how to measure it?

The inoculation story may or may not have been apocryphal, but the Khmer Rouge's brief reign of genocidal terror in Cambodia certainly wasn't. Pol Pot and his men may have claimed some method in their drastic attempts to create a new Kampuchea from the ground up but we, curiously helpless in our self-righteousness, can only condemn them as madmen.

But like Mr Kurtz, like Colonel Kurtz — the former scrawls "exterminate all the brutes" over an essay, the latter "drop the bomb, exterminate them all" on his field notes. Both men have stared into an abyss and, quite unaware that they're splitting the ancient and modern inside themselves, becoming effectively schizophrenic, have been dizzied by its depths, appallingly tempted by a siren chorus that urges them to deny all accountability, renounce all responsibility, do what they will. This split — in a Jungian sense a split between the personal and

■ *Continues opposite*



Hugh Hefner's bunnies arrive up-river: a tonic for the troops with tufts on their tails.

Willard's boat drifts as the jungle burns.

Kilgore's chopper hovers near another casualty of another senseless war.

■ *From facing page*

collective unconscious — is obviously dangerous, but appears to be an occupational hazard of 'enlightened', 'accomodating' modern man's thinking being.

If Eliot were alive today, he'd doubtless be busy writing another *Waste Land*. Western, pseudo-Christian notions of ethical morality — or at least how they're interpreted and abused by those in positions of power — are obviously inadequate; Kissinger can still bomb Cambodia and claim it was the 'right', proper and geopolitical thing to do.

These same notions persistently refuse to confront the heart of darkness, to understand and accept that it's an inescapable, omnipresent fact, something that beats in everyone of us, not just in faraway, 'backward' corners of the world. Our destructive and self-destructive capacity is still immense.

So much then for the triumph of reason, so much for the march of progress; they've only papered cracks. The human soul is still adrift, still can't reconcile old and new dreams.

So what? So a lot. Coppola has succeeded in almost literally exploding the tenacious heresy that claims modern, rational man is the master of his own destiny and can simply suppress or even erase his unconscious past like some sort of psychological Stalinist.

And where do we go from here? Further along, thoroughly chastened as we begin to appreciate that the evolution of the human psyche is an infinitessimally gradual process, one that takes constant account of present and past. Colonel Kurtz's single most grievous error of judgment is to consider himself exempt from any of this, a privileged free agent who can somehow 'start again,' perhaps create a new human order — and such wishful thinking is megalomania, pure and simple.

Given his character and predicament, Kurtz's outright rejection of conventional wisdoms about the Vietnam war is understandable, laudable also, but the man's extravagant fatalism nullifies his achievement. Willard is the victim of a similarly numbing disillusionment, but sleeps on the problem and lets things ride, whereas Kurtz, ever the complete military man, feels compelled to act.

But Kurtz's intellectual capacity to blind himself with his own intelligence allows him too much room for manoeuvre, convinces him that merely discarding an old, corrupted morality is enough. It isn't unfortunately, and Kurtz's behaviour becomes frighteningly arbitary; he goes on to commit his own share of atrocities, to create a new waste land in the image of the old. Kurtz's private war is every bit as barbaric as the American military's. The levels of technology may differ but — spears and arrows or guided missiles and napalm — the dying and the death are equally final.

In addition, Kurtz's despairingly Machiavellian attempt to engineer an archetypal encounter between himself and Willard smacks of almost unbelievable conceit; it's fated to fail. And yet all the while Kurtz's painful awareness of the extent of his own extremism — this unerringly interpreted by Brando in what must be one of his finest performances — is supremely touching, makes him profoundly human in spite of his inhumanity.

Both Conrad's and, to a much greater extent, Coppola's heroes are impaled on the same dilemma — how to reconcile past with present, 'primitive' with 'cultured,' 'dark' with 'light' — and both men are overcome in their struggles to make some absolute sense of what they see as a mocking, senseless universe. Their sin, so to speak, is pride — pride before a fall, before The Fall from a state of unconscious grace.

Too much existentialism never did anyone much good. We should all look to our souls, but look to them lovingly and humbly, without fear, condescension, hatred or alarm. As cinema and spectacle, *Apocalypse Now* is devastating. As a — perhaps the — cautionary tale of our times, it's visionary.

Angus MacKinnon

On The Box

Friday December 14
THE ROARING TWENTIES: Sawn-off big-time prohibition racketeer Jimmy Cagney is better than his buddy Bogie in this vivid 1939 Raoul Walsh speakeasy saga. Good gang war fun. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday December 16
THE HORSE SOLDIERS: Late John Ford (1959), so it's slow and deliberate as John Wayne and William Holden bicker about the Yankee presence in the South during the Civil War. Not only sprawling, but stretching it a bit at 2hrs. **(BBC 1)**

BANANAS: Before he became an itellectual interior decorator for Manhattan's chamber of commerce, Woody Allen was doing what he does best — making funny films. *Bananas* is bananas, a riotous comedy made in 1971 which says more about the human beast than a dozen dodgy Bergman homages. Woody himself plays a ludicrously inept inventor who becomes involved in a South American revolution and look out for Sylvester Stallone in a bit part as a hoodlum. **(BBC 2)**

HMS DEFIANT: Period piece heroics 1962-style from Lewis Gilbert (who now makes the Bond movies) with Alec Guiness enunciating through stiff lips and Dick Bogarde's dirktion well to the fore (and aft). Tom *Out* Bell's got a meaty part and Nigel *Quatermass* Kneale had a hand in the screenplay so watch out for that UFO on the starboard bow. **(ITV London)**

MURPHY'S WAR: Heroics of an entirely different kind as Peter O'Toole's Irish atheist, the sole survivor of a U-Boat raid, carries on his own war against the Hun from the banks of the Orinoco. Peter *Bullitt* Yates' offbeat 1970 study of the obsessiveness of revenge is not completely successful, let down mainly by Stirling Silliphant's silly script. **(ITV all regions)**

Monday December 17
BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: 'Kooky' Goldie Hawn is the fledgling actress who stumbles into the life and apartment of self-sufficient blind boy Edward Albert in Milton Katselas' soppy 1972 'funny-sad heartwarmer'. Eileen Heckart attempts to inject a veneer of abrasiveness in the role of the boy's wasp-tonged mother and landed an Oscar for her trouble. And Paul Michael Glaser (aka Starsky) plays 'Ralph'. **(ITV London)**

Tuesday December 18
THE USERS: Unseen TV movie from 1978 but it looks set to be a hoot. It's a tinsel town melodrama with Tony Curtis as the big star (sic) on the way down and Jaclyn Smith as the extra on the way up by going down, if you get my drift. **(ITV London)**

Monty Smith

The real war invades a reel war

Captain Willard (Martin Sheen)

'Sometimes they looked 500 years old and sometimes they looked exactly as I'd known them, but standing in a strange light; the light told the story, and it didn't end like any war story I'd ever imagined.'
Michael Herr — *Dispatches*

AS A slice of film history, the story of *Apocalypse Now* has rarely been equalled.

The seeds of the project go back some ten years. Developed as a script by John Milius it was originally to have been directed by George Lucas. By the time filming actually began, on March 22, 1976 (incidentally, the same start date as Lucas' *Star Wars),* Coppola had taken over the reins and the problems had begun.

Many of these have now become cliches in the brouhaha surrounding the film's release. After a screening at the Moscow Film Festival, Coppola claimed that he "tried to show that the Californian psychedelic mentality was transferred to Vietnam by Americans" to produce a "stylised war" with a "rock 'n' roll outlook." Making the film, he said, was a bit like war. He had too much money, too much equipment and was violating another land by "simulating" Vietnam in the Phillipines.

Installed on location with a largely Italian camera crew (featuring cinematographer Vittorio Storaro, who also shot *Last Tango In Paris)* on June 2nd, the company was hit by Typhoon Olga which killed 140 people in the islands, wrecked 50-80% of the sets and burst a dam, marooning 100 members of the cast and crew for three days without water or radio contact.

There were repeated attempts to subvert the film. One source close to the production claimed the CIA had planted an agent, posing as a former Army man with Vietnam experience, before his cover was blown. In addition, the Pentagon denied all cooperation and refused to allow US soldiers at Manila to participate in the camp scene.

The war began to take over the movie. A *Photoplay* on-the-spot report at that time quoted Coppola as saying that the various groups and units involved in the film "have taken on a decided military bearing. Each squad has a leader, and anyone who goofs up, gets push-ups or other corrective measures."

For the record, Coppola makes a Hitchcockian appearance as director of a TV news camera team. The movie also features one of the largest explosions ever filmed, the destruction of a 600-foot long bridge. Powder man A. D. Flowers recalls: "I used six to eight *miles* of wire just rigging the explosives. It took us a week to set it up and then the whole thing went off in about five seconds."

By the time Coppola returned from the jungle, costs had soared, the eventual figure reaching $31 million,

■ *Continues over page*

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The Final Apocalypse

■ *from previous page*

with Coppola putting himself in hock for more than half that sum.

Changes were made up to three weeks before the first screening, Coppola fussing over every last detail of the editing, the patented sound system, even the exhibition. Then followed the now famous series of showings featuring various endings, meantime earning Coppola a share in the Best Picture award at Cannes (Volker Schloendorff's *The Tin Drum* was the other winner).

At a press conference in New York Coppola talked about aspects of the film that took up five years of his life. On Brando: "Brando's big thing is he thinks everything is baloney and he hates baloney. If he believes he can participate in something different, he will. He's spoiled. He's a great man."

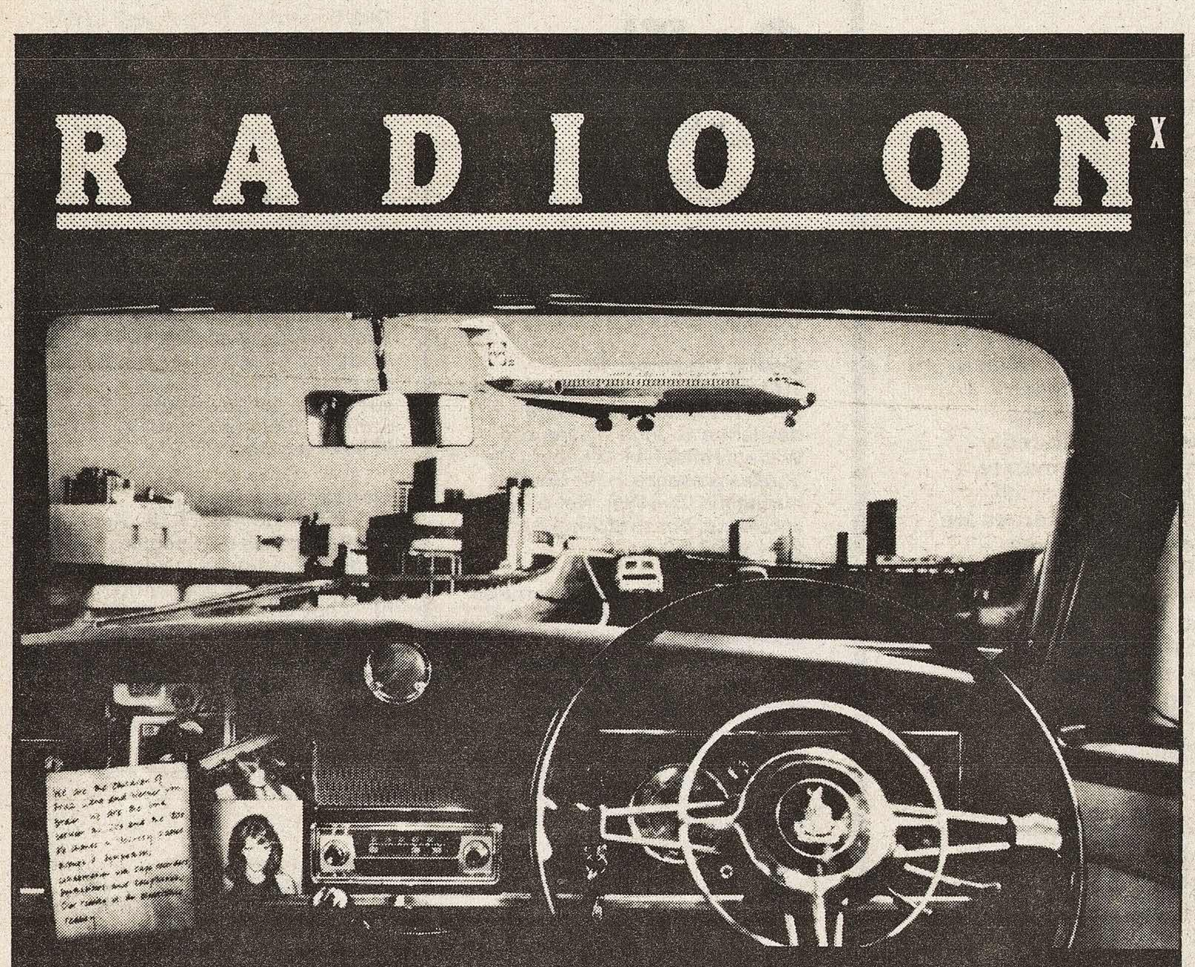
When quizzed on his Oscar chances, he replied: "I'm not interested in Academy Awards. I have a lot of them."

He dodged questions on his personal life, claiming that it had been "spread about like a sheet of butter." His wife, Eleanor, documented the whole period of location filming and their marital breakup in the recently published *Notes*. She says the film is a "metaphor for his journey into self" and that "the process is not over for Francis."

Coppola added to the controversy surrounding the film by recently donating a print of it to Cuba. He reportedly knows Fidel Castro personally and it is common knowledge that he was keen to shoot scenes for *The Godfather* at the 50s style Havana Hilton, built by gangster Meyer Lansky during the Battista regime. Since then there have been reports from the West Coast that Coppola is "moguling up", hiring dozens of actors, directors and writers to work on some 30 film projects. One source quoted by *New West* claimed: "I think he's trying to say *Apocalypse* is small change to what he's about to get into."

Whatever comes next, *Apocalypse* stands out as a great achievement. In the words of *Variety* scribe Dale Pollock: "In its striving and accomplishments, there's never been a film quite like it. The difficult part comes in deciding whether that's good or bad."

Dick Tracy



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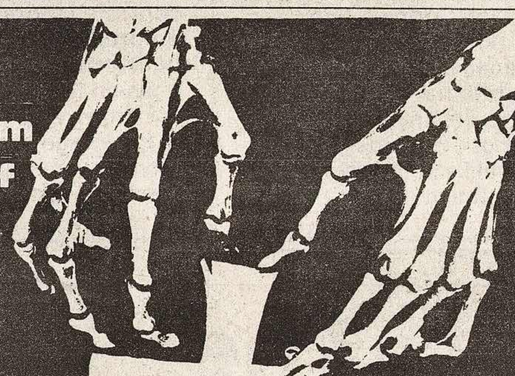

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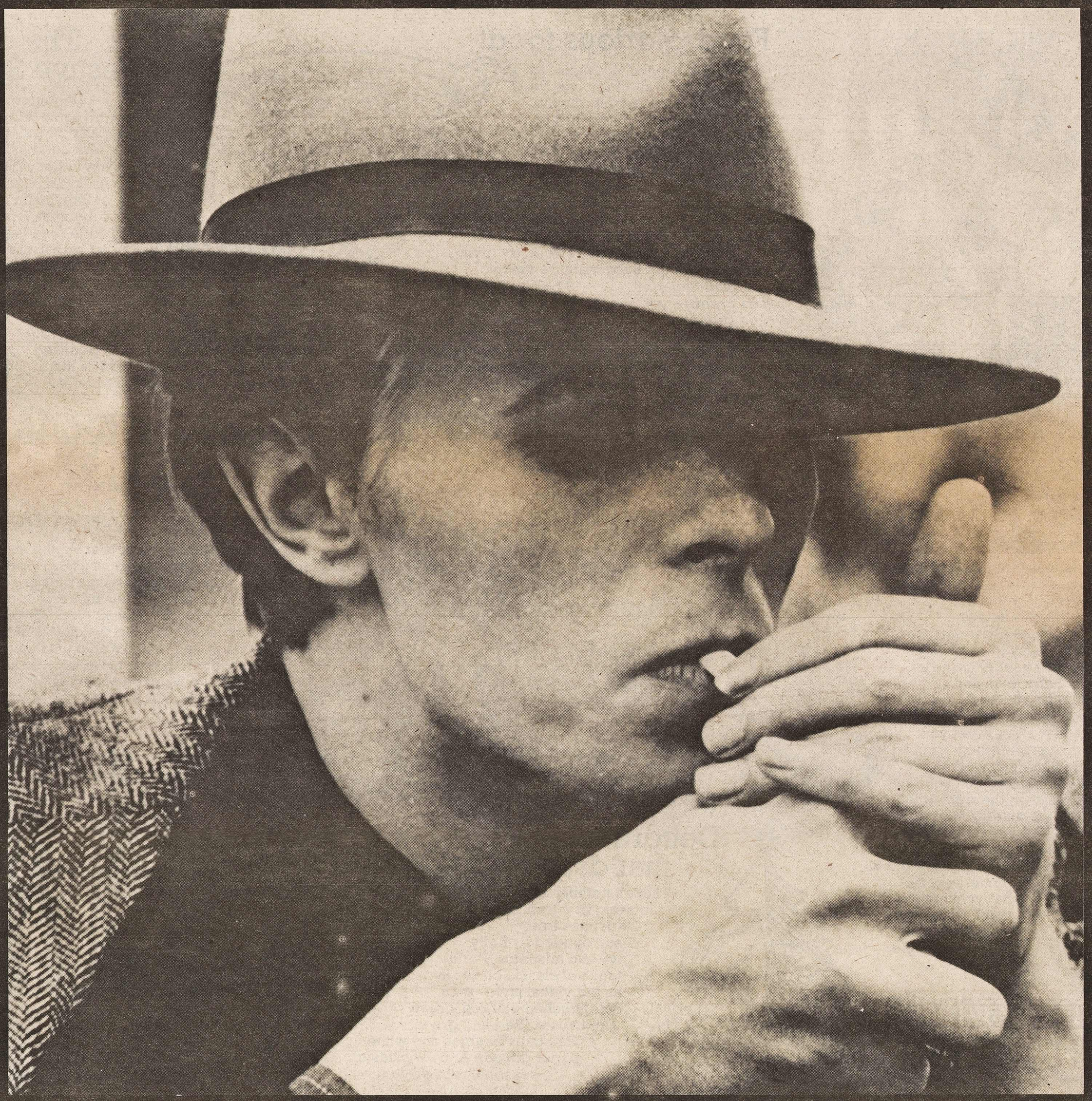
JOHN, I'M ONLY DANCING (AGAIN) (1975)
FROM THE 'YOUNG AMERICANS' SESSIONS (SIGMA SOUND)



JOHN, I'M ONLY DANCING (1972)
FROM THE 'ZIGGY STARDUST' SESSIONS

PREVIOUSLY UNAVAILABLE VERSIONS

ALSO AVAILABLE AS LIMITED EDITION 12" SINGLE

RCA

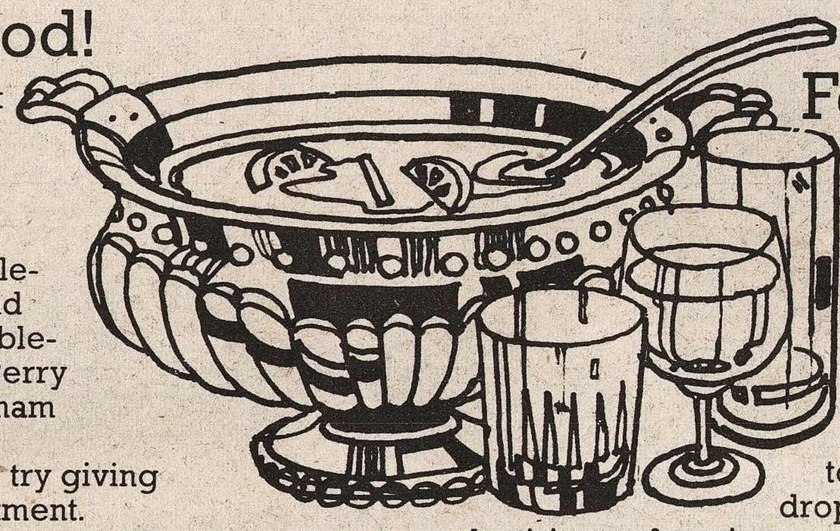
You want that sparkle at Christmas? Babycham's got it!

The Party Life

Christmas time is party time. It's the time of year when you're at your sparkling best and it's now that Babycham comes right into its own. Babycham is the great party drink. Buy it in the easy to carry take home pack. If you're giving a party, put Babycham and Babycham Dry in the fridge for an hour to get it to just the right temperature. Then, when your guests arrive, offer them a cool, sparkling Babycham – it makes the sort of welcome that will start the party on the right note. And for all the times you're going to parties... Babycham goes too! Babycham's the great Christmas drink at discos, pubs, clubs, parties and at home, because Babycham's the drink with a style of its own... it's the sort of style you like.

BABYCHAM'S got it!

Food, glorious food!



Delicious pudding, succulent turkey, savoury stuffing... you've got it all at Christmas. And why not add a few stylish touches of your own? Most sauces for Christmas pudding require 3 tablespoons of brandy. But why not add your own bright flavour with 2 tablespoons of Babycham Sparkling Perry and 1 of brandy. It's called Babycham sauce and it's sparkling good!

For a light Christmas sweet: try giving jelly some of the Babycham treatment.

1 oz. plain gelatine.
4 oz. cranberry juice.
4 oz. sugar.
1 pint hot water.
3 bottles Babycham.
Whipped cream.
Fresh fruit.

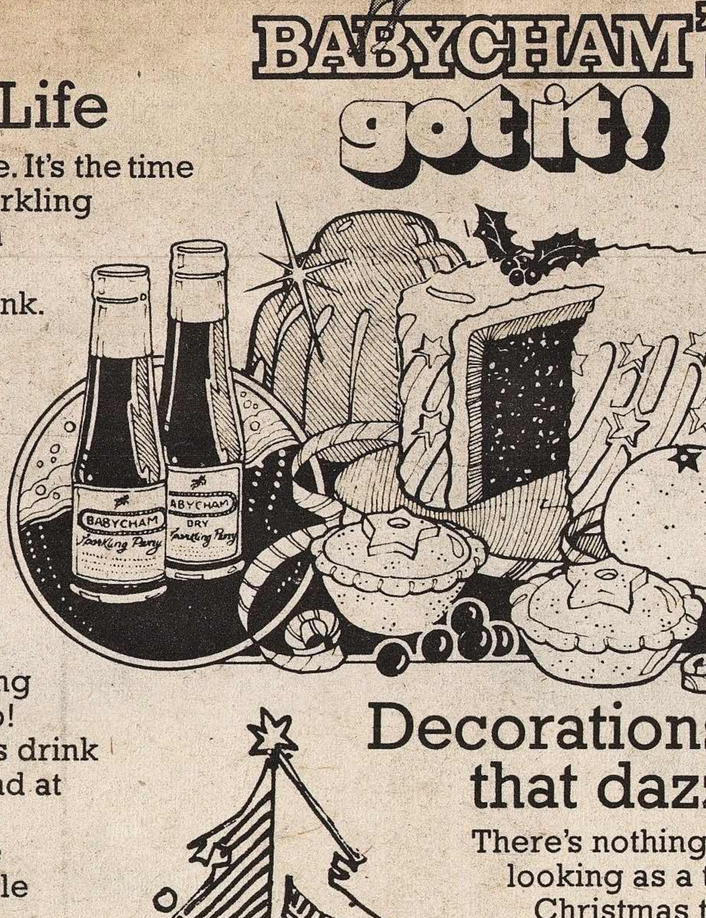
Soften the gelatine in the cranberry juice, add sugar and hot water, stir until dissolved. Chill until syrupy and whisk in the Babycham. Pour the mixture into serving glasses and chill until set. Decorate with cream and fresh fruit. The ideal drink to go with this dashing dessert is Babycham Dry.

BABYCHAM'S got it!

The Festive Spirit

Of course you've got some Babycham party packs – the perfect takealong to any holiday gathering. And you've got plenty of Babycham and Babycham Dry in the fridge for a happy toast with friends who drop by. To add your own good spirits, try freezing some fresh, tinned or frozen fruit and water, in a ring mould. Put the iced fruit ring into a punch bowl and top with Babycham and white wine. It looks lovely, and as the ice melts, the fruit is released into the punch! It's the sort of idea that's got style – and when it comes to style – Babycham's got it!

BABYCHAM'S got it!

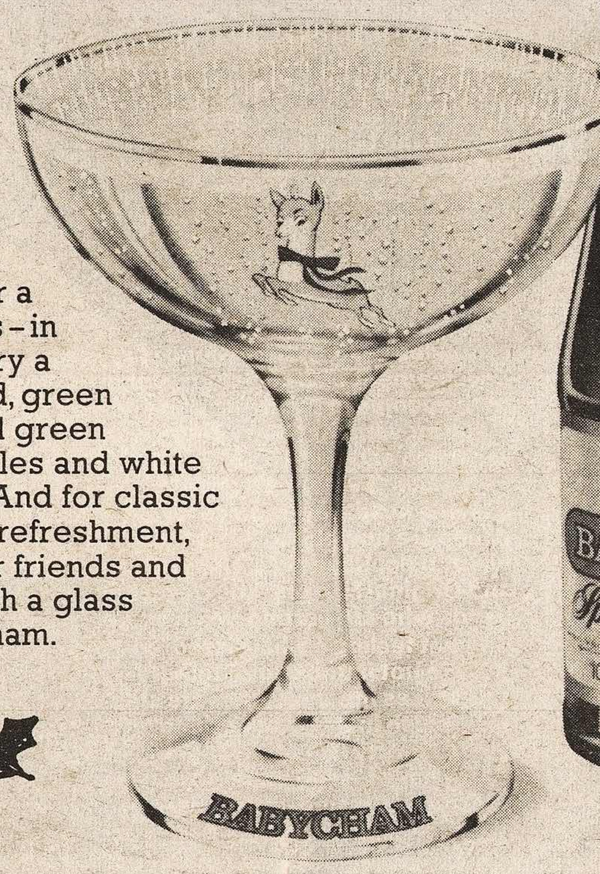


Gifts in your own style

The least expensive gifts are often the ones that show your own personal style. For the price of some oranges, some whole cloves and some silver paint you can make your own pomander oranges that smell gorgeous and look lovely. Just dip the cloves in the silver paint, let them dry on paper towels, and stick them, in neat rows, all over an orange. If you want to splash out, accompany each pomander with a bottle of Babycham, tied with a velvet ribbon.

Decorations that dazzle

There's nothing as happy looking as a traditional Christmas tree, surrounded by holly, ivy and mistletoe. For a touch of classic class – in an individual style – try a colour scheme of red, green and white. (Red and green Christmas baubles and white paper doves.) And for classic seasonal refreshment, toast your friends and family with a glass of Babycham.



BABYCHAM'S got it!

BABYCHAM Baby it's got it!

There are two features on this page. One's about Writz, the other's on The Dead Kennedys. What is the connection between these two bands? Nothing. No grandiose 'concept' or any of that crap. They're just on the same page of NME, schmucko. That's anarchy, right?

Kennedys: Better Dead Than Ted

JELLO BIAFRA, bizarre frontman of The Dead Kennedys and figurehead of America's aspiring West Coast punk scene, digs into a taco de luxe.

The scene is a shady burrito joint in the Mexican quarter of San Francisco, a tumbledown part of town that sees more violence in a week than fleas on a bull's back. A table of mean-looking locals stare inquisitively as Biafra and I rap into a cassette about corruption and politics in this fair city. Biafra likes to live dangerously.

Choosing a name like The Dead Kennedys in America is a step in the right direction if you want to wake up at the bottom of some lake with boots of concrete. And Biafra makes no bones about numerous death threats from outraged supporters of Teddy Kennedy and militant rednecks out to crush any form of youthful rebellion.

So to start the ball rolling, I ask him why the band chose their outrageous name.

"Well, some friends of mine in my hometown Colorado thought up the name but didn't have the guts to use it and were glad when we finally came along and took it."

The band's nerves were tested at one of their first gigs, at the Rat Club in Boston, Massachusetts — hardcore Kennedy country.

"Advertising had been a total black-out but still we got 250 people, which was unheard of at this place, and we couldn't work out why until we came on stage.

"It was a free-for-all, one of the wildest nights of my life. People were throwing glasses at us, we were throwing them back, a couple of people threw chairs, I threw them back too and in the end there was a mass of bodies wrestling on the floor. After the show, one of the bouncers came up and told me 'If I hadn't been working outside, I'd have beaten the fuck out of you. This is Boston, this is a tough town and we don't take this sort of shit'."

At a more recent gig, supporting The Clash in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, I watched Biafra leap into the audience in a frenzy to have his trousers and underpants ripped from his person by fans.

The Dead Kennedys play hard and dirty with a rough 'n' ready attitude that get San Franciscan punk audiences wild with excitement. But their effect on the rest of the States remains to be seen — especially among the cooler, more reserved New Yorkers who Biafra says "just stand around and criticise all evening". Certainly in England, their impact would be that of immediate novelty, but unless they progress from their regressive '76/'77 stance, the band would be no more than a dead duck.

UNKNOWN to most of his hardcore punk fans, Biafra is a quiet thoughtful character whose Mr Hyde alter-ego only comes to the fore when The Dead Kennedys are in action. Coming from humble stock in middle America, Biafra spent most of his adolescence as a reclusive but avid record collector. In fact, he saved up enough money to come to England two years ago solely for the purpose of tracking down elusive albums for his 3,000 strong collection.

Inspired by the new wave *coup d'etat* over here, Biafra began to work out ideas for songs and found bass player Klaus Fluoride, guitarist Ray Valium and drummer Ted. They played their first gig as The Dead Kennedys at the celebrated fleapit the Mabuhay Gardens in July 1978.

"People came purely for the name (a brilliant piece of self-publicity) and saw that here was finally an outlet for all their perverted fantasies, so we got a fairly large following from the beginning."

But the name had deeper significance than purely as an attention grabber.

"I liked the name for several reasons," adds Biafra. "We are a political band who are anti-apathy. America's a very apathetic country right now. There's a phrase coined by Tom Wolfe called the Me-Generation and that sums up Americans. They're very self-centred, they don't care about anybody else and they complain about things but don't really want to change them.

"This attitude began to form after the first Kennedy assassination and the Vietnam War. The second Kennedy assassination and Watergate brought it out even more. The death of John Kennedy was also the death of the American Dream, something which a lot of people in this country refuse to acknowledge has happened. The name is also a slap in the face of a religion that needs to have its face slapped."

But the name is not the only medium Biafra has used to expose America's and especially San Francisco's questionable politics. The assassination of 'Frisco's gay mayor last year and the subsequent release of his murderer this year only goes to show that the city stinks of corruption.

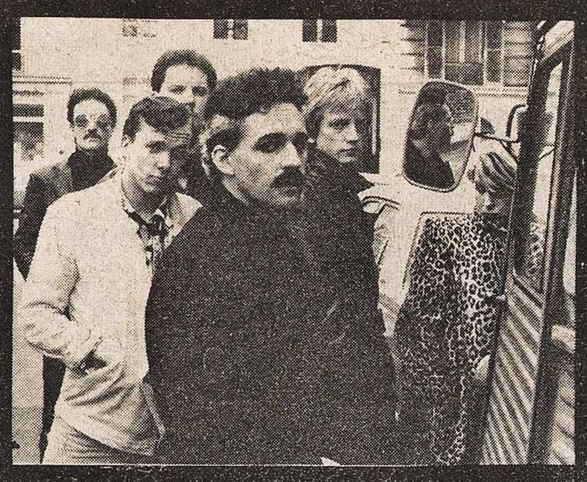
But what can a poor boy do, 'cept sing in a rock'n'roll band?

Jello Biafra openly railed against the civil servants and their town hall peers by standing for mayor in November with an explosive list of proposals — two of which required all businessmen to wear clown suits and banned all motor vehicles except buses from the town.

He clearly won the support of a lot of people, coming fourth out of ten.

But as sales of the band's single 'California Uber Alles' prove, Biafra's future lies in the music business. And with a bit of luck we'll see the band's dramatic stage act over here soon.

Left: Jello displays the mayoral poster that grabbed the imagination of San Francisco — and, below, demonstrates the average citizen's response.



Above: Writz queue for the bus to oblivion (L-R): Jules Hardwick, Nick Battle, Arry Axel, Steve Fairnie, Steve Rowles, Bev Sage.

Writz Take The Biscuit

ANGLO/FRENCH relations be damned! I'm being chucked out of Le Palace!! And howls of "Leave it out, lunkheads, I'm with the band" don't cut the mustard with these hulking Parisian doormen. It's out on yer ear, and no questions answered.

A fitting end, I reflect, to the somewhat strange course of events that's lead yours truly to meet up with an English combo billed as a "New-Wave Muzickshow" playing Amsterdam's bastion of the bouncing bombed, the Melkweg, to take up the driving-seat of a gas-starved Paris-bound Transit, to watch its occupants whoop it up live for national radio, and now — for no apparent reason — to be heading fast through the exit of this celebrated rock niterie, strong-armed by a brigade of beefcakes.

And it's all on account of Writz, whose new single 'Movies' is currently hacking with an ice-pick at the south face of the French charts, and whose posters are wall-papered across the city's billboards at a rate topped only by The B52s.

These posters depict six sharp, slick, 'modern' figures in hard acrylic tones; all black and white chequered shirts, funny shoes, thin ties and outsized plastic shades; the trappings of a finely focussed, slightly self-conscious rock'n'roll showband.

These figures peel off from the poster and come to life on the boards losing little of their chiselled visuals en route. They deliver an inflexible set of tightly structured, multi-vocal rock/cabaret (dare I say, art-school vaudeville) wedged into fashionable funk/disco shapes and handled with a seasoned flair by Arry Axel (drums), Nick Battle (bass), lead guitarist supremo Jules Hardwick, Steve Rowles (rhythm), and a twin vocal-point of Steve Fairnie (Cleese moustache, zebra-striped locks) and Bev Sage (Lovich inflexions and baggy jump-suit).

Into this melange of dancebeat, minor league theatrics, scepticism and garish coloured lights, they introduce a fistful of props — foam rubber guitars, binocular specs, TV screens, et al. . .

Bizarre they've been called, and bizarre they most certainly ain't.

Writz, assembled backstage, nervously, prior to taking to the airwaves, don't care for this label much themselves.

Rowles: "Everyone started saying 'Come and see this bizarre band', and the word 'bizarre' would appear on our posters even, and so everyone was expecting us to kill chickens on stage or wear Tubes-type gear or something."

Fairnie: "What we really want to do is establish 'characters'. Look at someone like Tom Waits — just a spotlight, a piano and a glass of gin. I find that far more powerful than a huge spectacular lightshow. We'd like an intimate atmosphere; we don't like it so much to be a rock'n'roll concert."

You'd be right to suspect that such an approach wasn't born of rock'n'roll but sneaked in the side door from various other artistic factions. Fairnie, with a grand total of eight years' sculpture and painting tucked under his belt, formed the band in '77 from the ashes of his "folk duo" with Rowles, a music/drama student. Bev Sage (a fashion photographer) was enlisted from a four-girl vocal troupe, and this nucleus — gradually adding the other three members — carved out the current set.

Rowles: "Our whole sound is a development of what I think some of the people in the thick of the new wave movement were doing — such as Lovich and Dury."

Fairnie: "Everyone's got sick of shaving heads like mohicans, and bands are now doing what they want to do, bands like The Yachts and Original Mirrors. You've just got bands who are getting up on stage and not feeling embarrassed 'cos they're not in the vogue thing."

It strikes me their lyrics are still very much in the 'vogue thing'. It seems pretty rich at the fag-end of '79 to have fused Zappa's cynicism ('TV Times' is uncomfortably close to 'I Am The Slime', and even features *"Don't touch that dial"*) and the Bonzos' whacked-out suburban sarcasm ('Muscle Culture' is not unlike 'Mr Apollo'), and direct most of this towards lampooning the media and all its attendant liggers ('Swinging With The Reptiles'), its 'Super Heroes', and its heinous, two-faced newshounds ('Private Lives') without suggesting anything more worthwhile to replace them.

Bev leaps to the defence of 'Private Lives': "It's more of an observation than a comment, like the way, say, that Andy Warhol *observes* society. He can see right through it, but he still enjoys it for what it is. Anyway, it's meant to be as complimentary as it is hard-hitting, as the media actually raises you, it gives birth to you, it establishes you. So in fact the lyrics are very well-balanced."

But what do they hope to add to all the media/press gripes that everyone from The Jam to Joe Jackson have been foisting upon us of late?

Rowles: "When we were writing the album, that was when we were most concerned about getting reviews in the press. So, in retrospect, there's probably more media things in it than we actually intended."

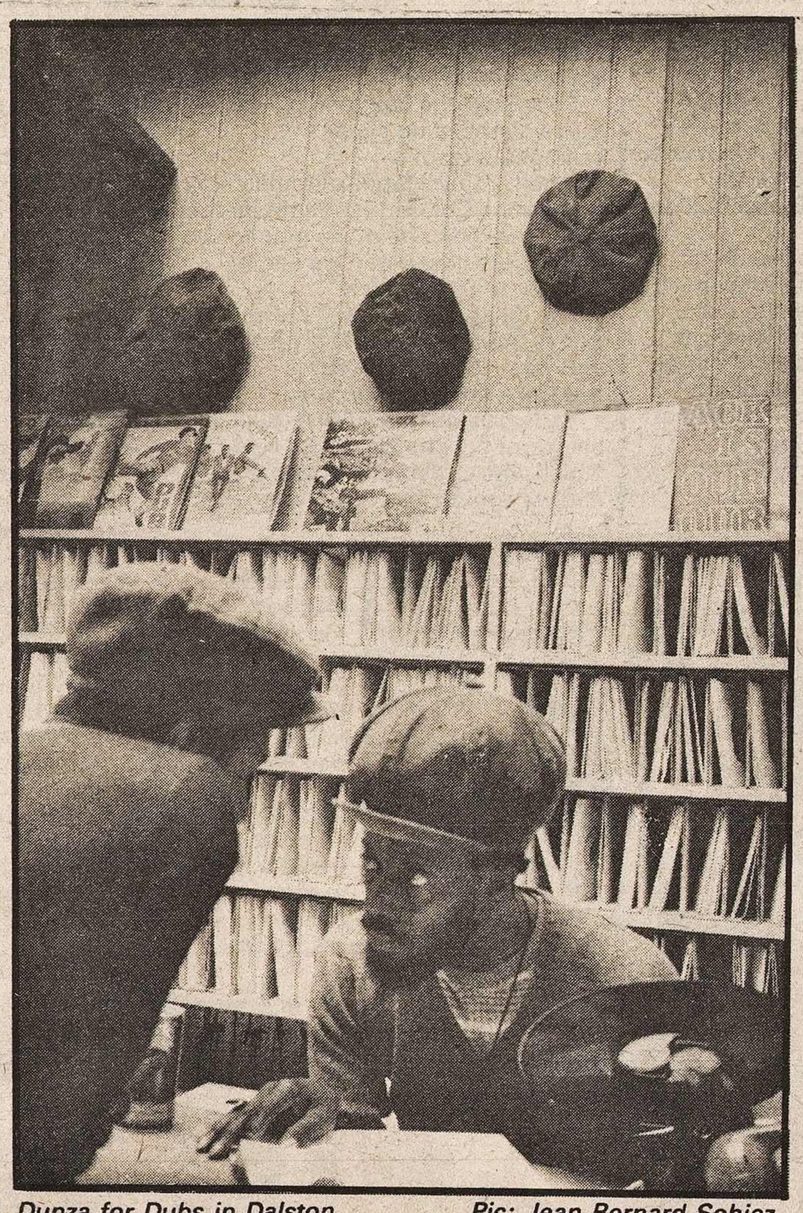
"We've written about the media now," Bev grins. "We've got *that* out of our system."

Which is all well and good, of course, just as long as that gets *them* into *its*.

Writz was written and snapped by Mark Ellen, a writer who fancies himself as a photographer. Jello Biafra was pictured and interviewed by Mike Baess, a photographer who fancies himself as a wri — Hey! I think we got a connection going here! See, we had this groovy concept . . .

ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUND-UP



Dunza for Dubs in Dalston *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

Carrying The Swing
NICK KIMBERLEY

CHRIS LANE'S *Rockers Time* a few weeks ago read like a coroner's report on the death of reggae, and sometimes it's easy to see why: the bruised and battered body . . . ill for some time . . . cause for concern . . . verdict: misadventure, self-administered overdose of syndum, person or persons unknown, etc etc. Perhaps the evidence is overwhelming, and with all those Twotonesters stepping forward with their own rejuvenated JA rhythms, only time will tell is there *is* still life in the old-timer. But if you look closely, the occasional twitch indicates that neural activity of a sort continues.

Take for example the unlikely duo. of **Asher & Trimble,** who abandon their successful juggling act to advise **'Humble Yourself' (Rockers Int'l);** the vocal brings to mind some of the old Vivian Jackson records, which is all to the good, and Augustus Pablo's dub-style 0144production keeps things moving with lots of echo on the guitar and organ. The boys could do with a new scriptwriter though, as could **Norris Reid,** whose **Give Thanks And Praise (Rockers Int'l too)** makes good use of Pablo's version of the 'Satva Massa Gana' rhythm; only the lyric lets him down. All credit to Norris for not simply doing over 'Satta', but if you're using such a strong rhythm, you have to do better than 'Live good with your brothers and sisters cos that is the way to Mt Zion' — we've all heard that one before. Pablo is on form with the melodica, and the hiccoughing percussion works well, so it's possible to overlook Norris's verbal contribution and still enjoy the record.

REGGAE'S well-known for its closet misogynists, and if you're a bit that way yourself, you'll get on well with **Black Uhuru's** discomix on Warrior: on **'Bad Girl'** they sing *"I'm sorry for the man who loves a girl like you",* While on the other side you get 'African Love', followed by Prince Hammer's toasting 'Yogi Bear': *('she look so pretty from afar, when she get well near she favour Yogi Bear"* — not very polite really, and not very good either.

Prince Jazzbo's another one who's often had something cutting to say about women, and **'Natty Thing A Ling' (Studio One)** has him at it again. It's his first record for ages, and not a bad way to get started again. Jazzbo always sounds as though he's sulking about something, although he begins cheerfully enough: 'Musical sound called Ranking Get A Spanking'; but then he pulls out his metal ruler and sets about some poor innocent girl: *"Bend your back, touch your toe, let the people know you've nothing to show"* — tut, tut.

As if he's trying to reassure us, the strident voice of Prince Lincoln begins **The Royal Rasses' 'Ain't Nobody Here But Me' (Warrior, 12")** with a shout of "It's only me!", and it's almost true; apart from harmonies on the chorus, Lincoln sings on his Tod, and judging by the Rasses' recent live shows, he'd be well advised to go solo. On this, the best track from the 'Experience' album, a sax follows his voice through the tune, and the horns are good all through. The dub section begins with some revclting noises but quickly settles down, so with **'Kingston II'** on the other side, you definitely get your money's worth.

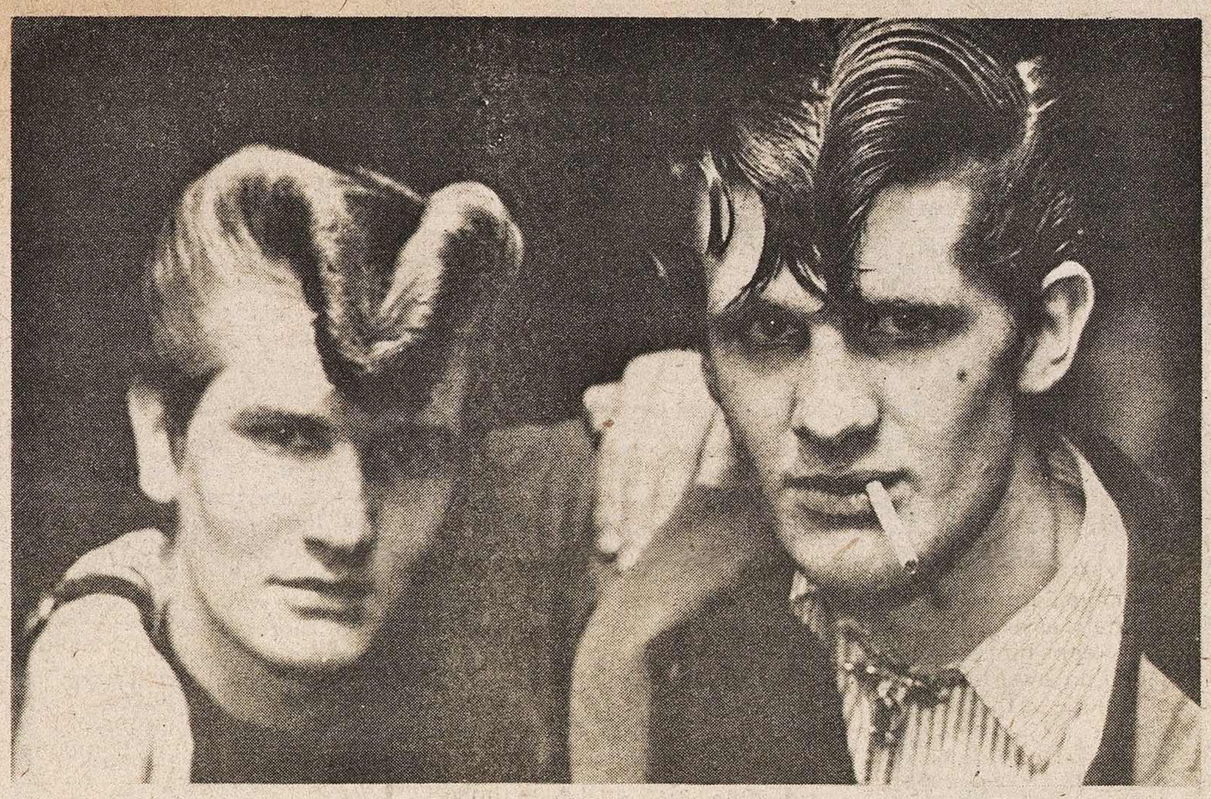
More than you can say for **The Sensations' 'Baby Love' (High Note 12");** it's not a lovers' rock version of the Supremes' tune, but an old Duke Reid production of an original song, beautifully sung, with the guitar providing an unusual hook, and a well-behaved horn section too. So far, so good; but the rots sets in when Jah Stone stumbles up to the mike for his toasting cut, called 'Westmoreland Flood'. It's hard to know which is the bigger disaster, the flood itself or Mr Stone. The other side is labelled 'Original Travelling Man' by The Techniques; I don't know if it's really the original, but it's nowhere near as good as the more familiar version, despite the guitarist again trying hard to lift things — which means that only a quarter of the whole discomix is worth having. Granted that 'Baby Love' is excellent, but would you pay the price of an import (around four quid) for just three minutes of worthwhile music? Probably not; I did, which only proves that I'm not the full two bob upstairs.

Despite pretty gospel-train harmonies, **The Gladiators' 'Holiday Ride' (Virgin)** never lifts itself out of the sub-Marley mud; Bob himself shows how it's done on **The Wailers' 'One Drop' (Tuff Gong).** On the 'Survival' album, the track is lost amongst the dead wood, but on its own it stands up quite well. **Peter Tosh** usually doesn't, and his **'Stepping Razor' (Virgin)** is a good song badly sung. **Culture's 'International Herb' (Virgin)** is a tribute to a foul-smelling weed that's enough to drive you to drink; perhaps that's what they had in mind. On the other hand, **Freddie MacGregor's** a man with plenty to offer; **'I'm A Revolutionist' (Grove Music, 12")** originally came out in JA last year, but this is its debut as a discomix. Freddie makes no bones about his commitment to revolution, although he's not very specific about his aims — still, as he says, *'I-dread no deal with criticism',* and you can't argue with that, nor with Freddie's **'Run Come Rally (Rastaman Chant)' (Observer, 12");** a nicely muted trumpet nudges Freddie from behind, and then takes the lead through the dub. It's actually the B-side of 'Do Good', which is weak in comparison. MacGregor originally recorded both 'Revolutionist' and 'Rally' at Studio One, but don't let that put you off, these new versions have class and spirit.

The nicest surprise of the week was finding a copy of **'Eastern Memphis'** by **Family Man and the Rebel Arms (Cobra),** a riotous trombone instrumental. King Tubbys at the Toytown Controls plays silly buggers on the other side, and the trombonist sounds in danger of swallowing his instrument, all to good effect. I don't know if this a re-pressing or just a lucky find (the record is five years old), so I don't know what the chances are of picking up a copy, but if you see it, buy it, because I'm sure it won't be around for long.

Ritchie McDonald, occasional collaborator with Glen Brown, successfully comes to terms with his sordid past on **'Hard Road' (Warrior, 12'u),** a jaunty warning against taking the wrong turning in life: *"The broad road is your destruction, as the seekers of truth did find; the broad road traps and torments you, and destroys the process of your mind"* — portentous stuff, eh? Excellent support from the horns and producer Earl Lindo's keyboards earn the record a place in the collection, without quite matching *Barry Brown's 'Mafia' (Straightline),* a reworking of Studio One's 'Rockfort Rock' rhythm. The Mafia slogans were done to death years ago, but musically Barry hits the nail on the head.

So there it is; has reggae been the victim of premature burial? Or are the prophets of doom on the right track? You the jury must decide, because *I'm* going back to bed.



THE TEDS

Rock 'n' Roll will never die! After twenty years the Teds are still around, a living – growing – colourful sub-culture.
Photographer Chris Steele-Perkins and writer Richard Smith have produced this fascinating book.
Available from all Virgin book departments, £4.95.

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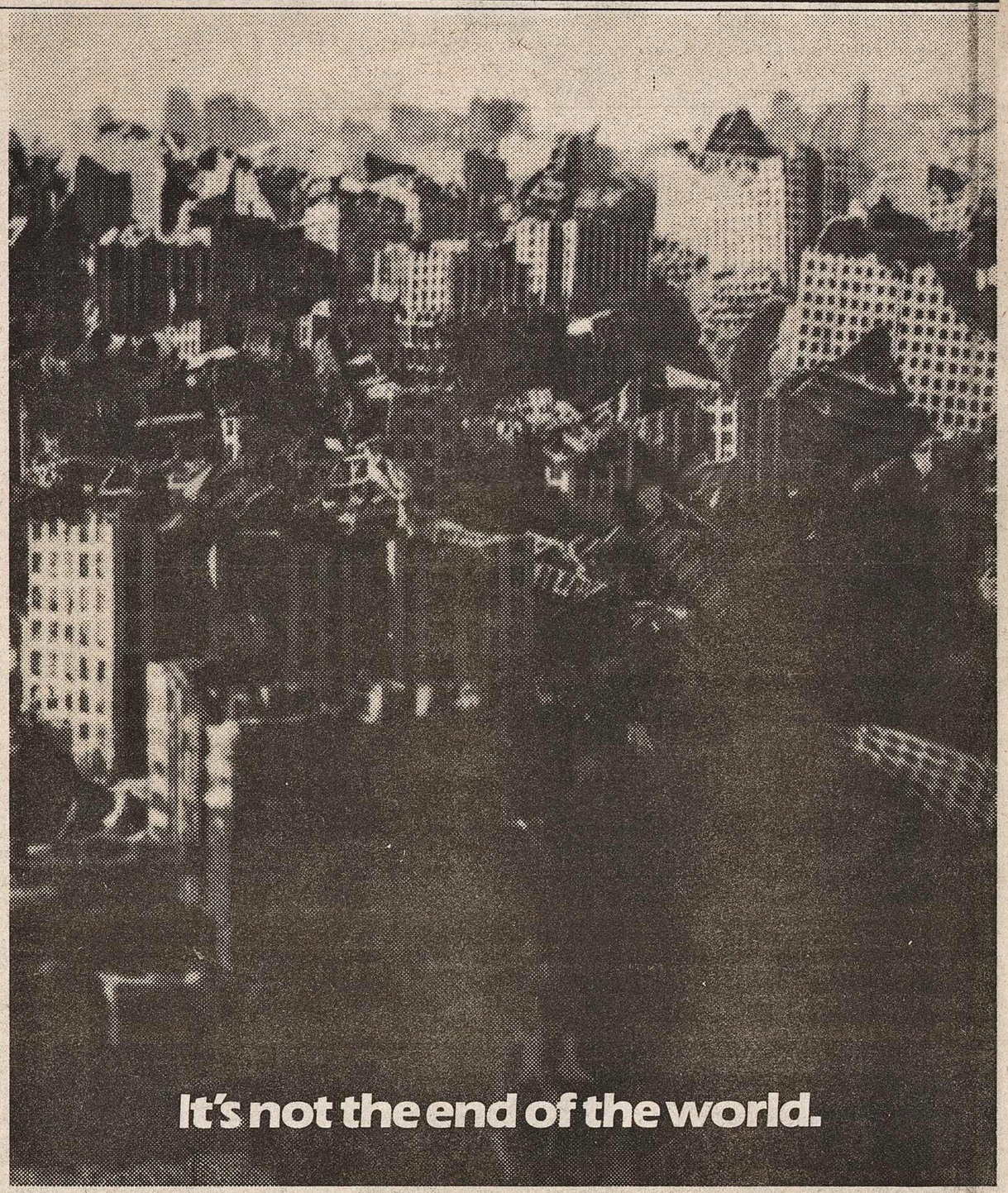


It's not the end of the world.

It's always sad when a band you've been following for a long while breaks up, so here's something to remember them by.

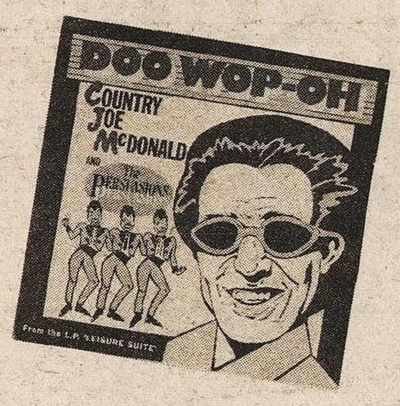
'Farewell Farewell' was recorded live at Fairport Convention's last concert in Spring 79, and includes some of the great old favourites like 'Meet on the Ledge', 'Matty Groves' and 'Mr. Lacey.'

What better way to say Farewell Farewell?

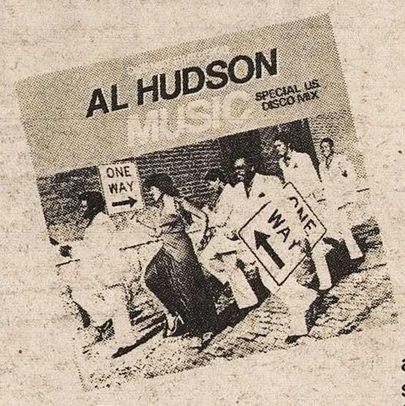
Also out now, Fairport's great sing-along single Rubber Band not on the album).

SIMONS RECORDS

SINGLES



★ *EXCLUSIVE*
The latest Sylvester image, though in the rush he forgot to make up his hands.



● *SINGLE OF THE WEEK*
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES: Bad Luck (Philadelphia). Re-issues that make SOTW are usually occasions for groans and face pullings. But c'mon, this poor bastard has lay neglected for near five years having to suffer in the warehouse while grey-haired rubbish is allowed ballyhoo and twelve inches.

If there are such things as 'real' records then here's one, and if disco music will ever be allowed a space in the great tape vault that's to come then here's side one, track one. Up until now Teddy Pendergrass's fighting vocals have been trailed off at three minutes but Philly, in an inspired attack of the Dennis Nordens, have sobered up and packed out the foot-long version which makes most others in its shape seem about as ferocious as Forest's forward line. (Non-football followers read ". . .as ferocious as a Buddhists appetite").

Free-er than Chic, rougher than Earth, Wind And Fire, tougher than Tonka Toys, it might be half a decade old — it'll take half a minute to buy. So push the settee against the wall, whack it on and let the devil drag you under by the sharp lapels of your checkered coat. Magnificent record.

THE TIGERS: Kidding Stops/Big Expense, Small Income (Strike). Forget The Police, forget Madness and Specials, forget M and Earth, Wind And Fire. You want bass that hits that pump peak on the snare each time? You want the crispest production this year? You want alert, hot pop music? My God this is a *big hit record.*

It's gonna sound phony but I can barely believe this single. Both sides I want to play you, and as draggy as comparisons are, I promise you this makes its half-brother 'Can't Stand Losing You" sound like a slack jam. A *big hit record.* Independent and mysterious and British Strike Records have drummed up the last positively great indie of the decade. So tell me, you're not going to make the effort to hear it? Course you will or else you're going into 1980 with your flies undone, knowotarmean?

KURTIZ BLOW: Christmas Rappin' (Mercury).
MR Q: Ladies' Delight (Monica).
Can't you just hear the crush as all those DJ egos so long 'suppressed' behind their vinyl employes start falling over each other's tongues in the rush to babble over backtracks? Well, this far it's holding up, but once the full whack of The Sugarhill Gang's monster becomes felt I suspect things are going to get unbearable.

Kurtis Blow is held back because of the limitations in his piece's title. 'Christmas Rappin' ' — obviously too apt a gag to resist — isn't half as seasonal as expected and is a worthy chart follower to 'Rapper's Delight', adding a bonus in its agreeable and original — kind of — back-up but losing because Kurtis can't sustain it like his rivals. Still, if you get with Sugarhill this is a must. Once you're over the daft opening it's a punchy affair that flies by in just over eight minutes.

Mr Q is a weird one. It resembles its ancestor the reggae pre and is a Canadian import on an independent label. Mr Q has some of the best sounding sequences of any DJ yet but his backdrop suffers from a fuzzy mix and is a little to close to Bootsy for the easy flow these rhythms require. But again it's well worth the hunt, because these discs are quick enough off the mark to stand outside of the talk-over deluge that will no doubt follow.

AL HUDSON: Music (MCA). It's no good you browsing the rest of the column to find the rock records cos the old swines have shut up shop for the holidays and left the traditional ragbag of pre-Xmas 45s. This long one from Al Hudson is already in the lower chart and will be riding high afore long, though it is depressingly symptomatic of what is currently bouncing around the clubs. Al's previous charter was 'You Can Do It (Eeenie Meenie Minee Mo)', an incredibly over-rated single that caused droves of simple minds no end of glee in its lyrical rubbish and directionless disco 'ja'. Around the time of the metamorphosis of proper disco from JB/Kool funk there was a glut of half-baked 'party' records — Gentlemen & Their Ladies, Ultrafunk, the majority of B.T. Express and Brass Construction — and things have come around again to where old hack musos are churning out tired, joyless riffing and grabbing the disco market. The title of Hudson's latest sums it up — it's just 'Music', unfelt and uncaring, titleless, Paaarrrrrttt-tch,tch,tch.

FREDDIE JAMES: Get On Up And Boogie (Warners). Another new chart entry. Freddie James is 15 — though it's so long since I first heard this record that he may well look like Freddie Laker these days — and he and a few girls stand in the studio urging us to *"Wham, slam, bam, jam Gedonupanbugee!"* Try as I might, I can no longer sympathise with such sentiments. The song is an overlong dated carnival which, if its dusty rigid disco formula is anything to judge by, may well have been transcribed from the original Meccano. Silver Convention put it so much more invitingly in another age.

CAROLYN MAS: Quote Goodbye Quote (Mercury). Carolyn is the poor wretch who is suffering this awful 'street girl with class' campaign. Touted as a female Springsteen, I'm afraid. This single is shocking, the type of wild, hard rock'n'roll that someone like Lena Zavaroni mimes to while going from set to set with a dance troupe. There is no attempt to inject any feeling, and her 'spontaneous' whoops during breaks are rendered blank because — if you listen hard — you can hear her nails lazily drumming on her headset and I think the producer is blowing bubbles with his gum.

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD: Doo Wop Oh (Fantasy). Jolly acoustic strum-along with unconvincing interjections from what I imagine are supposed to be church-choir type negras of the type Paul Simon was prone to herd into studios. I know my onions and don't relish this one at all. (Geddit? Keep it.)

SYLVESTER: Can't Stop Dancing (Fantasy). Still as dramatic as ever, Sylvester's style keeps him a family favourite, even on something as routine as this. A lousy, hackneyed bass line right out of 'Mighty Rea', but hearty vocals and theatrical brass. Certainly the most energetic 45 this week, definitely a poke in the eye for anyone like me who thought old Jesse was about to become the Slade of disco. Go for it.

GENOCIDE: Genocide EP (Safari). This is either a clumsy send-up of Gary Numan or else these twits mean it. You got it in one chums, banks of moog riffing while a higher pitched one squawks aimlessly above, and the lead vocal delivers some hippy drivel about wilderness, strict regimes and other primary school notions of future dreams. Titles include 'Pre Set Future' and 'Plastic People In Stereo' and if the gents concerned are for real I urge you to collect this record because it is the absolute pinnacle of 1984 turkey trot gibberish. Comedy highlight comes during the instrumental passage in "PPIS". The sleeve shows them in the obligatory stern uniforms looking wistfully into the distance, and hey, get these names! Greg Jung! Teoman Irmak!! Ah, good old Teoman . . . I wonder if his feet are still playing him up. Quick, jot that title down, this one's a hoot.

TIME TWINS: Bitch Silk (Royal Family). Another oddjob and only reviewed to steer you clear. From the sleeve this might be deemed interesting, seeing as how two severely haircutted women are peering out at you bold as brass and with a hint of craziness in their eyes. These are The Time Twins. The record is astounding rubbish, like the type of whine uttered by the late MacGarlge Sisters or something. All punky outside but puffpastry inside. Hey Joe, don't it make you wanna go to war — once more?

ALVIN LEE'S TEN YEARS LATER: Ride On Cowboy (Polydor). Well I *am* glad I got the singles to do in a week when there was so much vital stock.

SQUIRE: The Face Of Youth Today (I Spy). A title that begs the gag. Squire are hopeless, here re-writing Lennon/McCartney's excellent 'It Won't Be Long' into something that is the musical equivalent of those waving hands with mottos on them that motorists are prone to plonk in rear windows. Like the Cheshire cat, Squire's music disappears until all that's left are the clothes.

PRIVATE EYES: Your Place Or Mine (Capitol). Chuckaway HM pop, not as sweet as Boston. Flip is called 'Good Girl Gone Bad' which helps us see clearly the two brands that the female species is available as.

ARTHUR KAY: Ska Wars (Red Admiral). Cheaply recorded attempt to capture the manky sound of records like 'Liquidator' that never succeeds and totally disintegrates when the vocal arrives. Sleeve pictures mod with hat and parka. Like Lambrettas to the slaughter.

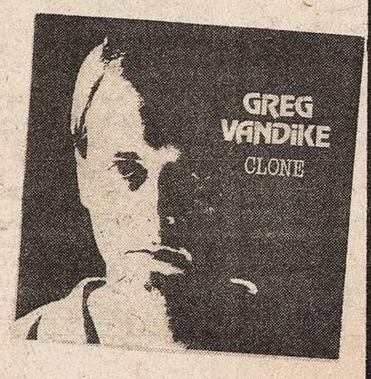
THE BOYS: Kamikaze (Safari).
THE YOBS: Rub A Dum Dum (Safari).
The Boys whisper back with a traditional rock'n'roll air, the type of tempered butch aggression that Mott The Hoople meted out. Totally unadventurous, it barely sounds the same crew that record 'Brickfield Nights'. The vocal comes affected and pushing its cockney mileage a bit.

Their Xmas alter-egos The Yobs are more entertaining though this is not a patch on their gem 'The Worm Song' — possibly one of the greatest records every made. This time it's more together and not unlike a Barron Knights. Some records are made to be unfunny and these are two of them.

VILLAGE PEOPLE: Ready For The Eighties (Mercury) The depleted VPs struggle on and spoil everything by getting serious. Taken from the double coffin of 'Live'n' Sleazy', this was hastily rushed out to try and cover the bollock dropped by the previous 45, the LP's title track. This one would have us believe that the band are all just bursting to get on with the future, but only the other day I saw their svengali Jacques Morali standing in East Lane market selling "kiddies' Christmas outfits, few only left — cowboy suit and US cop rig-out". I may be oversuspicious, but they looked a little on the large size to me.

GREG VANDIKE: Clone (UA). I reviewed this as an independent but since them it's been gobbled up by United Artists. It was nationally aired on the pathetic, jelly-spined *Something Else* teatime fiasco and Greg made a total pillock of himself by going po-faced and treating this hummable electroid with far more reverence than it deserves. Appears to be about someone called 'Mike Loan'.

THE KINKS: Pressure (Arista). The Kinks' latest release from their 'Low Budget' album and it's not dissimilar to what The Users would brag about on Raw Records over two years ago. Over-frantic and under-original. By coincidence, the last time I saw Ray Davies he was barking from a stall not a hundred yards from Morali's. On it was a large sign saying: "Hundreds Pairs Of Flared Jeans! Only Worn Once!" And underneath this, in tiny writing, was: "From 1966 to 1978" . . .



Singles reviewed by DANNY BAKER

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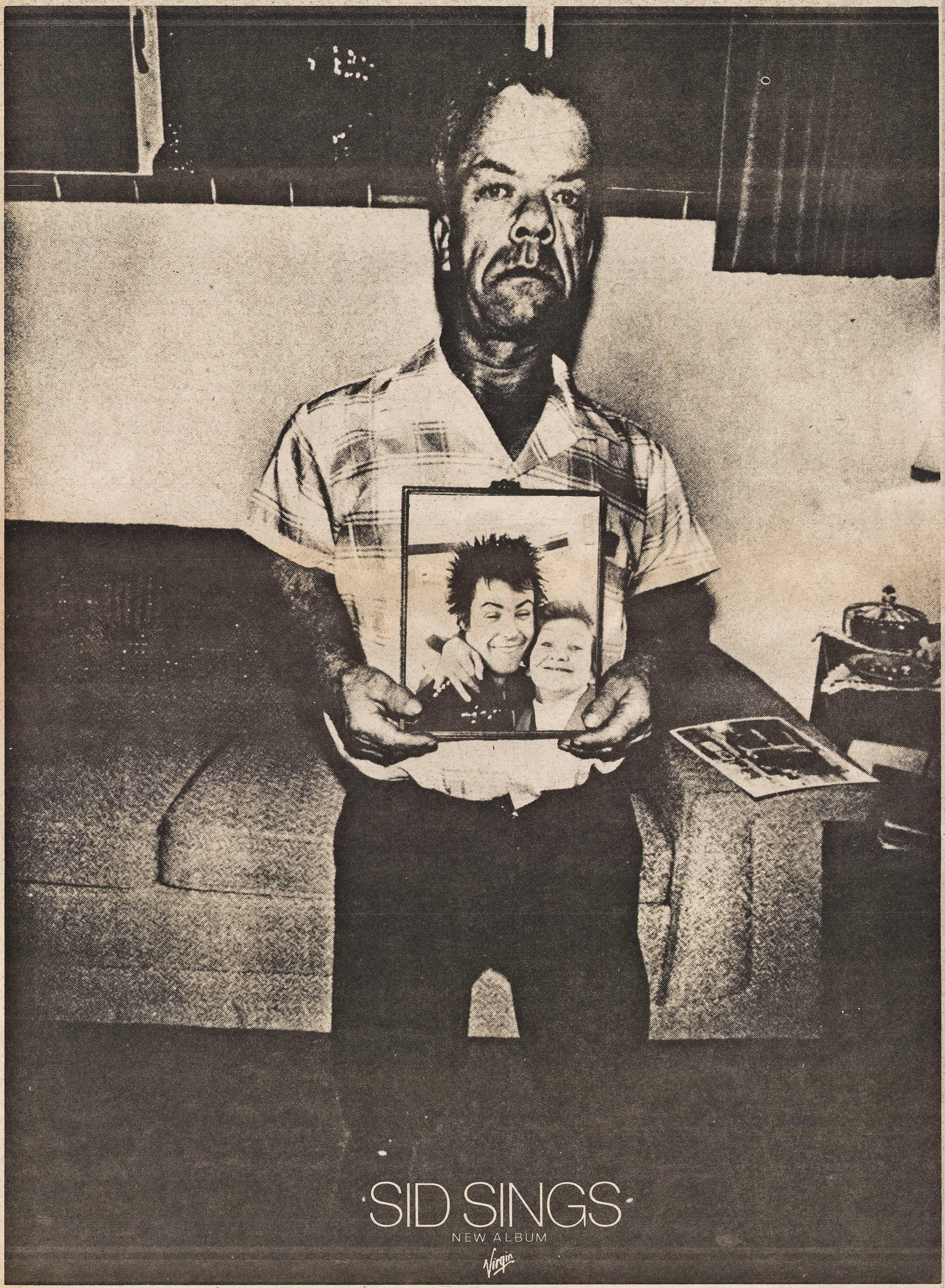

SID SINGS
NEW ALBUM
Virgin

BIG DOLLS DON'T CRY

Doll By Doll, chucked off yet another tour, put on a brave face for Paul Du Noyer

"To make it possible to recover enough of yourself to have a realistic effect upon another human being: that alone is the ultimate aim of Doll By Doll. I need everyone in the course of my life — from the girl in the supermarket to those involved in my business life — to see that I'm not just some tit with a gimmick, any more than I'm some dangerous looney with an idea that is going to spell fiscal disaster." — *Jackie Leven*

The Doll By Doll four-a-side team pictured shortly after their 0-8 reverse against the Sister Sledge IV. Heads L—R: Jackie Leven, Tony Waite, Jo Shaw, Dave McIntosh. Pic: Santo Basone.

OVER IN a corner of the old hotel lounge, a few of us sit and chat, order coffee and sandwiches, fidget, pass the time — and I keep stealing glances across the empty room . . .

To the french windows that overlook the black expanse of midnight sea, where the full moon has spread a swathe of shimmering silver over the water, while behind the inky silhouette of distant cliffs a hidden lighthouse scans across the starless sky, every four-and-a-half seconds.

And to the man who sits apart by the window, his armchair turned around, silent, still. Jackie Leven stares out, brooding, unapproachable, as though in private communion with . . . *what?*

Inside the brain, a recollection twitches. I think of that question he'd put to us last night. "What name would you give to a man," he had asked, "a man who goes out and sings, then loses all consciousness?"

We looked to each other uncertainly. We didn't know what to say.

"Perry Coma," Jackie told us. "Perry Coma. I just thought of that one."

SO WHAT's it all about, Jackie? Impending doom?

"Doll By Doll is of that school of thought which feels that The Dreadful has already happened. What we're doing is to clarify what The Dreadful actually is and what it entails in realistic terms, and what can be done about it.

"As a civilisation we're well beyond doom already. What we're seeing now is a civilisation which is having an extremely bad case of the jitters as to whether it's capable of recovering from the equivalent of a mass nervous breakdown. What we're doing is pointing out that this *has actually happened.* The worst that can happen has happened.

"All those people who are so worried by nuclear waste and all the things it's hip to worry about at the moment, they're up a certain creek. Because it's not what *could* happen — people talk about disaster, 'just imagine' and 'what if this happens'? — *it's all over.*

"Y'see, people don't talk to each other any more, and they like it that way. At gigs, a performer's idea of success is that he gets them all going 'Yeah, yeah, yeah' as if they're united, and the assumption is that they're not united in the first place. Most of the entertainment business works on this fascist assumption that people aren't united. I think they are, and we've got to make them feel that they are.

"On stage, as the image which I'm projecting begins to build and gather force, then it begins to occur to me that I'm not actually in control of myself, and from that point onwards I begin to fall apart. And that's what I want to do, to publicly fall apart, and the point about it is that I can do it night after night after night. I'm illustrating that it's possible to take yourself apart and re-assemble yourself.

"I'm trying to get to it . . . get to a more conclusive point . . . I think we'll have to have another question."

BRIDLINGTON, in Yorkshire, is a whitewashed cluster of fish'n'chip shops, perched and shivering on a crumbling North Sea cliff-top. Along the prom there's a variety theatre, ghosted by old jokes and dance troupes, the spirit of wet weekends past, paying its modern way by playing nervous host to rock'n'roll. Tonight, it's an inspired mis-match of Doll By Doll with Hawkwind: "Inner Space plus Outer Space" as Leven puts it, "the difference between hypnotism and massage."

Predictably, the denimed diehards of Hawkwind's audience show scant regard for whatever it is the support act is attempting to do to them, parading their boredom with an ostentation that borders upon contempt.

Jackie Leven appears to take such things in his rather purposeful stride. "The record company gets really worried," he tells me later. "They say 'Oh, there wasn't much reaction' — and I think *'You stupid bastards,* who wants reaction?'. Reaction comes from reactionaries. All I want is for people to feel that they were *there.*

"I don't give a fuck if they hate it or like it. The fact is that they *got* it, and that's all that matters."

Don't you worry about things like commercial success?

"We're not working with commercial failure or success in mind. I just see it as an eventuality. I think we will have commercial success, I don't think there's much doubt about it. But we're not panicked. I think the fact that Jo (Shaw, the lead guitarist) and I have waited so long before making any move within rock is an indication of our basic lack of interest in just going for the money."

Yet you must want to reach a lot of people.

"It very much depends on how you reach them. A lot of bands make a point of reaching a lot more people, but what is it that's reaching a lot more people? I don't think much of what sells well falls into my definition of 'reaching' anything at all — no accessibility of ideas, or information, or communication which is of much worth to the recipient.

"When we start selling a lot of records it will be because we've finally aligned our vision with the correct permutation of images and melody which people find interesting."

For the meanwhile, Doll By Doll — Leven and Jo Shaw, drummer Dave McIntosh and new bassist Tony Waite — live with indifference, misunderstanding and derision. Outside of a small and intensely devoted coterie of kindred spirits (in whose ranks I've finally decided to stand), dismissing or ignoring Doll is a game which critics and consumers go for in a big way.

Jackie Leven is a big man, half-gypsy, with one hell of a biography — and I don't mean 'hell' loosely. He sings in a fine, soulful voice and talks with a softly pensive Scottish accent, sometimes through gritted teeth; a lucid man, of underrated talent and unrecognised warmth. Because his concerns for the unspeakable — suicide, psychosis, terror — cut deeper than any fatuous or fashionable pose, a lot of people would rather not know. I mean, Gipsies are all very romantic and picturesque, but not next to *my* housing estate, thank you very much.

"Reviewers said, for instance, that the lyrics didn't match the tunes: nice bouncy tunes but very 'heavy' lyrics. But that is the whole fucking idea, to be 'up' about subjects which people feel are downer subjects. And what depresses me is the fact that people think we are contriving to be down or depressing. I think we're just being realistic about our emotions.

"You can only write successfully within your experience, but I've never understood that as something which should deter people or give an outsider problems, because people's essential experiences within life don't differ. All that differs is how they would describe them. The songs are universal.

"I want the listeners to find what they're listening to a bit of a puzzle. I want them to investigate what they've heard, to re-examine what they've heard and to give *themselves* a chance to understand it. They're not doing *me* a favour.

"I think once people have seen you play, and they've got something out of the experience and heard the record, they tend to go away and try to pick up some information on who made the music — which is why we're doing this interview. And I would hope they'll find something which they can actually apply to their own lives, in what's hopefully gonna be a useful way.

"I think a lot of people don't think at all in terms of music being useful. But if it's not useful, then it's useless."

SOME TIME ago, Doll By Doll put themselves forward for the support slot on Dusty Springfield's come-back tour. They didn't get the gig. (But what a bill that would have made). Then they were offered a place on last year's Devo tour. Then they got thrown off last year's Devo tour.

And then came this year's Hawkwind tour. "Now we've got this far," grinned Jo Shaw in Bradford, 12 dates through the itinerary, "I reckon we'll be OK." Not without ironic pleasure did the Doll camp note the date of their next gig, at the Hammersmith Odeon, one year to the very day since they were due to play the rudely aborted Devo show.

And, this time, Doll By Doll did get to play the Hammersmith Odeon. It was *after* the gig that Hawkwind threw them off the tour. Jackie doesn't think Doll By Doll will accept any more supporting roles.

"I never want to end up like the guy in a factory who's appearing to be working hard when the boss comes around, umf the rest of the time he's thinking 'Jesus, this is boring'. I always want to have job satisfaction, and when I don't get it I really complain and make everyone's life miserable."

(The dispute with Hawkwind, or rather with elements of Hawkwind, is still clouded by suspicions, regrets and counter-accusations. Of the final night, Leven says, he remembers nothing between leaving the stage and waking in a friend's bed.)

But then, no project so extreme as Doll By Doll's career could ever be a smooth one. Leven puts his personal ambition this way: "What I want to do is to fall apart as publicly as possible. I want everything to be public. I want it to be a spiritual version of indecent exposure . . . whilst at the same time proving that I am fully in charge of the process of disintegration, that's the main thing. I mean, anyone can fucking fall apart, but to be seen to be in charge of the process at the same time is important to me for one very simple reason: it's my response to what I consider to be the myth of schizophrenia.

"I've been charged with spiritual imperialism, and I find that very creepy. People have said that we're a weird band. Well, so what? We're weird people, and what we're doing is weird . . .

He says Doll By Doll aren't interested in applause, that's not the effect they're after. Once, says Jo Shaw, he got so fed up with a quiet, polite audience that he picked up a can and threw it at himself. "Rock bands are no more than corporate representatives these days," Leven goes on, "and I'm not gonna be part of that. And I'm gonna get away with it."

DOLL BY DOLL *are* interested in reaching and moving the listener's emotions in a deep and irrevocable way, bringing the head back into communication with the heart, in healing the dreadful wound, the bloody gash that's severed experience from innocence. And in doing it through the best music they're capable of.

■ *Continues over*

We regret that, at the moment, this page is not in full colour. Should you require such a service simply tear along the fold, light blue touch paper and ask Monty Smith to retire immediately.

■ *From previous page*

Leven defines suicide as humanity's steady anaesthetising of its own feelings, and identifies all hopes of self-recovery with the destruction of the twin taboos of insanity and death. Doll By Doll are positive.

"The last thing in the world you need worry about is what's gonna happen to you when you see Doll By fucking Doll. At the end of the day we're just a rock band having an ambiguous effect on people.

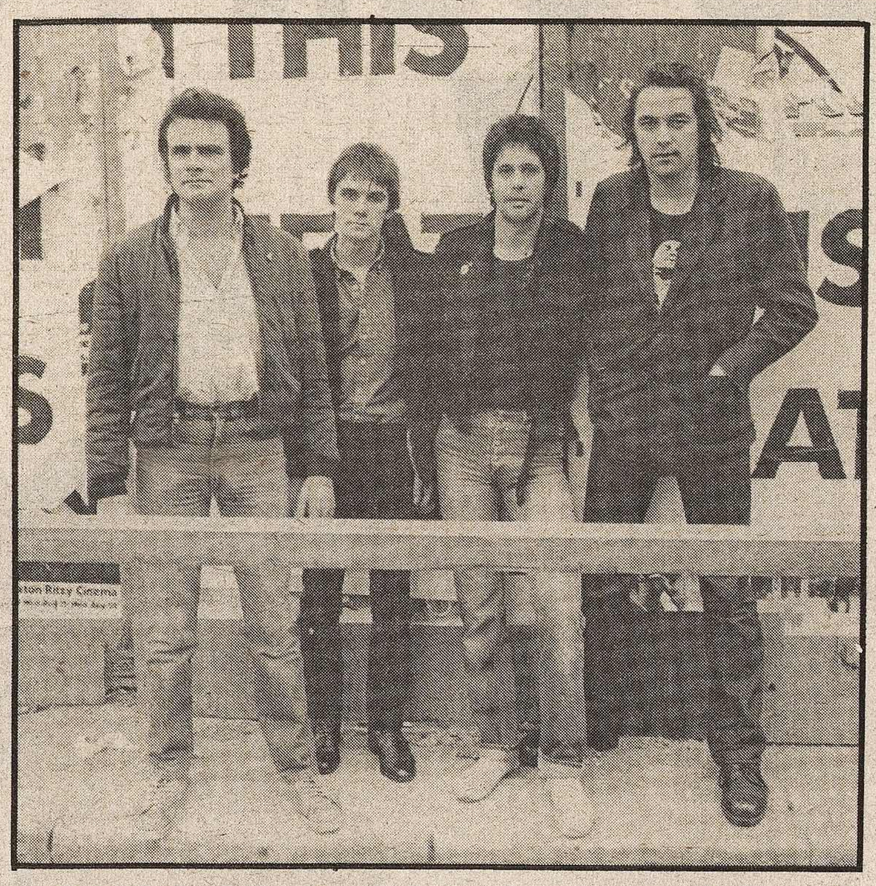
"I don't actually think we're very good musicians. Put it this way: if we couldn't write we'd be dreadful."

Now, false modesty is one vice Jackie Leven *never* indulges in, but I'll disagree with his last statement all the same. Doll By Doll's new 'Gypsy Blood' album is a stunningly good piece of work, approached on whatever terms you like.

Back in London, and after Jackie had recovered from the traumas of Hammersmith, I ventured over to Doll country, the Warwick Avenue part of Maida Vale — admitedly dilapidated, but by no means the terminal zombie colony of lurid legend — for another evening in his company.

Hours of cassette-tape later, he decided: "I don't know anything of finality that I can possibly put into words. If I did, I'd do it — and when I do, I will."

But what's *really* weird is, he means it.



Doll By Doll all strain together and by thought process alone levitate a solid oak beam (foreground).

A MESSAGE TO OUR SPONSORS

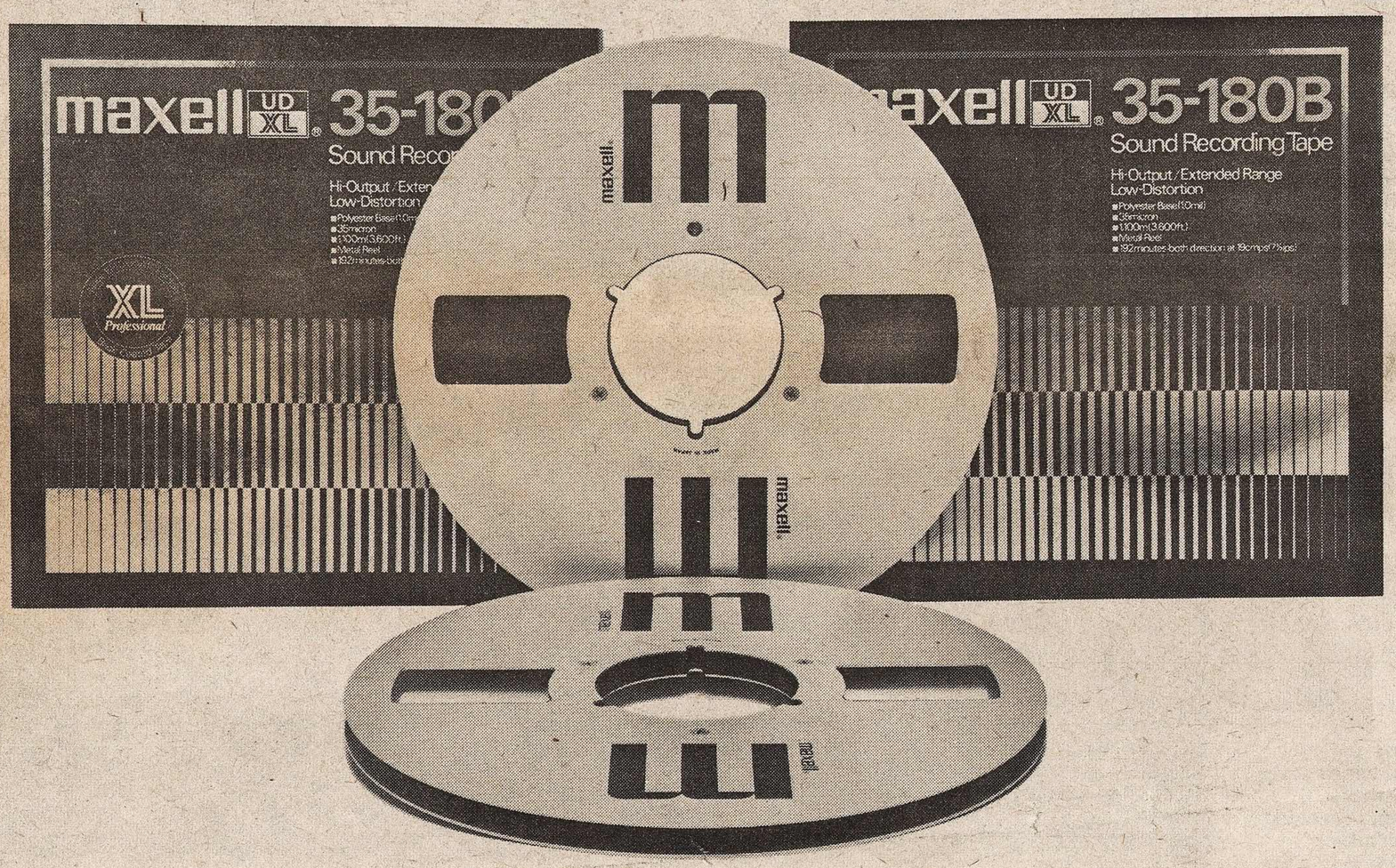
SO FAR rock'n'roll has only managed two definitives at Christmas. One is that Phil Spector recorded the definitive Yuletide album and the other is that *NME* have perfected the definitive Xmas rock newspaper.

My God, but we've even been approached by Rolf Harris to let him be filmed creeping around the office on the morning of the 25th rather than some dodgy hospital. (Actually we agreed but Neil refused to dress up as matron.) Anyway we shall be up here huddled around a Sharp's Extra Strong for warmth, slaving away day and night in order to whack out an issue of undisputed integrity, embarassingly good photography and some of the crumbiest gags you'll hear all Crimble. *(Take that last bit back — Little & Large's lawyers.)*

Yes we're gonna truly indulge you, yours and ours with 80 pages — we've already jettisoned the ad dept — each page lovingly hand coloured by a crack division of disillusioned Parisian artistes. The quiz has already been completed and is so tough you're gonna need to pass a test before you can sit for it. The rock photography spread's so stunning and alive you may well need a backstage pass, the writers' picks of the year more controversial than Midler on Parkinson and our Win A Car competition is so easy tha- . . . oh, well we don't appear to have a Win A Car competition, but if we did! There's Nick Kent forcing Talking Heads to live up to their name and a clutch of sharp articles that the official secrets act prevents us from revealing until next week. (But you can bet your replay on Space Invaders that it won't be Melanie).

So listen, despite the time of year weatherwise, the Xmas *NME* will be hot enough to warrant its own litle asbestos causing. *(That gives me an idea — J Lydon.)* It was an unmissable party last year and this year we've inviting everyone back again, so it's be there or wonder what all the crazy cats are talking about in the following weeks.

The grand Xmas *NME* — nuff said right?



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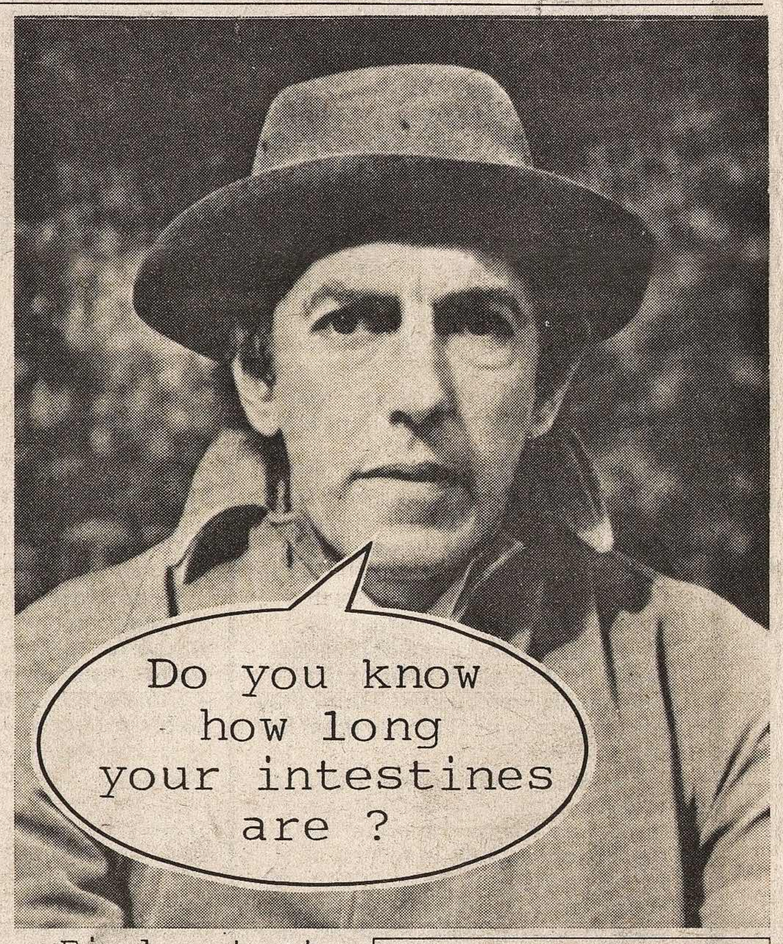

Find out at

THE SECRET POLICE-MAN'S BALL

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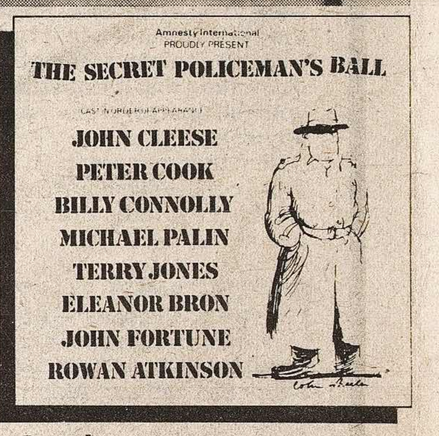

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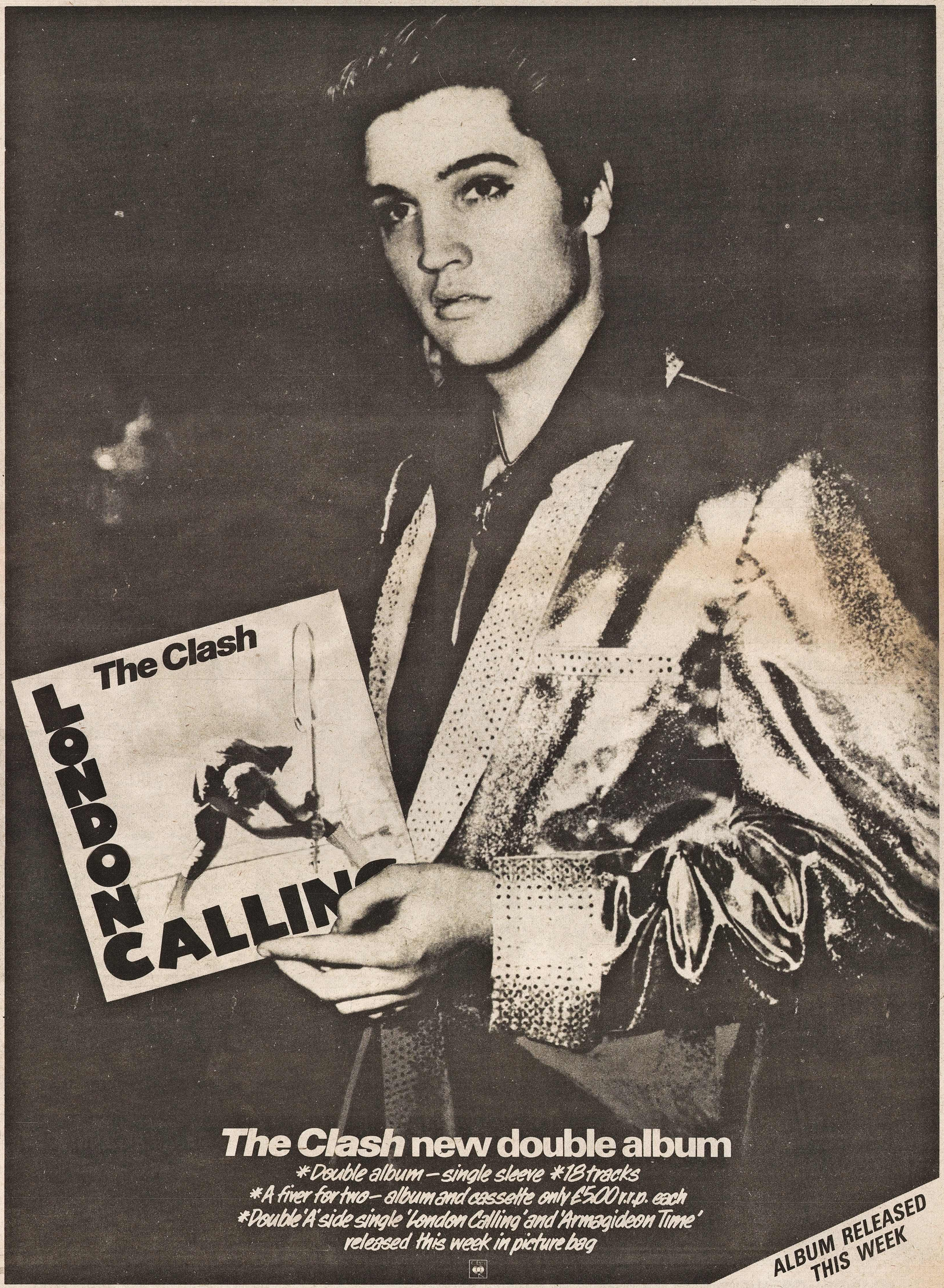

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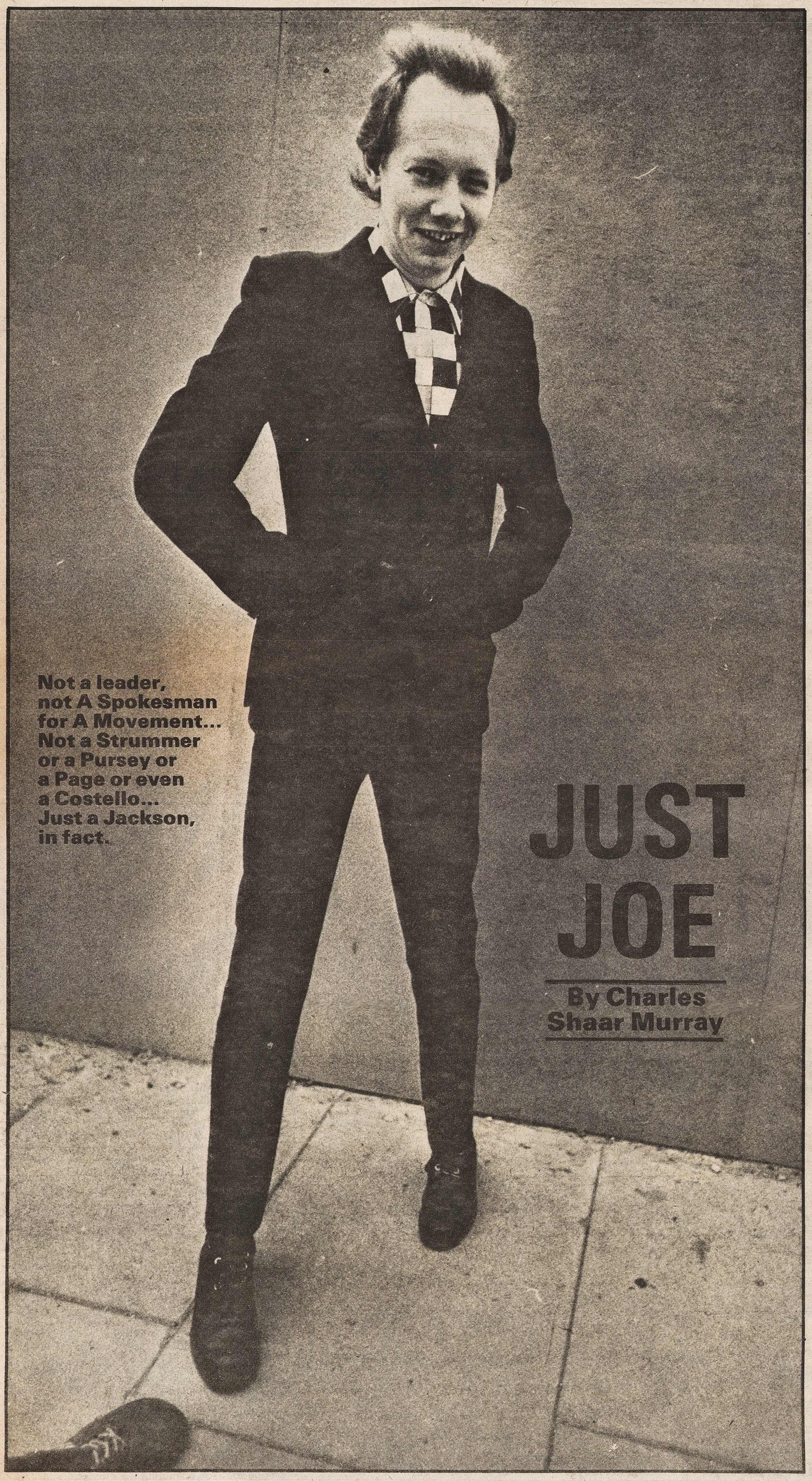


JUST JOE

By Charles Shaar Murray

EYES right! Talking Heads are playing the Electric Ballroom tonight, and clearly visible above all the twitching cerebella is one head, as instantly noticeable as a boulder on a beach.

A round head it is, something like the first piece of representational art produced by an imaginative, precocious toddler: surmounted by a short dishevelled coxcomb, blessed with features both mildly cynical and mildly petulant.

Both in location and appearance, the head is almost comically out of place. The face don't fit. Neither does its owner. The body is concealed by other bodies, so its clothing is a matter of purest conjecture. What might it be? A smart, sharp mod suit perhaps, but combined with a bootlace tie and a pair of brothel creepers in some ghastly shade or other ... *Oh shit! Blown it again!*

And who might this apparition be, this unsavoury stylistic melange, this mobile atrocity, this affront to tribal conventions? Academic, my dear Watson. This is — catcalls from the gods, please — The Acceptable Face Of The New Wave, The Name To Drop And Then Step On. The man synonymous with Profit Without Honour.

This is no ordinary Joe. In America he couldn't go out and stand in the middle of a crowd to watch one of his favourite bands, like Talking Heads or The Clash or The Ramones, without dingbats bozoing up to him and demanding autographs or other attentions. Here he can, because this is the UK and we're all that much cooler about celebs and it's much hipper to spot them and then to ignore them over here. Plus everyone's on the lookout for Bob Geldof or Mick Jones, anyway, because while this man is Superstar Central over in the land of the fistful of dullards, on his own turf he's just another *schlubbo* with a couple of albums out, one hit single and — maybe — another on the way. Not A Spokesman for A Movement, not a leader. Not a Strummer or a Pursey or a Page or a Costello.

Just a Jackson, in fact. Honest Joe Jackson, a man who has managed to squeeze his music past the filter that American radio programmers set up to keep anything that isn't boring off the airwaves — music that's lean, driving, witty, intelligent, committed and even crisp and sharp, fact! — and gets nothing but the hip sneer and the cold shoulder for his pains.

Tense and nervous and he can't stand still. Joe Jackson — *qu'est que c'est?*

AT A&M Records' London office, Joe Jackson splays his bootlace physique across a sofa, surrounded by the debris of a million sandwiches. Plates of crisps wilt around him, leaves of lettuce look naked and lonely on napkins. He'd mentioned — a few interviews earlier in the day — that he vaguely fancied a sandwich and — hopla! — a banquet arrived. Star treatment! An embarrassment of riches.

Joe Jackson is a man in a strange position. "Our second album's better than our first, right? It has to go gold, because if it doesn't sell as many copies as the first one, then you feel disappointed — Maybe we could deliberately make a third album that's so awful that no-one will play it and then we could go back to cult status again ..."

Does Joe feel more at ease as a 'star' than he did as just another schnook kept waiting in people's anterooms?

"For a start, I don't think of myself as a star."

Nobody who's any good does. How about as 'someone considered a star by others'?

"That's another weird situation. The fact that I've been pretty successful with the album and everything doesn't make me a star."

What would?

"For me, nothing, because I don't see myself as a star. I don't want to be a star. A star is someone who rides around in a limo and says, 'Here you are, sonny' as he hands down an autograph from the heights of his pedestal. I'm not trying to say that I'm just an ordinary bloke who goes down the pub and eats Telford's meat pies or something, because I don't want to be ordinary and work in a factory, but I want to be successful at it. At the same time I don't want to fit into that concept of being a 'star'. There are just certain things I don't want to do and I don't want to be."

Anyone sufficiently self-confident not to be afraid of being caught listening to an unfashionable record could do worse than check out 'Don't Wanna Be Like That' from Joe's 'I'm The Man' album at this point and hear Jackson deliver several crushing body-blows to the US concept of 'Rock stardom' as an amplification of his views of the subject.

"That song is a sort of statement on that subject. It's the theme song for that album just as 'Look Sharp!' was the theme song for the first one. In some ways I do feel more at ease now, in others I don't. It has good and bad points. Back in the dim and distant days when I was just an ordinary mortal" — he grimaces with ironic distaste — "I was broke all the time and I felt I wasn't getting the recognition that I felt I deserved, but at least I could go into a pub and have a beer without someone coming up to me and hassling me, and I felt free to make mistakes: at least I could make mistakes without

"Sometimes I listen to the radio in the States and I think this is crap ... and then they play my single"

a million people watching me.

"Hey, did you know that we played a gig with The Ramones in Detroit?"

Were they hard to follow?

Jackson grins. "For most people, yes. We weren't necessarily *better* than them, but there was no question of the fact that we were able to follow them. It was interesting meetin' them because I always thought that The Ramones couldn't actually speak. I thought all they could say was *'One-chew-tree-faw!'* and that if you said, 'Hello Joey', he'd just say *'One-chew-tree-faw!'* and shake your hand. I was amazed to discover that they could actually speak reasonably intelligently."

Well, it is a fairly closely guarded secret . . .

"I love The Ramones because Joey Ramone is the only lead singer with a band in the world who is actually taller, skinnier and more sickly looking than I am."

UNLIKE Da Brudders, Joe and his trio of accomplices — guitarist Gary Sanford, drummer Dave Houghton and secret weapon Graham Maby on bass — are considered part of that amorphous and vilified bunch generally referred to as The Respectable Face Of The New Wave, and boy, is Joe pissed off about that or what? (Clue: it isn't 'or what'.)

"Yes. I consider that a very fucking shallow way of looking at it, and I don't feel that I've got anything to with The Records or Ian Gomm or Bram Tchaikovsky. I don't care about they're doing. I care about what *I'm* doing. The Clash are trying to break through in the States as well, and I personally feel more in common with what they're doing than with Bram Tchaikovsky or The Records, who are about the most boring band I've ever heard.

"What really pisses me off is that sometimes I listen to the radio in the States and I think *this is a load of crap* and then they play one of my songs and I think *great! what are they going to play after this?* and then it's Molly Hatchet or something. So obviously I think *fuck it! If they play my stuff, why can't they play The Clash?*

"To me, there isn't that much difference between what they do and what I do, but I was discussing this with a friend of mine and he said, 'Of course there's a difference! It may be similar in spirit, but you're more melodic'. That's just the point! They're playing me because I'm more melodic and not because of the spirit of it. They're not playing my stuff because of the feeling behind it."

But to go against that you'd have to deliberately . . .

"Write naff tunes. Which I ain't gonna do. I just write the way that seems to be the best and most natural way for me to write, and I resent the way that people seem to think that . . . I read people saying 'Joe Jackson has cunningly and cleverly placed himself between new wave and pop' and all this sort of shit. When I did the first album I obviously had no idea that it was going to be a success in the States. I couldn't sit down and write a song and think 'What's going to make it in the States? Ah yes, if I write this it'll go gold in the States'. It's incredibly silly . . . I don't know how people think my mind works."

So how *does* your mind work?

"Well . . . I've no idea. No, all of that really does piss me off. Radio in America is just fucked, and the fact that they're playing my stuff should be something positive, a step forward."

Yeah, but The Knack say the same thing.

"That's what I mean! I get the feeling that all these people from radio stations went off and huddled in a corner and thought that they had to play something a little more hip and they finally voted on Joe Jackson. My stuff is being played, but it's just sandwiched in between Foreigner and Kansas and the usual crap."

Thereby damning by association.

"What's that mean?"

Well, it's the opposite of 'credibility by association'.

"Yeah, people say 'Soandso's not big in the States. That's because he's fucking great. Joe Jackson's big in the States so he's obviously a prat'. Clash fans should see it as a positive thing for The Clash that I've had some success there because it must help them. It's got to help them, it's got to help make the climate more ready for The Clash. To me it must do, but a lot of English people don't see it that way, and a lot of American people obviously don't, because they say 'We can play this but we can't play The Clash'. The usual thing that I hear is 'It's not melodic enough', but I think The Clash are melodic."

What with all this 'melodic' talk flying back and forth, does Jackson think that the actual *content* of his songs is ignored?

"I think sometimes people miss the point, but that's something I have to accept, that not everyone's going to get into what I'm saying. I think if anyone takes the trouble to actually *listen* to the songs it should be clear enough. They're not obscure songs, and to me they're pretty self-explanatory. I try to say exactly what I want to say in the clearest way that I can. It just comes down to the extent to which a person is prepared to listen to it. If they don't even bother to listen to the lyrics and just think it's a nice tune and tap their feet, then that's fine. You can't really expect a lot from people, I suppose."

WHY DO you reckon that home turf has proved more resistant than foreign parts? 'I'm The Man' sounded like a proper single to me, but a hit it wasn't.

"Well, so did I. I mean it *was!* What can you do? All I can do is make the best possible record that I'm capable of making, and if people don't want to play it then that's too bad, innit? My theory about singles is that you just bung 'em out until one sticks. I honestly don't know what the mass of the singles-buying public is gonna buy. I can't look at 12 of my songs and know which one is going to be a hit.

"The actual choice of single I leave up to the record company. They're all my songs, so it's not gonna hurt me. I thought 'I'm The Man' was the one, but the people who play 'em and buy 'em disagreed. I used to pick 'em, but I've been proved wrong a couple of times.

" It's Different For Girls' wasn't my choice, but I don't really care. At the moment, the one people really know us for is 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?', so if we were going to have another hit, I'd like it to be with something as different as possible. We were hoping that 'I'm The Man' would do it and it didn't, so what do you do? A&M said they wanted another single out to help the album or for whatever reason people put out singles for and they said they wanted 'It's Different For Girls' out. I said, 'Must you?' They said it'd do well, so I just said, 'Well, go on then'.

"I'm just basically concerned with keeping hold of whatever it was that I had when I started — which is a very clumsy way of putting it — but whatever integrity I've got, I want to keep hold of it. Basically, I do what I believe in and I've not compromised. I'm still doing what I wanna do and I feel that I know what I'm doing and I want to keep hold of that. What I observe in a lot of other people in my situation is that they *do* lose that. They become more and more and more drawn into the whole system of the trappings of stardom. They have less and less contact with what the music is actually all about, what the people who listen to it are all about.

"I don't have a circle of friends who are all rock stars and I hope I never do, because most of those sort of people are just fucking idiots, you know. I'd rather just go down the pub and talk to a normal person than sit by a swimming pool with Mick Jagger. Obviously, I wanna be successful so I don't have to do some shitty jobs for a living when I think I've got the talent and determination to do something better. Wanting to be a success and wanting to be a star are two different things. It may be hard for some people to separate the two, but I know what I mean."

JOE JACKSON is a man who can hold his head up proudly in the morning and not have to worry about whether his success is due to his good looks. It's due to his voice and his songs, and also it's due to the sound of his band. A thick, slamming bass and drum sound counterpointed with edgy splinters of guitar, Jackson's sound is sparse and elegant, kinetic rather than dense, and he sees no reason to add anything to it. If anything, he'd rather strip it. down still further. He is not a man who awakes with sugarplums and horn sections dancing through his head.

"I don't want to expand the band, but I want to expand what the band can do. I've got some outrageous ideas for the third album, which I don't want to say too much about."

This is the one that returns you to cult status?

"Yeah, right. It's going to be completely unmusical. The more I get into it the more I realise what you can do with just a three-piece. It's not restrictive at all. You just have to use your imagination.

"Everyone seemed to think that I was going to play more piano on the second album, so I played less. The songs just didn't need it. I thought, okay, three musicians: there's no reason why they should all be playing at once. Why not have one song where you're accompanied solely by two bass guitars? I can play a bit of drums, the drummer plays a bit of bass . . .we could do a number with three harmonicas. Why does the drummer have to keep the off-beat on a snare drum? Why can't he do it on a Roto-tom?

"It just amazes me that so many people think that in order to expand and progress you've got to add more instruments, get the production more dense. The next album's gonna be far more sparse, have far more contrasts.

"The current album is the result of a year on the road, and it captures the feeling of live rock and roll with everybody bashing away, so we've done that. Now we're experimenting with . . . instead of putting more stuff in, we're leavin' it out."

Finding out how little you can have on a record and still have it function?

"Yeah, right. That's the whole trick of making a three-piece band sound like an orchestra. You can make it sound like a huge orchestra just by leaving stuff *out*."

Sounds like what Gang Of Four are doing: the concept of non-soloing whereby if one instrument drops out the other two are automatically soloing.

"Yeah, I've got their album and it's very interesting. I was searching for a word to describe it, and I think it's 'Unsatisfying'. It nags at you."

I think it's meant to.

"I think it is, too. I think it's meant to be unsettling, slightly disturbing, meant to make you sit up and think 'What the fuck's this?' . . . but it doesn't leave me thinking 'What a great album'. Still, it's interesting stuff, though they're a long way from being my favourite band.

"THERE'S a lot of good stuff about . . . this is another thing that irritates me. People think I'm so terribly middle-of-the-road in my tastes, and that in order to be cool you've got to be into Gang Of Four and Siouxsie And The Banshees and The Slits and The Pop Group . . I mean, I was at the Royal Academy Of Music and I studied Berio and Penderecki, and it's not as if I can't understand it . . ."

Yeah, But Penderecki went terribly down-market after they used his stuff in *The Exorcist* . . .

"Sold out, didn't he? What a prat he turned out to be . . . Anyway, my mind is totally open to any music that's about, and there's some really good stuff happening at the moment. 'Course, there's a lot of naff stuff about too."

Jackson's current musical tastes still incline towards the home-made reggae compilations that he and his band travel with in the States and with which his American audiences are bombarded during the intervals at his gigs. One plan currently being chucked about is that A&M — a label with no background in reggae whatsoever — will licence and market a set of compilation albums which Jackson will assemble for them, and put a bit of push behind same in the States to engage the interests of those whose reggae grounding is limited to Marley and Tosh.

"Even if they've heard Marley and Tosh, they won't have heard Augustus Pablo or Joe Gibbs' 'African Dub' or anything like that. So maybe if a few of them like what they hear they'll go and hassle their record shops and radio stations."

Has the American success of The Police — a band with what might be described as a fairly upfront reggae influence — turned any American consumers onto Jah Music?

"No, not really. A little bit, maybe, but all that happens is that Americans say 'that's interesting, they're reggae-influenced'. It doesn't make them want to go out and buy reggae albums, I'm sure. That's not the way to do it. I think this idea we're working on, of A&M doing compliations, will do more for reggae than The Police have. A&M have no reggae background, so they're coming to me because I know a bit about it. It just needs someone to promote it in the right way, which is too big a subject for me to go into I wouldn't know how to go about it.

"Maybe people aren't ever going to want reggae in the States and we're all wasting our time."

Which leaves us with the ever-vexed question of Jackson as sartorial disaster area. Actually, I think he looks quite snappy in his nifty mohair, panelled shirt and creepers, but then what do I know? He dresses like a Clash fan should.

"I was thinking about who I actually wanted to meet, and I'd really like to get to know The Clash. I met Mick Jones once very briefly, but I really would like to meet Joe Strummer and have a chat with him, 'cos they're a band that I've always really admired . . . despite being The Acceptable Face Of The New Wave and middle-of-the-road, etcetera, ecetera."

As a Clash fan, do you take it hard that Clash fans in general don't like you?

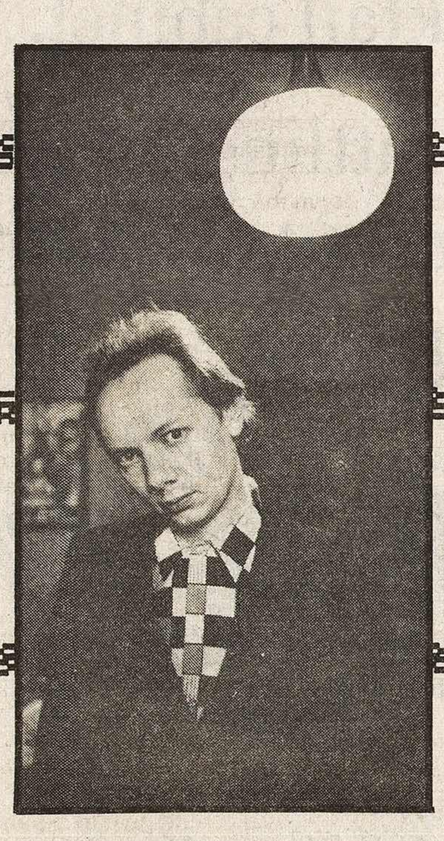
"Yeah! I don't spend sleepless nights worrying about it, but I think it's a drag that someone's really into The Clash and they think I'm a load of crap even if they haven't checked me out. They're doing what they genuinely believe in and so am I.

"But I don't try to affiliate myself to a particular movement or getting people to come to my gigs as total Joe Jackson fans, not liking anyone else and wearing whatever people are supposed to wear at Joe Jackson gigs. It's like the mod thing, which I think is great because I've always been basically a bit of a mod. This is basically a mod suit, but I wear brothel creepers with it. So what? I'm not going to worry about whether I should have two buttons or three on it.

"You know . . . I looked at myself in the mirror this morning and I just laughed."

Out of the room and into the corridor. Joe's girlfriend arrived to meet him quite a while ago, but she's been waiting *outside* while the interview finishes. Joe looks annoyed —as well he might be. I feel vaguely ashamed.

Star treatment. If that's what happens to stars, I hope Joe Jackson just stays a success.



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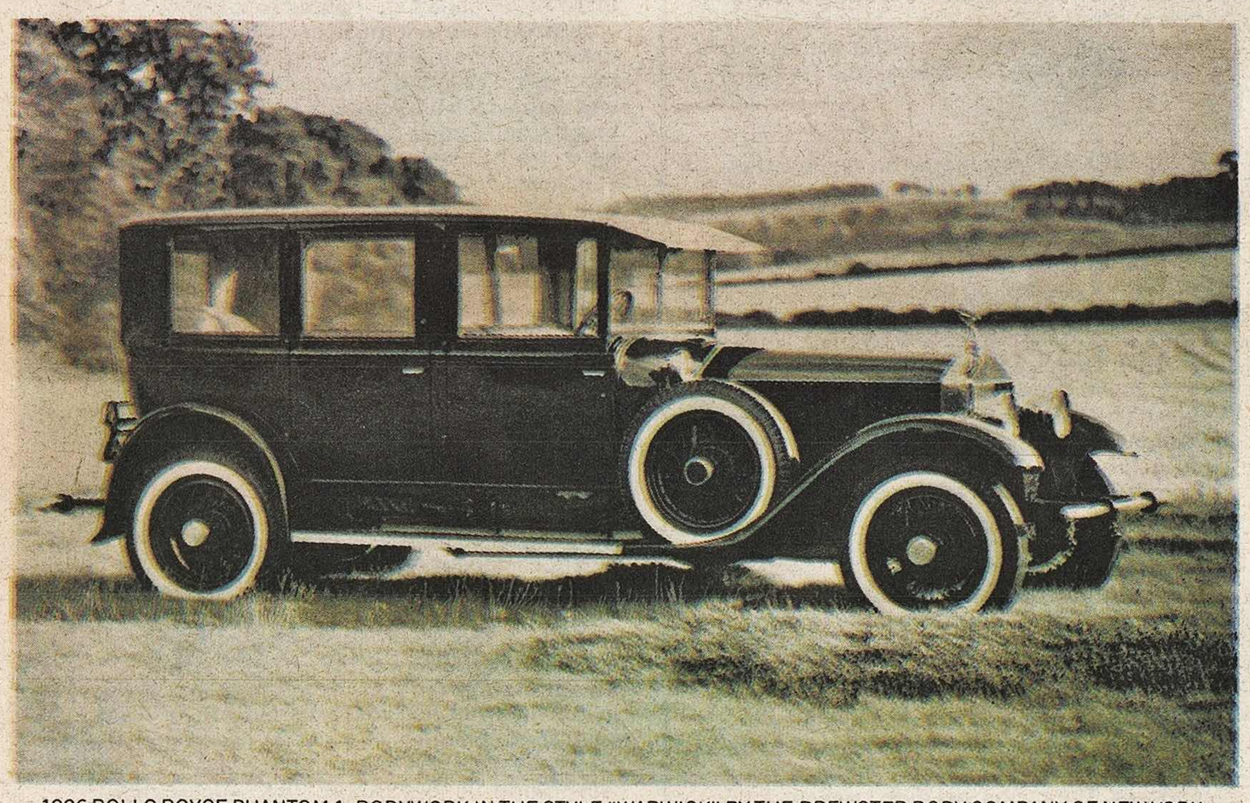

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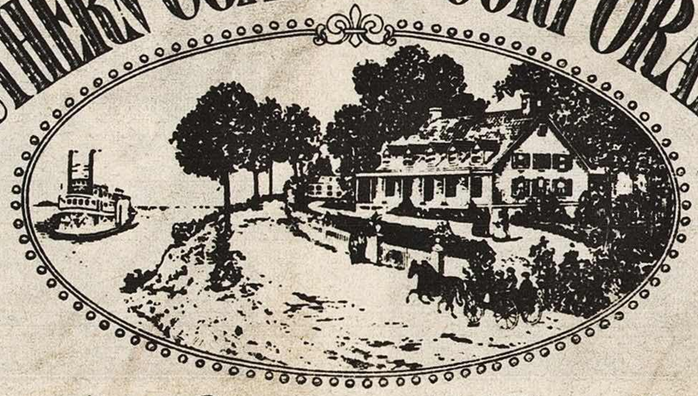

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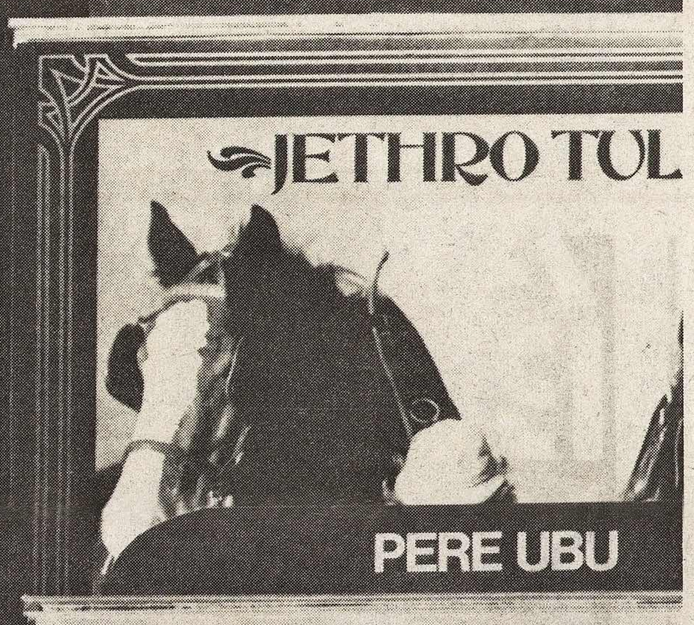

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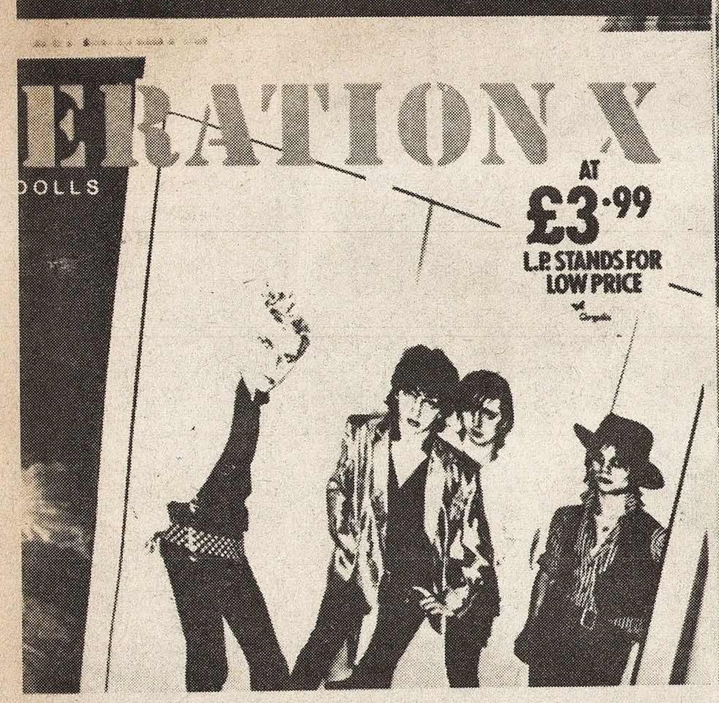

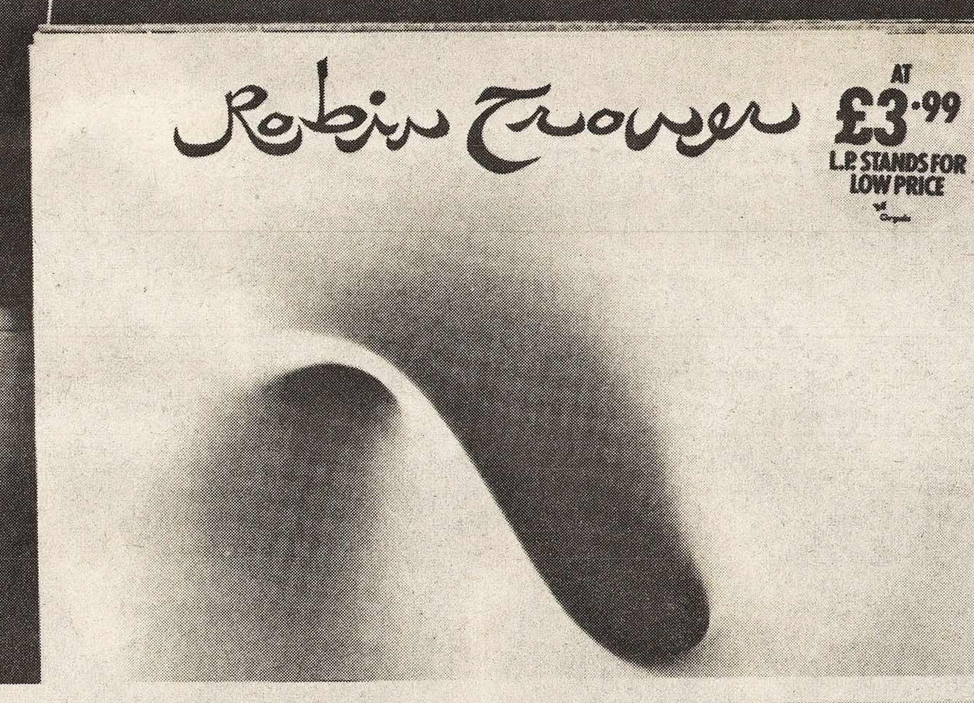

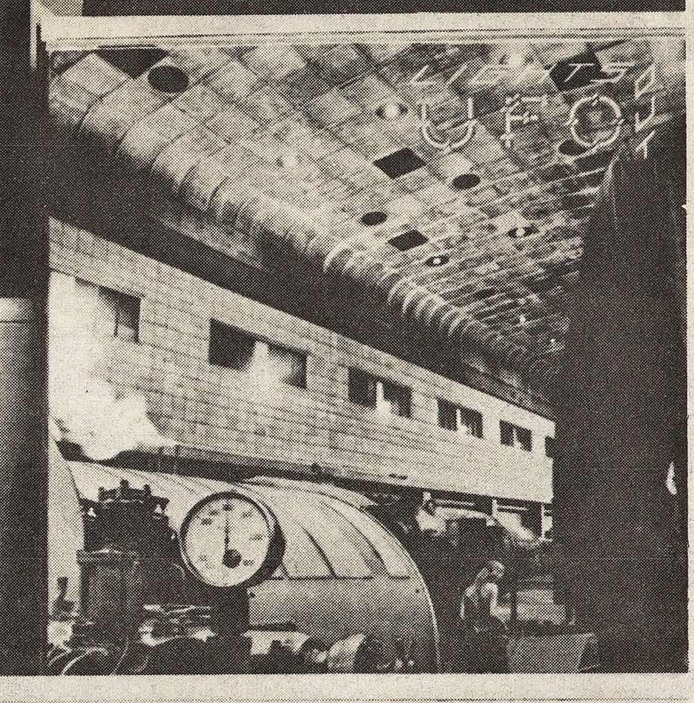

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Paul Simonon auditions for the lead role in the movie version of John Steinbeck's 'Tortilla Fiats'. Pic: Pennie Smith.

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THE CLASH
London Calling (CBS)

". . . the wit of the city's urchins is as sharp as the finest conversation of the rural lord; the vulgar speech of the street arabs is so full of metaphor and condensed reference that an ancient poet would have given his soul to possess the tongue of a London apprentice; yet it is a speech almost impossible to translate, more mysterious than Sanskrit, and its fashions change from day to day . . ."

— Michael Moorcock, *Gloriana, Or The Unfulfill'd Queen.*

'LONDON CALLING' is the first of The Clash's albums that is truly equal in stature to their legend, yet for the most part it disposes of the more indigestible portions of that legend. Parts of it sound totally unlike anything they have ever recorded before, yet it is the most quintessentially Clashlike Clash record thus far. Much of the material on these four sides represents The Clash writing, singing and playing for their lives, yet simultaneously much of it shows them writing, singing and playing purely for fun.

Clashrock as of now (or as of 'London Calling') has a freshness, variety, vitality and range that they've never shown before (though aspects of it were signposted as long ago as 'Stay Free', 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais', 'Julie's Been Working For The Drugs Squad' and the 'Cost Of Living' EP) while simultaneously drawing from musical roots scarcely apparent back in the days of 'White Riot'.

'London Calling' is also — no small point, this — the first Clash record (with the possible exception of 'Cost Of Living') that actually sounds right; Guy Stevens has produced The Clash the way they should have been produced right from the start: the tinny Winfield-wall-of-sound of the first album now sounds quaint and one-dimensional by comparison and the AOR (Adult Oriented Rock, that is) easy-listening HM sound imposed on 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' by the appalling Sandy Pearlman is now exposed as an even more gargantuan error of taste and judgement than it seemed at the time.

The business: 'London Calling' is an 18-track (19 if you count the bonus track which appears at the end unmentioned on either sleeve or label) double album of new Clash music retailing for a fiver, and if you buy it sharpish at a Virgin shop you can take it home for three quid. It's good, it's cheap and there's a lot of it: I call that a bargain, one of the best I ever had. With 'London Calling', The Clash have matched everybody else's bets and chucked their cards on the table: in Springsteen's words, they've shown a hand even the police couldn't beat, and they deserve to clean up.

They've even been honest enough to expose their three greatest faults on three specific tracks:

The excruciatingly condescending and self-conscious 'Lovers Rock' demonstrates that they're a hell of a lot better at discussing the relationship between man and society than they are at dealing with the relationship between woman and man. This is a chronic imbalance in the Clash worldview, and the day that they resolve this contradiction is the day that Strummer and Jones (my money's on the latter) will write one hell of a good song.

'Four Horsemen' is the kind of stylish - radical - boys - together self-mythologising which they decry on 'Death Or Glory' and which should have been dumped back in the days of 'Last Gang In Town' or left to Generation X who, after all, have precious little else to sing about.

The third and final bone of contention is 'Guns Of Brixton', Paul Simonon's debut as composer and vocalist. Musically impeccable, it's one of The Clash's most tense and stirring reggae pieces (The Clash have always picked up on the tautness and militancy of reggae, whereas The Police's reductions of reggae have always concentrated on its spaciness, which is — after all — far more saleable as it's less challenging), but we don't need another paean to martyrdom; we've already had enough martyrs.

Lyrically, those three tracks represent the worst of The Clash: male-bonding (with women either not mentioned or taken for granted), militarism along with the militancy and a martyrdom fixation. Everywhere else (now we've got those three out of the way), The Clash come up trumps.

THE album opens with the single: a straight line drawn between the apocalypse of Bowie's 'Diamond Dogs' and the testament to personal courage and integrity of Springsteen's 'Darkness At The Edge Of Town'. A call for solidarity and trust in the face of impending disaster, 'London Calling' is a tuning-fork that strikes the keynote for the album, a tone apparent even in the most light-hearted moments of what is to follow.

Even before Mick Jones' pickup-selector morse-code bleep has died away, The Clash drrrriiiiive straight into Vince Taylor's 'Brand New Cadillac'; rockabilly-tinged R&B of the hard kind that recalls The Yardbirds' epic 'Train Kept A'Rollin'' with even a tiny nod to Cream's 'Crossroad' at the beginning of the guitar solo. The Clash's sympathies are — for once — clearly with the departing girlfriend: check Strummer's scornful roar of *"Balls to you, big daddy! She ain't NEVER coming back!"*

Next up, The Clash take over Tom Waits' favourite bar for 'Jimmy Jazz', a lazy, alcoholic shuffle with dirty, goosegrease saxophone. There's brass aplenty on 'London Calling', attributed to "The Irish Horns"; if it ain't John Earle and the Rumour brass, I apologise. A slurring Strummer exclaims *"What a relief!"* over the sax solo and misdirects the police who come looking for Jimmy Jazz himself.

An Inter-City paced Bo Diddley beat leads into 'Hateful', a sharp look at drug consumption patterns with the smooth humming guitar sound Mick Jones featured most notably on 'I Fought The Law'. *Anything I want he gives it to me / Anything I want he gives it but not for free,"* Joe points out while sardonically and ruefully chronicling his mental and spiritual decline.

Mick Jones' 'Rudi Can't Fail', one of the highpoints of a fairly highpoint album, rounds off the first side. Rudi has clearly gotten his bottle back since Strummer first evoked him during the retreat-fade back to their 'Safe European Home' on the last album, and Strummer eggs Jones on to a marvellously spirited vocal over a whooping ska exercise that's the equal of anything on The Specials' album. *"How you get a rude and a reckless / Don't you be so crude and a feckless / You been drinking brew for breakfast / RUDI CAN'T FAIL!"* crows Jones, effortlessly evoking a pride and militancy that has nothing to do with aggro and bullying. A message to you, Rudi!

'Spanish Bombs', which opens the second side, is perhaps the most brilliantly uncharacteristic piece on the album. Jones' buzzing lead and Beatley chords are juxtaposed over a lush carpet of acoustic guitars and a hustling Headon backbeat. A marvellously ambiguous look at the Spanish Civil War with a chorus in the lovers' tongue (ha!), switching back and forth from the Spanish war to contemporary Spain and Ireland, it's counterpointed with the sinister line *"I'm flying in on a DC-10 tonight"*. Strummer sings the song beautifully, with Jones' higher smoother voice alternating octaves, harmonies and parts of the lead with marvellous sureness. This is as good a place as any to point out that this album is virtually Strummer's debut as a singer; he was still barking like a seal on the first album, and on the second Pearlman buried his voice on the grounds that he bore an insufficiently strong resemblance to Steve Tyler to sell in the States.

'The Right Profile' has Joe sounding drunk again (when he slurs like that he bears an unnerving vocal similarity to Ian Hunter — what did you do to him, Guy?). A rollicking, roistering tribute to Montgomery Clift, Stevens psyched Strummer into writing it by some unholy means of his own. Pointed, rocking Big Fun.

Mick Jones pops up again for 'Lost In The Supermarket', another high in subtlety. Jones adopts the personality of the bewildered conditioned citizen vaguely aware of the fact that there's something missing from his life with commendable compassion and lack of condescension. Simonon cops a classic disco bass lick and Jones' still small voice evinces a genuine pathos, especially when Strummer enters with a gruff counterpoint towards the end.

'Working For The Clampdown' is old-style Clash: *strictly militant* with a ridiculously martial Mick Jones guitar bugle-blast, and the previously discussed 'Guns Of Brixton' rounds off the side.

THE second half gets a rousing curtain-raiser with 'Wrong 'Em Boyo', the Stag-O-Lee saga blaring out in true roadhouse style before Strummer halts the proceedings at the end of the first verse to translate the legend into tense, jumping ska. Another message to Rudi: to live outside the law in Clash terms means being twice as honest as those who live within it, and it also means taking the consequences. They ram the point home on another of the album's crucial tracks, 'Death Or Glory'; outlaw posturing is meaningless unless it's backed up with a real integrity. *"Death or glory is just another story."* They comment hilariously and ruefully on their own odyssey: *"And every gimmick-hungry yob digging gold from rock and roll / Grabs the mike to tell us he'll die before he's sold / But I believe in this — and it's been tested by research / That he who fucks nuns will later join the church."*

Suiting the action to the word, Strummer leads us straight to a Manhattan skyscraper — not CBS', of course — *"Elevator going up!"* to show us the hip execs being hip and executive. *"Your snakeskin suit and your alligator boot / You won't need a laundrette, you can send them to the vet!"* he sings on 'Koka Kola'. *(What about all them leather jackets then? — Ed.)*

The side winds up with Guy Stevens making a Phil Spector record with The Clash that Spector himself is going to have to go some to beat with The Ramones. 'The Card Cheat' shows The Clash giving serious consideration to the possibility of loss and defeat and eerily echoing the melodic motif of 'Rudi Can't Fail', a point not easily missed. Jones plays piano (Strummer is credited with 'pianner' elsewhere, another vital distinction).

As well as the previously discussed 'Lovers' Rock' and 'Four Horsemen', the final side stars Mick Jones:

Once: giving defeat the finger on 'I'm Not Down', in which he acknowledges failure and error in the past and maybe even in the future, but declares his intention to win the war despite losing a few battles. *"I've been beat up, I've been thrown out, but I'm not down, I'M NOT DOWN / I've been shown up, but I've grown up, I'm not down, I'M NOT DOWN."*

Twice: the 'secret' track 'Train In Vain' was originally intended for an *NME* / Clash flexidisc giveaway project, but there were extensive technical and logistical problems, so it shows up here instead and it sounds better than it ever could on a flexi, so who's complaining? 'Train In Vain' is a bit of '79 UK soul that any of the mod bands would have been proud to call their own.

Strummer's sign-off comes on another Rudi riot: 'Revolution Rock' is one of the numbers on this album that The Clash didn't write ('Brand New Cadillac' and 'Wrong 'Em Boyo' being the others), but The Clash turn everything they play into a Clash song: what could be a more perfect Clash song than 'I Fought The Law', for example?

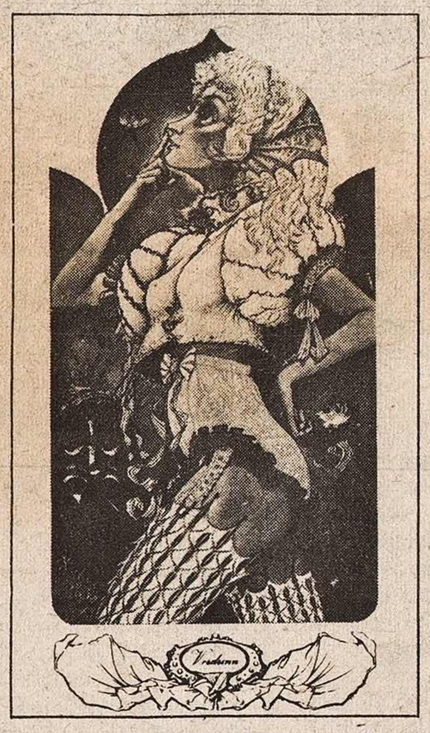
● *Continues on page 37*

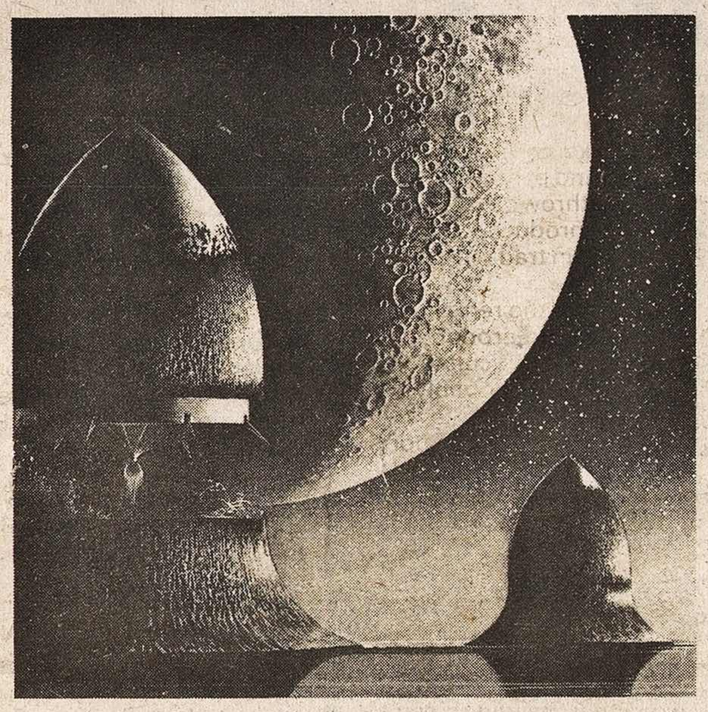
The Pentateuch

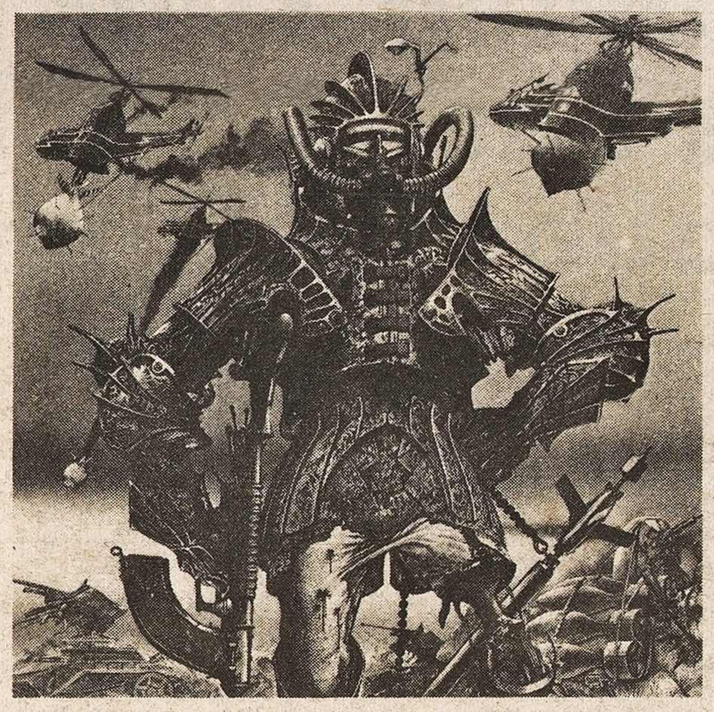
It is the year 2378,
the derelict alien spacecraft `Hermes´ has been discovered.
The secrets held within tell of a strange story ....
.... the story of
the creation and destruction of a world.

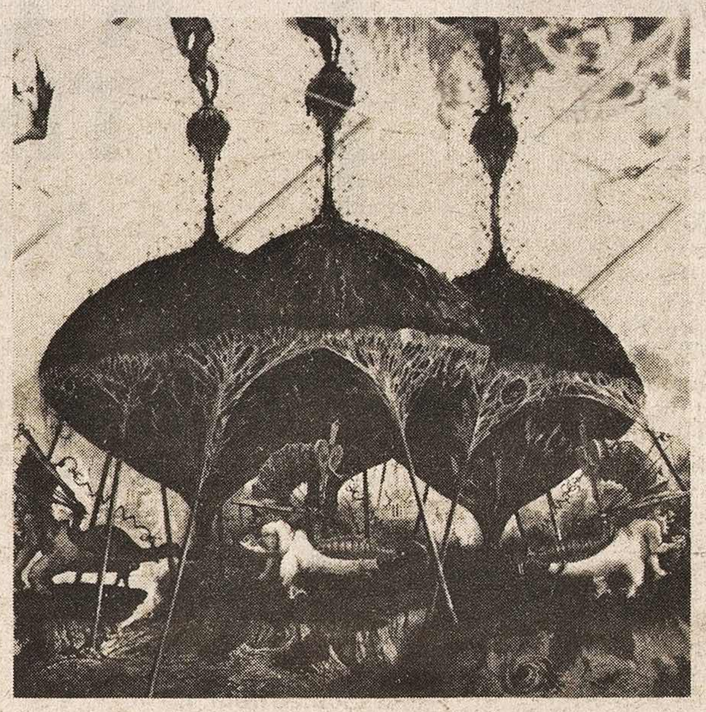
Patrick Woodroffe

Dave Greenslade









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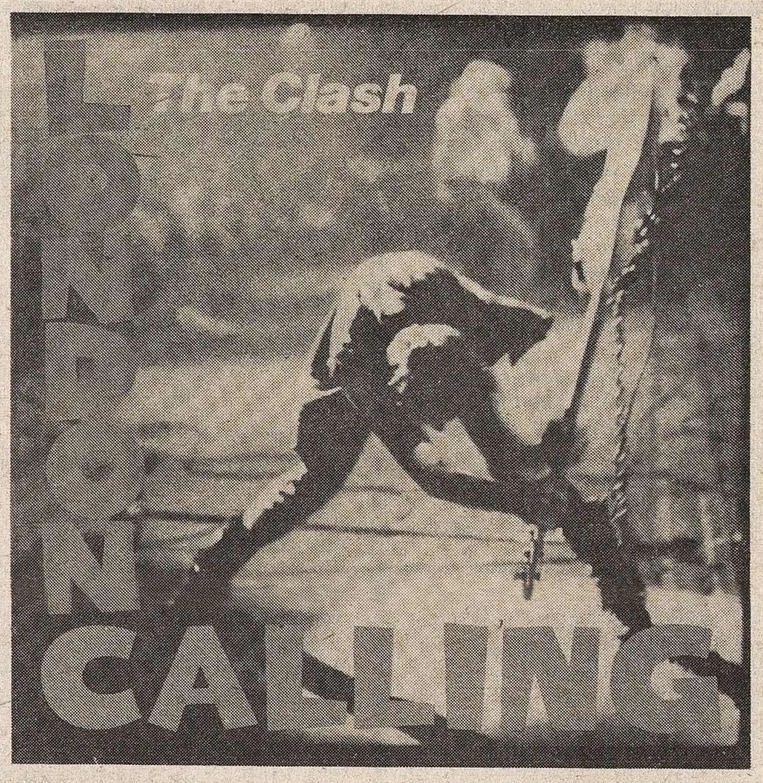


Very Apocalypse Now — Very Clash.

● *continued from page 35*

A GUIDED tour through 'London Calling', therefore. But it's no substitute for hearing it, which you should. The Clash have been criticised for becoming "a straight-ahead rock and roll band", which is specious in the extreme. The Clash love rock and roll, which is why they play it, but they want it to live up to its promises, which is why they play it the way they do. With groups like The Clash on the case, rock and roll ain't in the cultural dumper: 'London Calling' makes up for all the bad rock and roll played over the last decade.

It also puts a lot of people on the spot. Correct me if I'm wrong but in terms of value-for-money, The Clash have responded to the general lack of ackers by giving you more for your money while everybody else is wracking their brains trying to think of cutesy ways to get away with giving you less. Now The Clash have done it: who's next?

I've been listening to 'London Calling' for nearly two weeks now: it's been the most played album on the premises all that time and will no doubt fulfil this function for some time to come. All of The Clash, organist Mickey Gallagher on loan from The Blockheads, engineer Bill Price and uncle Guy Stevens and all, are entitled to feel very, very proud of what they've done here.

'London Calling': damn right. Now everybody here from Birmingham England to Birmingham Alabama, call 'em back. This is the one.

Charles Shaar Murray

Robert Duvall (hat and guitar) sings the haunting theme song from ***Apocalypse Now****. Martin Sheen forgets the words.*

Hear how 'Now' wows

APOCALYPSE NOW
Soundtrack *(Elektra)*

AFTER I've seen a truly great film I'll always stagger into a nearby record shop and peruse the soundtrack. Invariably the action goes no further than browsing the stills on the cover and getting some sort of satisfaction in a confirmation of the credits. Like as not though the actual album will be full of unremembered, drawn out string sections called 'The Raid' or 'At Hulio's House', or else odd pieces of session man muzak called 'Toby's Party'.

The soundtrack for *Apocalypse Now* is without doubt the best possible blueprint for all future celluloid / vinyl couplings, well packaged and drenched in a feel that it contains real involvement from the film's makers rather than just some record company excercising their option to bung out a souvenir for all you loaded punters. It's little short of the next best thing after sitting in the stalls.

Following the movie absolutely it opens with the phased muffled swirl of a chopper's blades that mould into and across the re-mixed 'The End' by The Doors — a track that re-occurs with frightening effect throughout the remaining three sides, and believe me, they're not milking things in length here because on this set you get sizeable and, thank God, uncut spreads of the dialogue. (I hope you butchers behind the 'Taxi Driver' LP are suffering).

In fact most of the generous needle time is given over to the cast, though the deft, underlying pieces by Phil Lesh and a handful of Grateful Dead sidemen — particularly on 'Gold' — are never overshadowed and complete one of the most chilling backdrops to any film I've ever seen or heard.

Nothing gets tampered with. You don't get voices that shouted from the omnipresent jungle boosted up to hi-fi clarity. The music, the words, the echoes, moods, inflections and above all the extraordinary eerieness that is *Apocalypse Now* is all perfectly present and atmospherically correct. For what it's worth it stands on its own merits as one of my albums of the year.

If you too thought you'd never hear The Grateful Dead scare the pants off you, take a trip down this weird river. When you get out of the jungle you'll think again.

Danny Baker

CHIC
Chic's Greatest Hits
(Atlantic)

ALL product says something about its purchasers — Chic says something more.

For the past 18 months or so Chic have been telling their buyers they are sexy, affluent hedonists who don't have to try *too* hard, and they've bought it — just as Motown used to tell its audience they were young and proud and Philly used to tell them they were cool and aware

Chic are definitely shaping up to be the Philly or Motown of their day, providing the same soundtrack for the boy to meet the girl, caressing and bolstering the ego sufficiently for one or other to overcome their nerves and insecurity and make the pitch. And like Motown or Philly, the sound is instant. The space between the guitar and the bass creates an irresistible dancing vortex.

I love their sound, but I hate what they're trying to tell me, which isn't easy to reconcile because Chic are so good at it that the sound itself embodies their optimistic, carefree message. The circular riff of 'Good Times' sounds like it could go on forever. Happy days are here to stay: you wear your boob tube and I'll bring my roller skates and we'll pretend we're glamorous and sophisticated and rich and alluring and *(I hope she's on the pill).*

How long can they keep it up? This collection gives the musical answer: who cares so long as the lights keep flashing. Chic will inevitably be supplanted, as they themselves supplanted The Bee Gees the previous year, because their sound, however good, is formulated, and people tire of formulas.

So get it while you can (before Chic become a memory stored away next to numerous newly-wed semi-detached suburban credit-bought music-centres): a seasonal Party Seven of *les plus grands succes de Chic.* Me, I'll make do with Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family' — the one Chic production that really is indispensable.

Paul Rambali

HOT CHOCOLATE
20 Golden Hits *(RAK)*
STYLISTICS
The Hits *(Phonogram)*

TO begin with, it's damn cold; this could be down to the fact that we're subject to the wrong season and an absence of central heating artisans. Worse still, it's Sunday and it always rains on Sunday.

Stuff like this — Greatest Hits though it may be — ain't about to roast anyone's chestnuts or dispel any condensation from the french windows; unless you're one of those people who tune into *Come Dancing* for the background music.

Of the two bands in question Hot Chocolate definitely have the edge on what might best be called 'blackness' and, like the Stylistics they also have the edge on monotony, the sole exception being H.C.'s 'Heaven Is In The Back Seat Of My Cadillac' which borders on the rude by way of a nice metronomic bassline.

Still, I never could figure out these Chocolate people. I know for a fact that in their carefully proscribed area of pop that they're far better and more imaginative — and dirtier — musicians than their records would have you believe. I once had the good fortune to happen upon them rehearsing in a disused rugby club in Twickenham. Well, actually, it wasn't quite such a chance encounter. I was sent by a former features editor who was afraid of the black one with the bald head.

Anyways, after said character had delivered the expected verbal violence the band upped and tore through the ass-scorching version of Bill Withers' 'Use Me' which set me to wondering whether old Bill oughtn't to return to servicing lavatories in airliners.

I'm not quite sure what the Chocolates are doing now — probably still successful, probably still making money. It's just that they sound so dated. And, like the Stylistics, they're horribly formulated. Maybe they've metamorphosed into some kind of Eddy Grant and brought in a couple of clowns and a unicycle into the act.

The Stylistics are just plain soppy. The lead voice is as distincitve and unvaried as Rod Stewart's — except for the fact that Stewart doesn't sound as if he's swallowed a quart of Denim before sessions; doubtless a fair proportion of their royalties are taken up by bulk purchases of Victory V throat lozenges. Or maybe it's just that his tailor should pay more attention to the hang of his trousers. And as for those bloody string arrangements — maybe they ought to take a listen to Randy Newman sometime. Chord changes and hooklines are all but extinct. Music to suck stuffed olives to — it isn't even adequate wallpaper for insecure lovers.

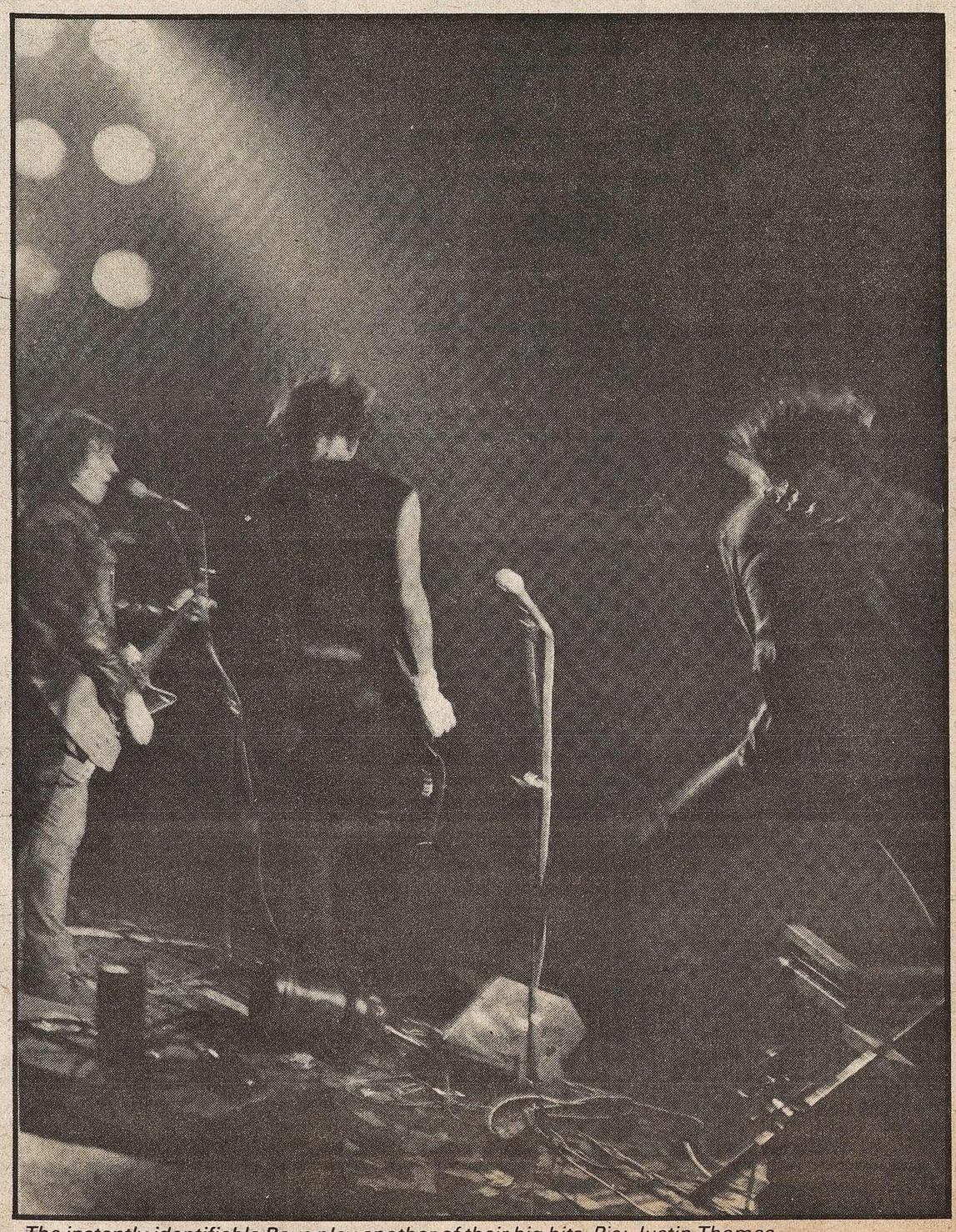
The Stylistics make 'mood music' — that is, music for people who don't like music per se but find it a soothing backdrop for selling automobiles or waiting around in airport lounges.

It's white through and through, the bastard offspring of '50s smooch ballads.

Which is why it'd make the perfect end of the evening torpedo for a wine and cheese party where everyone is waiting for the first couple to set the precedent for a mass departure.

Peter Erskine

The Boys are going back



The instantly identifiable Boys play another of their big hits. Pic: Justin Thomas.

. . . with The Sports, we hope

THE BOYS
To Hell With The Boys
(Safari)
THE SPORTS
Don't Throw Stones *(Sire)*

SOMEWHERE between good and evil, neither damnable nor delightful, that's where all the so-sos live, the whole milling mob of worthy mediocrities, the shoulder-shrug and stifled-yawn gang, who are all right and a little bit wrong. Mostly, like The Boys and The Sports, they're the bright depressing sound of rock's new orthodox dogma: short songs, crisp and dry, fast and brash, all dressed up (at Johnson's, generally) and no particular place to go.

Meet the new wave, same as the old wave. It always happens; after the revolution's spent then the bureaucrats move in, efficient and visionless, mouthing movement and standing still. Whatever's happening now, it's happening anywhere but here.

The Sports, unsurprisingly, are Australian in origin and come to us courtesy of "Boomerang Productions" — perhaps this implies that they will hurtle back to the obscurity whence they came. They're actually not a bad group, but only on one measly track does this album suggest more than all those deathly epithets like 'competent' and 'solid' — and even that's an early '60s throwback, the Dave Robinson-produced 'Wedding Ring' done in trad white R&B style.

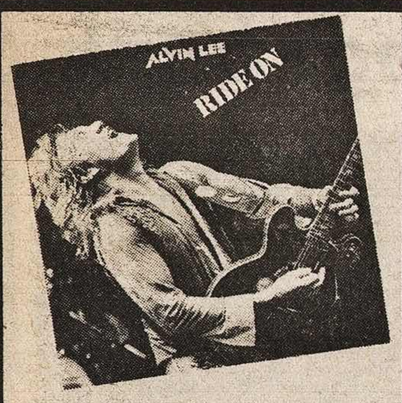
The bulk of the remainder, self-written and produced by Pete Solley, is difficult to fault specifically and probably impossible to truly love generally. Maybe The Sports should stop absorbing and start being. Otherwise: watch out for a low-flying boomerang.

It *is* surprising to realise that 'To Hell' is the third album from the oddly-anonymous Boys, so muted has their presence always seemed. Here we find them developing that vaguely frivolous variety of pop-punk with a motley montage of disposable jokiness, three-chord thrashes and, to make up the weight, two pleasant but terribly over-stretched ballads ('You Can't Hurt A Memory' and 'Independent Girl').

The results are glossy and insubstantial, lightweight and undemanding, but with limited charm. The Boys' music, often reminiscent of Radio Stars, is unambitious and relentlessly average. Qualities like commitment and sense of purpose are conspicuous by their absence, leaving too heavy a burden on the group's rather slight songwriting talents. As for the lyrics, they range from the inept and whimsical ('Bad Day', 'Rue Morgue' and 'Independent Girl').

There must be some kind of way out of here. And it ain't the Clapham omnibus. Let's see the going get weird around here.

Paul Du Noyer



ALVIN LEE — TEN YEARS LATER
Ride On *(Polydor)*

RIGHT, we'll skip the potted history of Ten Years After, and concern ourselves with the current resurrection of Alvin Lee, part one, album two. The first side is a look-no-strings recording of an outdoor binge in Germany, which allegedly attracted 50,000 people. Here the band give an airing to some of their more paleolithic songs, including 'Going Home' (for all you jilted Woodstock buffs), and 'Hey Joe' which they tackle with due credibility and belaboured excess.

Over on side two (studio), they've five brawny new compositions. Can't say I'm ecstatic about any of them, although the gruff, cluttered shop-floor blues-boogie holds an irrefutable vintage charm for one who misspent his youth in the Cooks Ferry Inn.

In Mick Hawksworth (bass) and Tom Compton (drums), Lee has found two musicians who can happily match his mercurial guitar spaghetti in the velocity stakes, and as an ensemble they exude a modicum of solid 3-piece purposefulness — much in the manner of a three-legged race down the slopes of Mount Fuji.

'Ride On' — as anyone who has gone to look for America on a moped will affirm — has its full moments, but over all, there is enough going on within the leaden confines of the genre to appease the most restless of honchos.

Rick Joseph

MINNY POPS
Drastic Measures, Drastic Movement *(Plurex)*

AN odd band, Minny Pops. For one thing, they're Dutch. For another, they've chosen to start both sides of this, their first album, with horrid electronic road-drill sounds ('Springtime I' and 'Springtime II'), thus ensuring that any curious would-be purchasers' minds are made up fairly quickly.

I think this is intended as a joke. As is quite a lot of 'Drastic Measures'. I mean, who could take seriously a track ('Minny Pops') which consists solely of a slow rattle of electronic percussion, a tortured guitar, and a voice muttering *"He wants to be a machine, he wants to be a Minny Pop"* in various conjugations *("I/He/They want to be . . .")*, over and over? Or, for that matter, one which consists solely of a distorted (spoken) vocal track, all blurs and screeches, like 'Hologram'? (And these, mind, are side one's opening tracks!)

If taken seriously, a lot of 'Drastic Measures' exemplifies the worst faults of electronic "new music"; the true awfulness of many of the pieces leaves me in no doubt that they're intended humorously. In which case, the joke wears extremely thin extremely quickly.

In general, the Minny Pops sound is characterised by abstract, abrasive, anarchic guitar; rattling electronic percussion; a variety of electronic grunts, squeals, throbs and hums; noise; and spoken vocals underlain by a wry deadpan humour.

When organised correctly, these elements *can* make for some good music. 'Mono', for instance, sets a swaying guitar cycle against a dull throb, throws in a few sporadic handclaps and guitar splinters, and is rather appealing in a dizzy sort of way. And 'Dolphins Spurt', a side-to-side minimal slide, is great. The good tracks are just few and far between, that's all.

'Drastic Measures' is another case of a band having the resources to make an album, but only enough ideas for an EP.

Andy Gill

THE OUTCASTS
Self-Conscious Over You *(Good Vibrations)*

WE could quite easily have another Undertones here with a bit more work and experience and a good shaking up — the only obvious contradiction being that The Undertones never needed *any* work or experience, let alone shaking up; they just happened.

But The Outcasts *could* hoist themselves up to the same level. Their music is distinctive and addictive, though unfortunately saddled with a collection of rather suspect lyrics.

The Outcasts — three brothers, Colin Cowan on drums, Martin on rhythm guitar and vocals, Greg on bass and lead vocals, plus outsider Getty on lead guitar — are from Northern Ireland and, by coincidence or not, Greg's got that distinct Feargal Sharkey wavering lilt to his voice. Maybe it's just the Irish accent that does it . . .

The music too, like The Undertones, is catchy pop/rock, aggressively laced with racing shouting rhythms over a reliable backbeat, supporting and illustrating each song's theme concisely and directly.

The lyrics must be one man's work — all are simply credited to the Outcasts — because they all contain an almost obsessive anger, bitterness and cynicism against girls.

The plot is laid with the title track, and develops into a pure vendetta against the female species, obviously sparked off by someone's insecurities and sexual hang-ups. Beginning with a boy's bashfulness with girls ('Self-Conscious Over You'), the lyrics and music develop an arrogant macho strut, essentially little more than a smokescreen around an inferiority complex ('Love Is For Sops' and 'Love You For Never') which degenerates through a spiteful tirade against those who have hurt and used him ('The Princess And The Frog' and 'Spiteful Sue') to the eventual killing of his unfaithful girlfriend, and the ultimate degradation of necrophilia.

Perhaps in an effort to console, explain and account for his actions and attitudes, our eunuch songwriter includes a couple of songs on the cold, automated love of the future — 'Clinical Love' and 'Cyborg' — depicting a purely instinctual reproductive action, void of emotions.

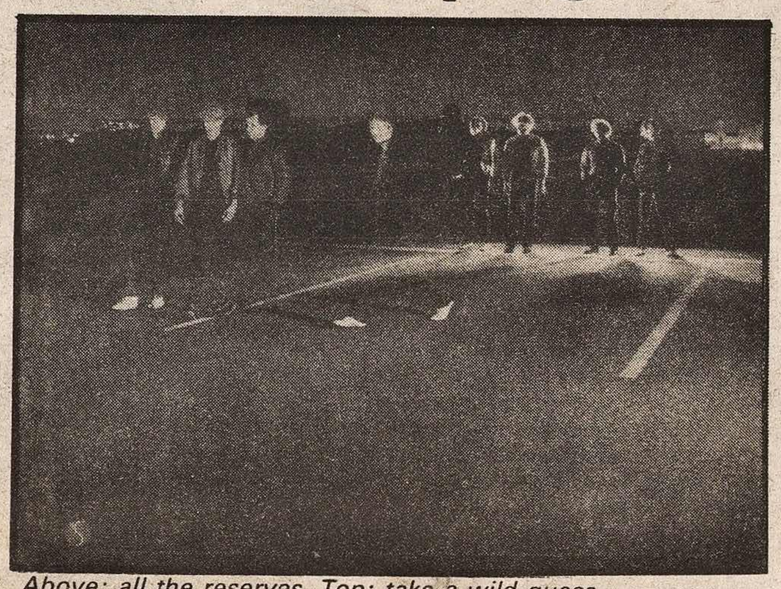
You can laugh at this would be controversial verbiage, but even so the music deserves to be listened to in its own right. It follows this pathetic story, yes, but its depiction of shifting emotions more than makes up for it.

The strong, driving guitar work forces the sound through with hydraulic control, opening up into subtle, suggestive keyboards and sax interplay on some tracks, the sax's piercing cry being used particularly effectively in 'Schoolteacher', yet the music still retains the raw immediacy of bands like Stiff Little Fingers — another comparison to The Outcasts' sound.

Whatever your reaction to the crass lyrics, The Outcasts' music will grab and impress you. A band to love once they get a new lyricist.

Deanne Pearson

Alda Outcasts on one page



Above: all the reserves. Top: take a wild guess

ALDA RESERVE
Love Goes On *(Sire Import)*

IN the past when Sire have unleashed a new Yankee band on the world it's usually been mandatory to sit up and pay attention. It isn't so long since Talking Heads were partying down in CBGB's, and The Ramones still can't spell Phil Spector.

Thanks to Alda Reserve, the brainchild signing of Marshall Chess, this flexing of the critical antennae is no longer necessary. The only wonder is that anyone could ever imagine that Alda Reserve have anything remotely interesting to say or play about anything. As mediocre groups go they've gone, plumbing the depths of shoddy, one-note-at-a-time, idiot-melody glamrock with a singer who can't even impersonate Bryan Ferry properly and a conformist line-up of musicians who sound hard-pressed to make a bar-chord.

The inadequacies of Alda Reserve, their total inability to come up with one interesting idea, the cringeing samey content — none of this would matter in the real world were it not for the pompous production they've awarded themselves. Behind this shockingly mundane bunch of no-hopers lies some kind of half-assed SF concept, and that's as unusual as a digital watch.

Kilgore! Take them away.

Max Bell

LANDSCAPE
Landscape *(RCA)*

GIVEN their original jazz/funk-rock bias, it's understandable that Landscape have scraped up precious little press, and that it's taken them close to three years to land a major label contract. Once you couldn't have categorised them; you couldn't have called them remotely commercial.

Time, it would seem, has taken its toll. They're no longer so self-consciously non-conformist. After a couple of hard-hitting, self-marketed EPs, the 'Landscape' debut finds them bending with the strain, rounding off corners, smoothing out edges, diving into the deep end of studio gadgetry, and slamming the anchors on a fearsomely engaging drive towards a freedom of tone and rhythm.

Dislocation has given way to this cosy, formularised chunk of 4/4 dance patterns, embroidered with breezy brass/sax themes and paced out with solos that mange to salvage the least expression from the most technical ability. They have this whole vocabulary at their disposal, this potentially mobile sound, but you feel they're using a meagre handful of words to attempt to describe a whole spectrum of different ideas.

It's either a light rhythm section with layers of jazz-flavoured marzipan — 'Japan' (oriental), 'Neddy Sindrum' (vaguely Caribbean), 'Many's The Time' — or else a kind of crisp 'n' dry syncopation like 'The Mechanical Bride'. Even the older material like 'Kaptin Whorlix' is so smoothly produced that it smacks in places of early Chicago.

Much of the album makes good elevator music, if you're in desperate need of a lift.

Mark Ellen

CHARLIE DORE
Where To Now *(Island)*

IT was back in late '78 that we heard Charlie Dore had been pushed on the plane to Nashville. Imagine — Britain's Emmylou with a Music City album, produced by none other than Audie Ashworth of J.J.Cale fame. A master-stroke no less, or so we were told. Then came the switch. Whether Island's palm trees got in the way or whether it suddenly dawned upon those at the label that even Emmylou doesn't sell all *that* many records, I really don't know. But, somewhere along the way, the plan got changed. Charlie could easily become the new Olivia Newton-John they decided. Send for Bruce Welch and Alan Tarney, somebody yelled. Which is exactly what they did.

It's to Charlie's credit that she's survived it all and still doesn't sound much like either Emmylou or Newton-wotsit. Just plain C.D. rather than seedy. And the final, patched-up album, which includes three tracks from the aborted mission to Nashville, plus others mainly cut in deepest Wimbledon, isn't the great disaster, the retreat from disco, that it could have been. The reasons are manifold.

First, there's the quality of much of the material, all penned by Dore. Then there's Charlie's voice, sometimes confident, sometimes frail enough to evoke that same sensation that draws crowds to watch highwire acts. Will she fall or will she hang on? The anticipation is half the fun. Add Welch-Tarney's admittedly glossy but technically faultless production and some polished back-ups — with Tarney taking most of the honours once more — and you've got the picture.

Strangely enough, despite the obvious commercial possibilities of such tracks as 'Pilot Of The Airwaves' and 'Fear Of Flying', plus 'Hula Valley', an effective amalgam of Cooder's Polynesian country and Janis Ian's look-at-lifes, it's 'Pickin' Apples' that garners most playing time on the Dansette. One of the Nashville leftovers, it's an item right out of the Barefoot Jerry boogie book, with Charlie McCoy squeezing hip harp into every crevice. More in this vein and the Max Bell Award of Merit would have been up for grabs. But then, I guess, the album wouldn't have sold a light.

The way things are, 'Where To Now' contains its fair share of instant airplay yet retains enough facets to keep those happy who remember Charlie's stints with Prairie Oyster and the first Back Pocket. Sometimes compromise isn't such a bad thing.

Fred Dellar

MALICIOUS DAMAGE *present*

KILLING JOKE

nervous system • turn to red

a single on Island Records

ISLAND

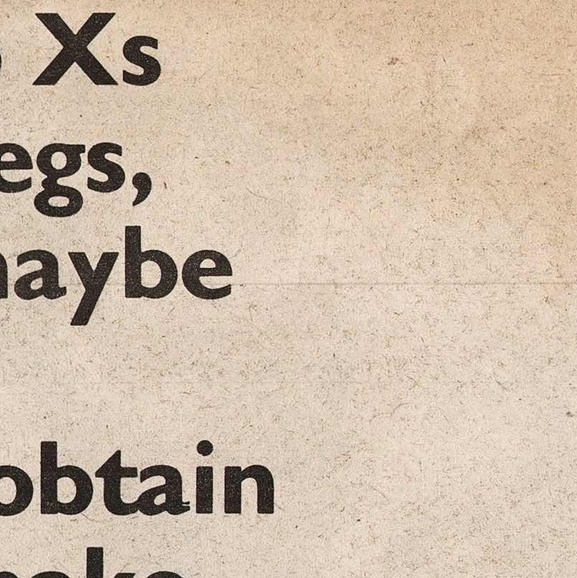
also available on 12" with two extra tracks • are you receiving • almost red

A CITIZEN'S NOTICE

IT IS HEREBY DECREED THAT IN 1984 there will be no more hatred between black and white. Our mission is now against Hugo X from the seventh martian colony. We cannot allow our genes to be contaminated, we do not want any little Hugo Xs with twenty-seven legs, fourteen heads and maybe some "acne." You are instructed to obtain a copy of the L.P. "Snake Document Masquerade" for further enlightenment.

By Order

Kim Fowley

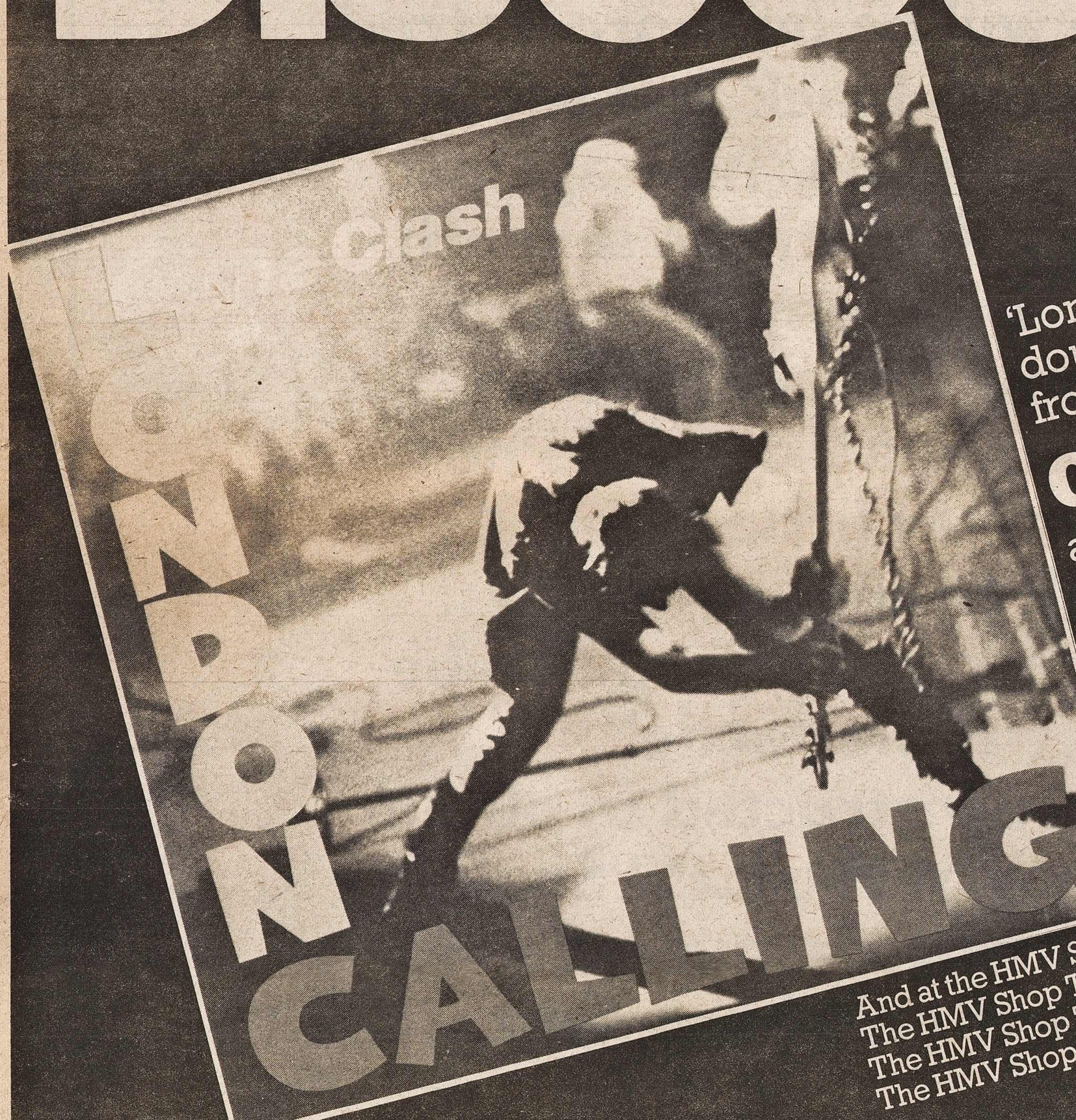


ISLAND

Dancing Into The Eighties

ILPS 9572

CLASH DISCOUNT.



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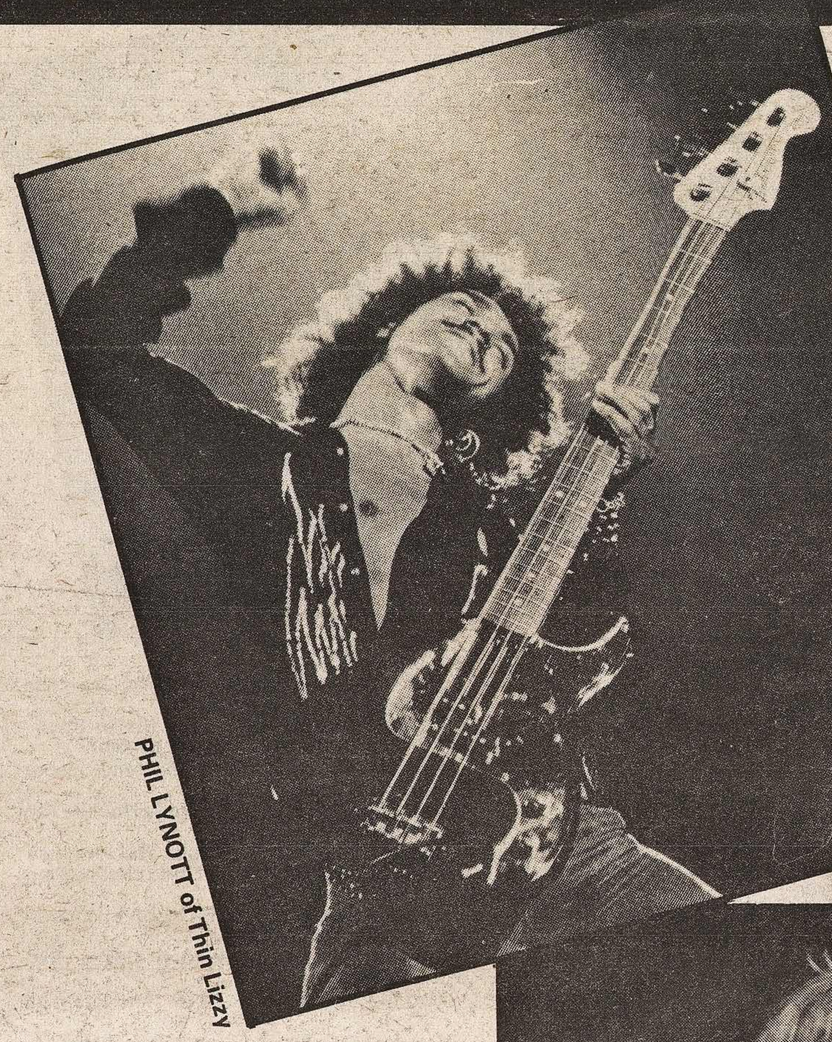
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

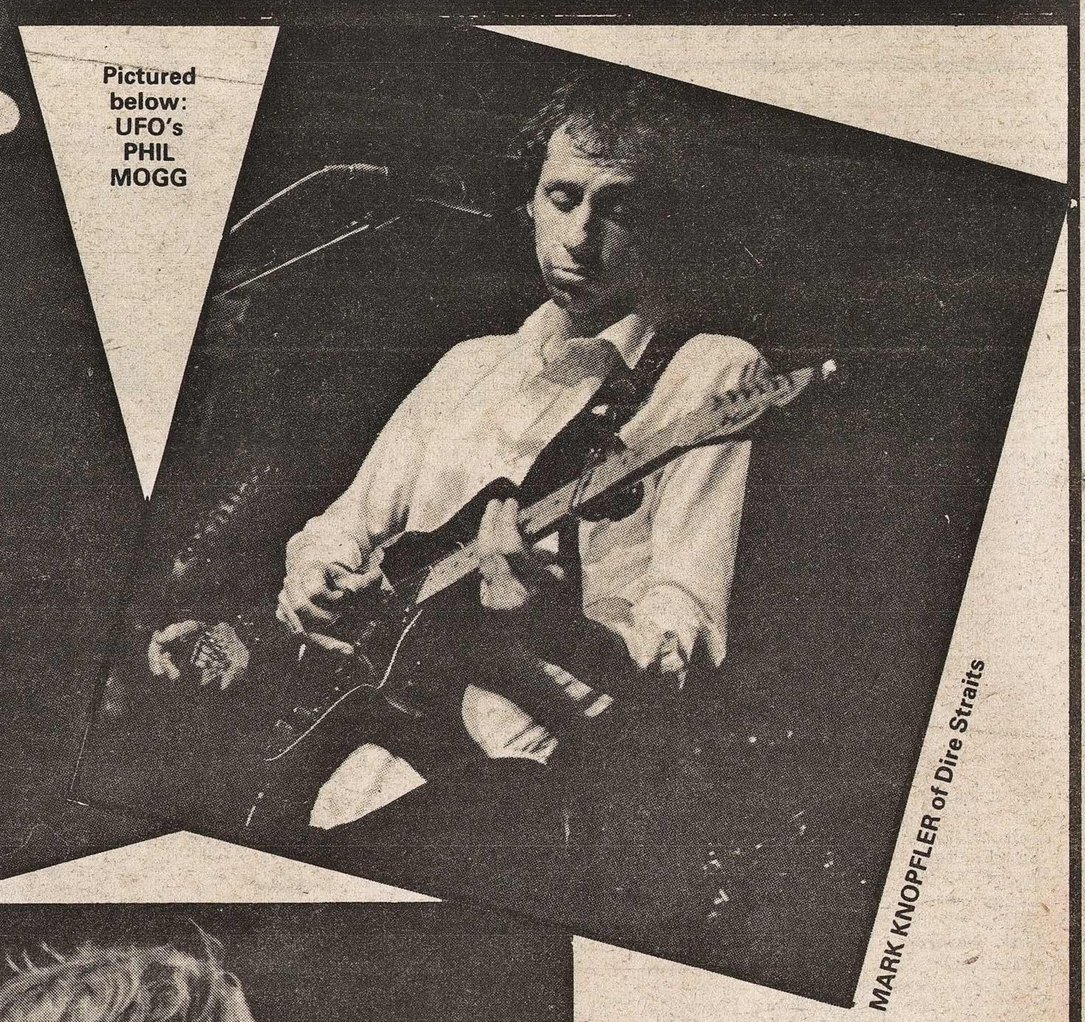
CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

HERE COMES Christmas and, as usual, some of the big guns are making special appearances to coincide with the festive season. For instance:

- ***THIN LIZZY** headline a couple of concerts at Manchester (Sunday) and Stafford (Tuesday), as a prelude to the full tour they're undertaking in the New Year.*
- ***UFO** also go on the road early in 1980, but are warming up with a few pre-Yule gigs including Bradford (Saturday), Middlesbrough (Sunday) and Dundee (Monday).*
- ***DIRE STRAITS** have already toured this autumn, but are back again to present a handful of Xmas shows, starting at Belfast (Thursday and Friday) and London Lewisham (Tuesday and Wednesday).*
- ***AC/DC** were also doing the rounds a couple of months ago and, like Dire Straits, are playing a few selected Christmas concerts — starting at London Hammersmith (Monday), Southampton (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).*
- ***QUEEN,** having completed their provincial schedule, now embark on a London mini-tour which takes them to the Lyceum (Thursday), Rainbow (Friday), Purley (Monday) and Tottenham (Wednesday).*
- ***LEO SAYER,** who's been working virtually non-stop all autumn, plays three nights in Bournemouth (Sunday to Thursday), prior to opening his week at London Hammersmith on December 20.*
- ***RALPH McTELL** sets out on a short tour this weekend, starting at Sheffield on Friday. After a London charity show on Sunday, he visits Birmingham (Monday) and Slough (Wednesday).*
- *Additionally, **LINDISFARNE** start their Christmas week in Newcastle on Monday, **THE POLICE** complete their round-Britain jaunt with special London shows on Tuesday and Wednesday — and **WINGS, THE JAM** and **CLIFF RICHARD** all bring their tours to a close with major dates. All this and more, including the 'More Front Row Festivities' festival at London Nashville. Now read on . . .*



PHIL LYNOTT of Thin Lizzy



Pictured below: UFO's PHIL MOGG

MARK KNOPFLER of Dire Straits

Thursday

Belfast Whitla Hall: **Dire Straits**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bridlington Royal Spa Hall: **The Police**
Bristol Granary: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff Joint Students Union: **The Sunsets / Victimise**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Jam / The Vapors**
Coventry Theatre: **Dr Feelgood / Philip Rambow**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Spinners**
Darlington Bowes Wine Cellar: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Richard Digance**
Dorchester The Tavern: **Eye Sight**
Dublin Stadium: **UFO**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Dick Smith Band**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Secret Affair / Squire**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Urchin**
Hastings Queens Hotel: **The Teenbeats**
Hayle Penmare Hotel: **Metro Glider**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Madness / The V.I.P.'s**
Hull Wellington Club: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Kingston The Dolphin: **The Virgin Generation**
Liverpool Eric's: **Steel Pulse**
Liverpool Redhouse: **Asylum**
Liverpool S.S. Royal Iris: **The Accelerators**
Liverpool The Metro: **The Room / MI5 / Spiffy**
London Acton Oak Tree: **Helicopters / First Aid**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pirates**
London Camden Music Machine: **Slade**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Protex / The 45's**
London Catford The Squire: **Yakety Yak**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bobby Henry**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mo-Dettes**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Electrotunes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Holly & The Italians**
London Fulham The Cock: **Carter & Jones Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **Al Hudson & The Soul Partners**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Marquee Club: **Simple Minds**
London Mayfair Theatre: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias in "Never Mind The Bullocks" (until February 2)**
London North Polytechnic: **New Model**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Flatbackers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pressure Shocks**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Paul Sealey / Al Gray**
London Southall White Lion: **Scissor Fits**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Matchbox**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Queen**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **Mr Cosgill's Delight**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
London W.1 Action Space: **Vacation (for three days)**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Lastarza / Dick Envy / The Sex Beatles / The Innocent Bystanders / Inner City Unit / The Lightning Raiders / The Untouchables / English Subtitles / The Aces / Here & Now**
London W.14 The Kensington: **9 Below Zero**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Loughborough University: **The Mekons**
Maidstone Royal Albion: **Cracked Mirror**
Manchester New Osborne Club: **Small Hours / The Lambrettas**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Purple Hearts / Dolly Mixture**
Manchester University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Margate Guildhall: **Joe Jackson**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Spookey (for three days)**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Dickies**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Judge Dread**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Palais: **The Trammps**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Tours**
Portsmouth Nelson Club: **Shandy Band**
Port Talbot Sandman: **The Stilettos**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Brandywine Bridge / Peter Hughes**
Preston Guildhall: **Leonard Cohen**
Sheffield City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Southampton (Eastleigh) Crown Hotel: **Last Orders / Bitter Lemmings**
Southend Scamps: **Chiver**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **John Otway**
Stockton Thornaby Club: **Deadringer**
Sutton Bonnington School of Agriculture: **The Salford Jets**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
Winchester Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Tour de Force**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **Tradition**
Alconbury RAF Station: **Yakety Yak**
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Dire Straits**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Blank Space / Beast / English Subtitles**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **Zorro**
Blackpool Winter Gardens: **The Dooleys**
Bognor Riverside Ballroom: **Essential Logic/The Monochrome Set/Fat Gadget**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Small Hours / The Act**
Braintree Institute: **Caroline Roadshow**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Mad Chateau**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Brough Grand Prix Club: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Bryanston Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Canterbury Odeon: **Madness / The V.I.P.s**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Redlights**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Secret Affair/Squire**
Edinburgh YMCA: **Metro Pak**
Exeter St George's Hall: **The Beat/The Fans**
Flint The Raven: **Seventeen**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Montels**
Gloucester The Alternative Venue: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Pressure Shocks**
Hornchurch The Bull: **9 Below Zero**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **First Aid**
Ingatestone Youth Club: **Bastille/Tin Church**
Kingston Contaminated Pork Factory: **Scissor Fits**
Kirkcaldy Cuinzie Nuik: **Dick Smith Band**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Pete & Chris Coe**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Black Slate**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Proposition 31**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **The Speedy Bears/White Island**
Lincoln RAF Swinderby: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Pirates/The Nice Men**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camberwell Art College: **Spizz Energi/Swell Maps**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight 8/U2**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Blues Band/Charlie Fawn**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Frankie Armstrong**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Misdemeanors**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Jumpsabounds**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tennis Shoes/The Holidays**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **London Zoo**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Live Wire**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Marquee Club: **Simple Minds**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Star & Garter: **Carter & Jones Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Sammy Mitchell's Blues Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Queen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Al Hudson & The Soul Partners**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Scattarock**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Crooks/Pinpoint /Agony Column**
London W9 The Chippenham: **Sanity Clause**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Esmond Selwyn's Jazz Fabrique**
Lowestoft Technical College: **PragVec/Dr Mix & The Remix**
Luton The Sugar Loaf: **Decoy**
Maidstone Girls' Technical College: **Cracked Mirror**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Mansfield Masons Arms: **Witchfynde**
Newark Palace Theatre: **Richard Digance**
Newcastle City Hall: **Wings**
Newport The Village: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call/Hit**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Piranhas**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Peterborough Technical College: **The Rackets/Pant**
Pontypool Mid-Gwent College: **The Stilettos**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Tours**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Joe Jackson**
Pretson Polytechnic: **The Quads**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Purple Hearts/Dolly Mixture**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **Ralph McTell**
Sheffield University: **Revelation**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Writz**
St Athan Red Dragon Club: **Canned Rock**
Stoke Burslem Queen's Hall: **The Spinners**
Street Strode Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Sunderland Boilermakers Club: **Deadringer**
Tonbridge Hadlow College: **Kay Russia**
Truro Punchbowl & Ladle: **Metro Glider**
Uxbridge Unit One: **The Stukas**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Spider**
Warwick Court House: **Bob Round/Arkenfield**
Winton The Talbot: **Eye Sight**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Worcester Racecourse Grandstand: **The Rockin' Shades**

Saturday

Abertillery Aryl Social Club: **Urchin**
Basingstoke Magnum's: **Chinatown**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Ramrod**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Police**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham Rialto Club: **Revelation**
Blackpool Jenkinson's: **Zorro**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Madness / The V.I.P.'s**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **UFO**
Brandon RAF Lakenheath: **Yakety Yak**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Breakfast**
Brighton Dome: **Leonard Cohen**
Brighton The Northern: **Airport**
Bristol Turntable Club: **African Blood**
Buckland Memorial Hall: **The Yetties**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Ocean Boulevard**
Burton Newhall Labour Club: **Strange Days**
Cambridge Meldereth Manor: **Chris Barber Band**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Little Tony & The Rennessee Rebels**
Colchester Essex University: **Landscape**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Dr. Feelgood / Philip Rambow**
Dorking Halls: **Kay Russia**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Wings**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Lindisfarne**
Grantham Harlaxton Manor: **Sweet Substitute / Digby Fairweather All-Stars**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Secret Affair / Squire / Seventeen / The Same**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Deadline for New Year gigs

A REMINDER that, because of holiday printing arrangements, the Gig Guide for the first week of the New Year will go to press before Christmas. This covers the period from

JANUARY 3 to JANUARY 9

If you want your gigs listed on this page for that particular week, please note that details must be received by us not later than

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19

That is the absolute deadline. So don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today, bearing in mind the postal delays usually incurred at this time of the year. Mail them at once to NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — and make sure you're not disappointed.

GIG GUIDE —continued

Hornchurch The Bull: **The Next Band**
Hull City Hall: **The Damned / The Misfits**
Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: **Al Hudson & The Soul Partners**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **The Details**
Kirkcaldy Birksgate Hotel: **Dick Smith Band**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Brimstone**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Vye**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
Letchworth Layes Youth Club: **Essential Logic**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **John Otway**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Live Wire / Echo Bravo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rico**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Misdemeanours / The Rackets**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre / (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends.**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **U2**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Piranhas**
London Kensington Nashville: **999**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Carter Jones Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dick Gaughan**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet / Jeannie Lamb**
London St. Dunstan's College: **The Nips**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London S.W.7 Penta Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Scattarock**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ian Stewart**
London Wealdstone Queens Arms: **The Q-Tips**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mark Andrews & The Gents / Rocket / The Cheaters**
Mansfield Swan Hotel: **Flying Saucers**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Spinners**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Quads**
Manchester Russell Club: **Black Slate**
Martletwy Cross Hands Inn: **The Stilettos**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Purple Hearts / Dolly Mixture**
Newbury RAF Greenham Common: **Power Exchange**
Newbury Technical College: **Lip Moves**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Quartz**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Lambrettas**
Oakham RAF North Luffenham: **Black Gorilla**
Oldham Lancashire Hotel: **Loud'n'Lazy**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Bauhaus / English Subtitles**
Reading Target Club: **The Crooks**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Tradition**
Redruth London Hotel: **Disco Students**
Retford Porterhouse: **Ginger Baker's Energy**
Scampton RAF Flying Bowman Club: **The Enid**
Slough College: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Southend Top Alex: **Steve Hooker Band**
St. Albans City Hall: **Caroline Roadshow**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Light Of The World**
Stockport College of Technology: **100% Proof**
Stockton The Teessider: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Stroud Subscription Rooms: **The Beat / Emotion Pictures / X-hibition**
Waddington RAF Station: **Best Friends**
Walsall Town Hall: **Saxon / Warhead**
Weston-super-Mare Roundel Club: **The Bumpers**
Widemouth Manor Hotel: **Metro Glider**
Widnes Royal Naval Club: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York House Hotel: **Tradition**

Sunday

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool Tiffany's: **Al Hudson & The Soul Partners**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Madness / The V.I.P.'s**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Leo Sayer**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The Negatives**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sweet Substitute/Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Bristol Locarno: **Joe Jackson**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge The Alma: **Scissor Fits**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Dick Smith Band**
Carlisle King's Hall: **Vardis**
Cornforth United Club: **Deadringer**
Dunstable Civic Hall: **Dr. Feelgood/Philip Rambow**
Exeter New Victoria: **Metro Glider**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Zorro**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Danny & The Dressmakers/The 012/The Door And The Window/The Instant Automatons / The Sell-Outs**
Huddersfield Coach House: **The Lambrettas**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Spider**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: **The Spinners**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Tour de Force**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals / The Works**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Sex Beatles**
London Dalston Four Aces: **Black Slate**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Bongo Danny & The Enchanters/Electrotunes**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Ralph McTell**
London Finchley Torrington: **Alkatraz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Limited Company**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Brenda Wootton**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead/Saxon**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kennington The Crickets: **The O.K. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Punishment Of Luxury**
London Marquee Club: **Samson**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Holly & The Italians**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Confrey Phillips Trio**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sponooch**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Alex Campbell**
Maidenhead Alexanders: **The Crooks**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Manchester Eccles Town Hall Hotel: **Loud'n'Lazy**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **UFO**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Small Hours**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Poole Arts Centre: **John Otway**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Trammps**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Roaring Jelly/John Coy**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Skin Deep/The Chefs**

QUEEN
London mini-tour

Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Police**
Southend Shrimpers: **Live Wire**
Stockport Bredbury Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

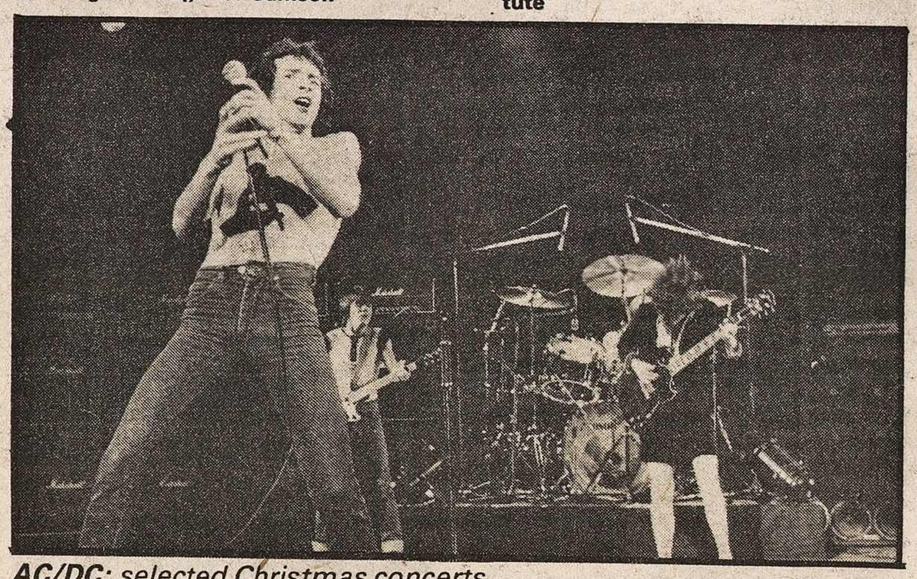
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Drake's Drum: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Girlschool**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Blackpool Dixieland Showbar: **The MoDettes**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Leo Sayer**
Brighton The Centre: **The Police**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **The Trammps**
Dundee Barracuda Club: **Excel**
Dundee Caird Hall: **UFO**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Wings**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Positive Noise**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Montels**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Madness**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Heaven & Hell: **This Is It/The Sofas-/Muzic For Pleasure**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Vye**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Damned/The Victims**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ben E King**
London Camden Music Machine: **Steve Hillage Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Tennis Shoes/The Holidays**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tour de Force**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Protex**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The OK Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers (for three weeks)**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Carpettes**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collier's Christmas Party**
London W1 Maunkberry's: **Spare Parts**
London W9 The Chippenham: **Danny & The Dressmakers/The O12/The Door And The Window/The Instant Automatons/The Sell-Outs**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **If Only/Gods Gift**
Maidstone Greenways: **Al Hudson & The Soul Partners**
Manchester Valentine's: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **Matchbox**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Purley Tiffany's: **Queen**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Bantu**
Redruth Scorrier Crossroads Motel: **The Fans**
Southend Focus Club: **Steve Hooker Band/The Psychopaths**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Stoke King's Hall: **The Lambrettas**
Stroud Subscription Rooms: **The Quads**
Swansea Circles Club: **The Stilettos**
Wheatley Railway Hotel: **The Leftoverz-/First Offence**
Whitehaven Copeland Hall: **Chris Barber Band/Ottilie Patterson**
Witney Ducklington Bell Inn: **Dave Surman**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **The Trendies**
Basildon Nicholas Club: **Bastille**
Bath Pavilion: **The Quads**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Danny & The Dressmakers/The O12/The Door And The Window/The Instant Automatons / The Sell-Outs**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Leo Sayer**
Bradford Oddfellows Arms: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Albert & The Grobblies**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Same**
Coventry Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Chris Barber Band/Ottilie Patterson**
Doncaster Time & Place: **The Negatives**
Dublin Olympic Stadium: **Joe Jackson**
Exeter Routes: **Tours**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Bill Boazman**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **The Vye**
Kingston Grove Yavern: **The Gifted Children**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Eye Sight**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Sore Point**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Exclusives**
Brighton Centre: **AC/DC**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Apartment**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Danny & The Dressmakers / The 012 / The Door And The Window / The Sell-outs / The Instant Automatons**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Flying Saucers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Civic Hall: **Canned Rock**
Doncaster The Greenfield: **The Negatives**
Dundee Maryat Hall: **Protex**
Exeter Routes: **The Quads**
Exmouth School: **The Fans**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Jam / The Vapors**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Beat / God's Toys**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators / The Spivs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Gonzalez**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The V.I.P.'s: Christmas Party / The Act**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Stinky Winkles**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dr. Feelgood / Philip Rambow / Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Institution**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Waterfall**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Blast Furnace's Revenge**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Yachts**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Dire Straits**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Cousins & Brian Willoughby**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Police**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Tottenham Mayfair Ballroom: **Queen**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Out / Art Failure**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Moontier / Stagestruck**
London W1 Maunkberry's: **Angst**
Loughton College: **Live Wire**
Maidstone Queen's Head: **Cracked Mirror / Interface**
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Ashton Memory Inn: **Dick Smith Band**
Manchester Valentine's: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (for four days)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Peterborough Wirrina Stadium: **The Rackets**
Portsmouth HMS Mercury: **Souled Out**
Shrewsbury RAF Shawbury: **The Marvelettes / Crackers**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Ralph McTell**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Shapes / The Techniques**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
West Malling Greenways: **Sweet Substitute**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Jam/The Vapors**
Liverpool Moonstone: **Dick Smith Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Matchbox**
London Camden Music Machine: **Steve Hillage Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Mo-Dettes**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Piranhas**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Roaring 80's**
London Hammersmith doubling Odeon and Palais: **The Police**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Bad Manners**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Out**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Dire Straits**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **9 Below Zero**
London Putney Half Moon: **Five Hand Reel**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Quartet**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Killing Joke**
London W.1. Maunkberry's: **Simon & Kitty**
Newark Palace Theatre: **Menticide/The Shapes/Flackoff**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newquay Red Lion: **The Fans**
Norwich Cromwell's: **Zorro/Urchin/The Angels/Silent Noise**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **The Lambrettas**
Reading Target Club: **Spider**
Solihull Civic Hall: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **AC/DC**
Southend Talk Of The South: **Al Hudson**
Stafford New Bingley Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Black Gorilla**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Samson**



AC/DC: *selected Christmas concerts*

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS *open a season in London's West End tonight (Thursday) at the Mayfair Theatre, where they present their new show 'Never Mind The Bullocks' until February 2.*

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

from Joe Stevens

MONDAY (17): Avery Fisher Hall — **Ellen Foley;** Carnegie Hall — **Youri Egorov;** Gulliver's — **Bucky Pizzarili;** Bottom Line — **Speculum Musicae;** Marty's — **Warren Covington;** Tin Palace — **Hamlet Bluiett** (two days); Max's Kansas City — **Bruce Wolley/Forced Entry.**

TUESDAY (18): Hurrah — **Suicide;** My Father's Place — **The Headboys;** Sweet Basil — **Clark Terry** (for four days); French Quarter — **Buddy De Franco** (two weeks); Moustache Pete's — **NYC Comics;** Bottom Line — **Idris Mohammed;** Ones — **Monyaka;** Village Vanguard — **Dexter Gordon** (six days); Red Rail — **Blue Sparks From Hell;** Grande Finale — **Gotham** (six days).

WEDNESDAY (19): Hurrah — **James White & The Blacks** (two days); Heaven — **The Invaders;** Dangerfields — **Rodney Dangerfield** (four days); Stars — **Savoy Brown;** Max's Kansas City — **Adele Bertei;** My Father's Place — **38 Special.**

THURSDAY (20): Carnegie Hall — **Leonard Cohen;** Max's Kansas City — **Comateens/Tigerbeats;** Syncopation — **Chico Hamilton** (three days); Gildersleeves — **Filthy Dog;** Castle Inn — **Hybrid Ice** (four days); Bottom Line — **Cindy Bullens;** Sahara — **Jackie Curtis;** Irving Plaza — **David Johansen;** Mikells — **Hugh Masakela** (three days).

FRIDAY (21): Victoria — **Frank Zappa's Baby Snakes;** Concord Hotel — **John Sebastian/Paul Simon/Tiny Tim/Sam & Dave;** Majestic — **Bette Midler** (six days); Cafe Cappucino — **Vic Juries;** Silver Dollar — **Doug Sahm/Buzzy Linhart;** Hurrah — **The Beat/The Action;** Bottom Line — **Loudon Wainwright** (two days); Heat — **Hammer Damage** (two days); Max's Kansas City — **Wayne County/Helen Wheels** (two days; TR3 — **The Raybeats.**

SATURDAY (22): Hurrah — **The Neighbors/4 Out Of 5 Doctors;** Duplex — **Chicago City Limits;** My Father's Place — **Tom Scott** (two days); Other End — **Gil Scott-Heron** (two days); Stars — **Richie Havens;** Fast Lane — **The Shirts** (two days); Showplace — **Steeltips;** Arturo's — **Sex On Trial;** TR3 — **Vivian Duck.**

SUNDAY (23): Hurrah — **Lounge Lizards;** Bottom Line — **Boston Camarata;** SNAFU — **Novella Nelson;** Carnegie Hall — **Hiram Bullock;** Max's Kansas City — **Johnny Rau.**

TO ADVERTISE
PHONE 01 261 6153

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 13, Fri 14 Dec — £1.50
SIMPLE MINDS
plus Friends + Ian Fleming

Sat 15 Dec — £1.50
MAGNUM
plus Support + Ian Fleming

Sun 16 Dec — £1.25
SAMSON
plus Support + Mandy H

Mon 17, Tues 18 Dec — £2.00
THE RUTS
Glee Club Christmas Party
plus Friends + Jerry Floyd

Wed 19 Dec — £1.50
THE BOYS
plus Support + Jerry Floyd

Thur 20 Dec — £1.50
WRECKLESS ERIC
plus Friends + Ian Fleming

Fri 21 Dec — £2.00
DOLL BY DOLL
plus Guests + Ian Fleming

Sat 22, Sun 23 December
CHRISTMAS FUN with
THE PRETENDERS
Special Guests + Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.25
non members on the door £1.50

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

Mon 24th Dec (Open 7-12 pm) — £2.75
THE ENID
plus Special Guests + Ian Fleming

Mon 31st Dec (Open 7pm to 1am) — £2.50
LEW LEWIS REFORMERS
plus Little Rooster + The Stickers + Jerry Floyd.

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

"More Front Row Festivities"

Thursday December 13th — £2
MICKEY JUPP

Friday December 14th — £2
LEW LEWIS

Saturday December 15th — £2
SOLD OUT

Sunday December 16th — £2
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY

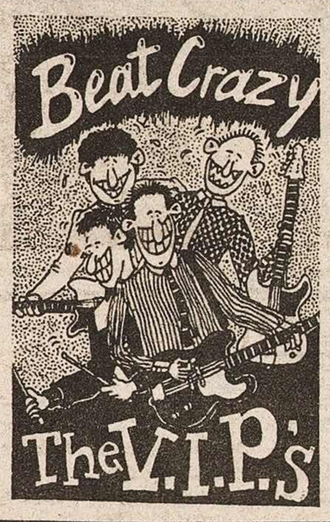
Monday December 17th — £2
DOLL BY DOLL

Tuesday December 18th — £2
WRECKLESS ERIC

Wednesday December 19th — £2
THE YACHTS
D. J. MANDY HERMITAGE

NO ADMISSION FOR UNDER 20's

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROW W14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071



"That Sensible Sound"
On Tour In Dec. *with*

MADNESS

Wed December 19th
101 Club, Clapham Junction
Xmas Lig

Management: 01-858 8892/5
Agency: Nimocho 01-581 0978

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.

Thursday 13th December — Adm £1.50
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ The Little Roosters

Friday 14th December — Adm £2.00
THE DAMNED
+ The Victims

Saturday 15th December — Adm £2.00
GINGER BAKER'S ENERGY

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES

ECHO & THE BUNNY MEN
SCRITTI POLITTI
the expelaires
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
FRIDAY 21st DECEMBER AT 7·30

TICKETS £2·50 (inc.VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £2·50 ON NIGHT

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE
TEL: 01·387 0428/9

Wednesday December 12th — £1.20
From France
THOSE FOUR
+One Hand Clapping

Thursday December 13th — £2.50
SLADE +The Drill

Friday December 14th — £2.20
BLUES BAND
+The Charlie Fawn Band

Saturday December 15th — £2.20
WRITZ +Canis Major

Monday December 17th Tuesday December 18th
Xmas Party Night
Featuring
STEVE HILLAGE
+Guests
Adv tickets £2.75

Wednesday December 19th — £1.20
Heavy Metal night
featuring
IRON MAIDEN
+Praying Mantis
DJ Neil Kay

Thursday December 20th
X T C +Random Hold
Adv tickets £2.50

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8pm-2am MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

In New York City
C.B.G.B.
and
O.M.F.U.G.

THE RUDIES
Thurs, Fri, Sat, Dec 13, 14, 15.
Thurs 13th Dec. only - The Blades+Fast Food
Fri 14th Dec only - The Innocents (from UK)+ City Stream
Sat 15th Dec only - The Locals+The Pitts
Sun 16th Dec - Steel Tips+Billy & The Buttons
Wed 19th Dec - The Mix with Stu Daye & Corky Laing

THE BIG FAT TET CLANS from OUTER SPACE
+ Guest groups
Thurs, Fri, Sat, Dec 20, 21, 22.

Coming : JOHN CALE

Band enquiries 212 982 4052

WWW presents

JOHN OTWAY

plus The V.I.P.'s

RAINBOW THEATRE LONDON

Saturday 22nd December at 8pm

Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50

Available from Box Office Tel: 01-236 3148
and all usual agents

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

the Damned

SECURITY RISK
THE SATELLITES

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
SATURDAY 22nd DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £3·00 (inc.VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THUR 13
THE PIRATES
SUN 16
THE BLUES BAND
Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint
MON 17
'Supernatural' Christmas Special,
BEN E KING
TUES 18
MATCHBOX
WED 19
GONZALEZ
THUR 20
Dingwalls annual Christmas Party night — VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
Unable to advertise — phone for details after 16th

TICKETS . . .
TICKETS . . .
TICKETS . . .
AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

DECEMBER
13/14/15 Cliff Richard
16 Ralph Mctell
16 Motorhead
17/18 Steve Hillage
17 AC/DC
19 Dr. Feelgood
20 X.T.C.
20/24 Leo Sayer
21 Teardrop Explodes
22 The Damned
22 John Otway
23 Budgie
28 Purple Hearts
30 Madness
JANUARY
23/24 Barclay James Harvest
25/26 Marvin Gaye
FEBRUARY
1 Wishbone Ash
3/4 U.F.O
8 Robin Trower
14 Uriah Heep
17 Jerry Lee Lewis
MARCH
14/15 Judas Priest

For more information send SAE to
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W1
General enquiries Tel 01-439 3371
Instant credit card bookings Tel 01-240 0681

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday 13th December
COMIC BOOK HEROES
Friday 14th December
BLEAK HOUSE
Saturday 15th December
THE FEATURES
Sunday 16th December
RED NITE
Tuesday 18th December
BACK FROM NOWHERE

Lambrettas

ROCKET AROUND

AT December:
13th New Osbourne, Manchester.
15th Sandpipers, Nottingham.
16th Couch House, Huddersfield.
17th Kings Hall, Stoke.
20th Pop Club, Lewes.

Debut Single "Go Steady", available now on Rocket Records, c/w Listen. Listen, Listen + Cortinas

WHITE SWAN

Ronnie Fix's Gig

Thursday December 13th
SCISSOR FITS
+ The Hit Men

Saturday December 14th
THE FRINGE
+ Red Box

WWW presents

AC/DC

with special guests
the PIRATES
BRIGHTON CENTRE
WED.19th DEC. 8.00pm, Tickets £3.50 from b/o 0273 202881

THE LOVE PAGE

to advertise phone 01 261 8153

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

PURPLE HEARTS

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

THE V.I.P'S

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
THURSDAY 27th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HAWKWIND

PSYCHEDELIC FURS

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
FRI/SAT 28th/29th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday December 13th 50p **PROTEX** + 45's	Monday December 17th 50p **BACK TO ZERO** + The Set
Friday December 14th 60p **★ ROLL UPS ★** ex Zaine Griff, ex Grand Hotel, ex Elkie Brooks	Tuesday December 18th 50p **MO-DETTES** + The Industrials
Saturday December 15th 60p **THE ATTACK** featuring Steve Waller + Mickey Jones	Wednesday December 19th 50p **WASTED YOUTH** + Rubella Ballet
Sunday December 16th 50p **TOUR DE FORCE** + Never Never Band	Thursday December 20th 60p **★ ROLL UPS ★** Album release day "Low Dives for Highballs"

CAROLINE Roadshow

XMAS TOUR

Friday 14th December **THE INSTITUTE, BRAINTREE, ESSEX**	Saturday 15th December **CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS**
Thursday 20th December **CORN EXCHANGE EARL STREET, MAIDSTONE, KENT**	Friday 21st December **CIVIC HALL, CROFTON ROAD, ORPINGTON, KENT**
Saturday 22nd December **RHODES HALL, SOUTH ROAD, BISHOPS STORTFORD, HERTS.**	Thursday 27th December **THE CROC-S, HIGH STREET, RAYLEIGH, ESSEX.**

Doors Open 8 pm. DJ's include Rob Eden, Brian Martin, Robbie Day. Admission to all Caroline Roadshows is a mere £2.00
Bookings 0621 783 227

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday December 13th 75p **TENPOLE TUDOR**	Monday December 17th 75p **PROTEX**
Friday December 14th £1.00 **LIVE WIRE**	Tuesday December 18th 75p **THE OUT**
Saturday December 15th £1.00 **THE PIRANHAS**	Wednesday December 19th £1.00 **BLAST FURNACE'S REVENGE**
Sunday December 16th £1.00 **THE TRENDIES**	Thursday December 20th 75p **MEDIUM MEDIUM**

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT FUNKY FESTIVE FROLICS WITH

THIS HEAT

SKALA CINEMA, 275 TOTTENHAM ST W1
DEC 20 COUNTERFEIT + LESLEY EVANS
THIS HEAT + THE PEOPLE IN CONTROL
DEC 21, GIRL CHEWING GUM + JOHN SMITH
THIS HEAT + THE PEOPLE IN CONTROL
BOTH NIGHTS BEGIN AT 10.30PM
TICKETS £2.00 FROM THE SKALA (TEL: 837 9809)
THE SHOPS LISTED BELOW OR ON THE NIGHT

THROBBING GRISTLE

SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL LONDON
3.00 PM, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23RD
LOCATION DETAILS ON THE TICKETS, AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE ONLY, SEND SAE AND £1.50 P.O. TO: FINAL SOLUTION, 1A NORTHWICK HOUSE ST JOHNS WOOD RD, NW8, OR SHOPS BELOW

ROUGH TRADE, SMALL ADVERTS, HENRY TONK, WIGAN AND THE BOYS, HAIRWAY TO WIN

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE MODETTES
THU. 13th Dec. £1·75. Will 1980 be the year of the female group? Or will the buzz for this musical innocence fade like cheap perfume?

THE MISDEMEANOURS
FRIDAY DEC 14th. £2·25.
White soul/Pop from archetypal beat group fronted by Charlie Ainley, Esquire

RICO
SATURDAY DEC 15. £2.25
Recognition spreading (and deservedly) since collaboration with the SPECIALS.

CHARLY RECORDS PRESENT
THE SEX BEATLES
SUNDAY DEC 16th. 7.30 start

MONDAY 17th. THRU TO THURSDAY 20th. CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTIES. WHY NOT ASK US TO ORGANISE YOURS!

THE DANCE BAND
FRI DEC 21st. £2·50. Outfit masterminded by Lou Stonebridge and including Rob Townshend on drums + the RUMOUR'S brass section. Even the name is right!!

THE ROCKGARDEN NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY WITH THE BLUES BAND + NINE BELOW ZERO + 60's DISCO
7.30 p.m. till 3 a.m. BAR AND COCKTAILS + SURPRISES!! RIGHT THRU. ALL INCLUSIVE PRICE TO INCLUDE A 3 COURSE MEAL. 5 gns. IN ADVANCE. 6 gns. ON THE NIGHT. YOU HAD BETTER BOOK NOW!!

The Doors open 8.45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 8.30 a.m. till last orders at 11.45 p.m. Monday thru Saturday. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station).
PHONE: 240 3961

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wednesday 12th Dec. £3.75 ~~GALLAGHER~~ CANCELLED & LYLE	
Thursday 13th Dec £3.00 **CLASSIX NOUVEAUX** + Another Pretty Face + Jane Kennoway	
Friday 14th Dec. £3.25 **KOKOMO**	
Saturday 15th Dec. £3.50 **IAN STEWART**	
Sunday 16th Dec. £3.00 **SPONOOCH**	
Tuesday 18th Dec. £3.00 **DOLL BY DOLL** + U.2	
Wednesday 19th Dec. £3.00 **MERGER** + The Electrotunes	
Thursday 20th-Friday 21st Dec. £3.75 **TAJ MAHAL**	
Saturday 22nd Dec. £3.00 **THE SINCEROS** + Roy Sundholm + The Decoys	
Sunday 23rd Dec. £3.00 **RICHARD DIGANCE**	
Monday 24th Dec. £3.00 **MATUMBI**	
Friday 28th Dec. £3.25 **KOKOMO** + The Dukes	
Saturday 29th £3.75 **HI TENSION**	

CAROL GRIMES
+ SWEET F.A.
+ SOULYARD

in Concert
Wednesday December 12th
8.30pm. Tickets £1.25

at The RIO, 107 Kingsland High Street, E8. Tel 254-6677

MALICIOUS DAMAGE
xmas party
KILLING JOKE

tues. december 18th
8.30pm
with
HARDWARE

THE GREYHOUND
Fulham Palace Road

Thursday December 13th 50p **HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS**	
Friday December 14th 75p **TENNIS SHOES + Holidays**	
Saturday December 15th 60p **MISDEMEANOURS + Rackets**	
Sunday December 16th £1 **MUD + Support**	
Monday December 17th 50p **DECOYS + Chanter**	
Tuesday December 18th 50p **BERND WEBER**	
Wednesday December 19th £1 **PISS ARTISTS?**	

STILETTOS
ON TOUR

11th December	N.E. London Polytechnic, Barking
12th December	Granary Club, Bristol
13th December	Sandman, Port Talbot
14th December	Mid Gwent College of Further Education, Pontypool
15th December	Cross Hands Inn, Martletwy, Wales
17th December	Circl~~CANCELLED~~ansea
18th December	Roots, Exeter
20th December	City Hall, Salisbury
21st December	Sandpiper, Nottingham
22nd December	Rock Garden, Middlesbrough
23rd December	Fford Green Hotel, Leeds

NEW SINGLE "THIS IS THE WAY" OUT NOW — arriola

All dates booked by Barry Collings
Management: Laurie Jay, Mistgem, 74 a Park Road, Kensington London W11. Tel: 01-229-5961/05

REFUGEE

ANDOVER SPORTS CENTRE,
Saturday December 15th
+ Support
Band Enquiries: Southampton 550028

THE DETAILS

Dec 14th Moonlight Club

Dec 15th Grove Tavern, Kingston

Dec 18th Trafalgar, Sheppards Bush Shopping Precinct

Dec 21st Lord Westbury, Wandsworth Road

Enquiries: 318-2875

Militant Xmas Social

EWAN MacCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER

Friday December 14th
Licensed Bar 7-12 midnight. Adm. £2

Colombo Sports & Community Club, Colombo Street, London S.E.1

Alan Stuart Management Presents

THE FEATURES

Duke of Lancaster
Sat 15 Dec
Debut Single "She Makes Me Blue" *Out Now.*

DOGWATCH

Thursday 13th December
Moonlight Club, West Hampstead

Friday 14th December
Double-Six, Basildon

LIVE PAGE

Rebecca Pub — A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Light Of The World
Saturday 15th December
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL 8pm
Tickets £2.00 In Advance
ADVANCE TICKETS FROM
SAFFRON RECORDS, TRINITY STREET, ST AUSTELL
AND FROM VIRGIN RECORDS

NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO
CARLYON BAY. 2 MILES EAST OF ST. AUSTELL OFF THE A390
TELEPHONE: PAR (072-681) 4261

Rebecca Pub — A DEVIL OF A DISCO

An XMAS PARTY WITH
ALBIE DONNELLY & SUPERCHARGE
Saturday 22nd December
IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL 8pm
Tickets £2.00 In Advance
TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FROM
SAFFRON RECORDS, TRINITY STREET, ST AUSTELL
AND FROM VIRGIN RECORDS PLYMOUTH

NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO
CARLYON BAY. 2 MILES EAST OF ST. AUSTELL OFF THE A390
TELEPHONE: PAR (072-681) 4261

Bracknell Sports Centre
MADNESS
+ SUPPORT
SATURDAY 15th DECEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £2·00 in advance, £2·50 on door
FROM: SPORTS CENTRE, RUMBLELOWS, BRACKNELL; QUICKSILVER, READING; HARLEQUIN, SLOUGH & MAIDENHEAD; TOWER RECORDS, CAMBERLEY; KEN'S RECORDS, ALDERSHOT;

FOR DETAILS
To Advertise Ring 01 261 6153

CLASSIX nouveaux
WISH TO INVITE ALL THEIR GOOD FRIENDS TO A CHRISTMAS SHOW AT THE VENUE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13th.
SEE YOU THERE —
LUV 'CLASSIX'

WMC presents
BOMBER TOUR
BACK AGAIN
Badrötöm
PLUS
SAXON
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
Sunday December 16th 8.00pm Tickets £3.75 £3.25 £2.75 £2.25
Available from theatre b/o tel: 748 4081
London theatre booking, Shaftesbury Ave. tel: 439 3371 Premier b/o. tel: 240 2245 & usual agents

"STUFF THE TURKEY"
PTARMIGAN
December dates:—
Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's, Wed. 12th
The Moonraker, Swindon, Sat. 15th
The John Peel, Gosport, Fri. 21st
The Red Lion, Watford, Sat. 22nd
The Brecknock, Camden, Wed. 26th
The Pinecliff Bars, Bournemouth, Sat. 29th
(Enquiries – Emsworth 3537)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
ADAM + THE ANTS
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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Blue Oyster Cult *Pic: Lynn Goldsmith*

HARLEQUIN, HMV, Virgin — I have traipsed around all these West End record stores looking for a copy of the recently issued Wynonie Harris LP 'Good Rockin' Blues' (US Gusto). Perhaps you can explain why this particular album, currently receiving a fair amount of air-play was, supposedly, "out of stock", "unobtainable", "not yet released" and even — wait for it — "deleted", according to one shop assistant. Two final questions — what are the tracks on the album, and who distributes the Gusto/King catalogue here?
STUART WEBSTER, London SW2

● I guess you picked on the wrong assistants at HMV and Virgin, for some of those guys really know their stuff. Meanwhile, the album, which is a double containing 22 tracks, is slowly filtering into the shops via the Midland Record Company, who import it here. I won't list all the songs on the album, we haven't the space, though I can tell you that they include such favourites as 'Bloodshot Eyes', 'All She Wants To Do Is Rock', 'Good Rockin' Tonight' and 'Good Morning Judge' plus 'Wynonie's Boogie', 'Lovin' Machine' and the never-likely-to-be-airplayed 'I Like My Baby's Pudding'.

DO Blue Oyster Cult have a fan club? Also, is there anyone who can supply their lyrics?
ROBIN DAVIES, Burnham-On-Sea, Somerset.

● CBS' customer relations department reckon that not even Max Bell has formed a Blue Oyster Cult fan club as yet. But they've supplied the address of one Joan Shapiro, who apparently flogs BOC lyrics, belt buckles, T-shirts and suchlike in the States. If you're interested, just send her an international reply coupon via Box 828, Setaukat, New York 11733 and then cross your fingers!

Capital Radio recently played a track by The Beach Boys entitled 'It's A beautiful Day', which I believe to be from a film soundtrack album. Can you provide a serial number and tell me whether or not it can be obtained in this country?
ROGER O'HARE, Sheerness, Kent.

WHO supplied the soundtrack music to the film 'If'? Also, is this music available on album?
V. HARVEY, RAF Kinross, Foress, Morayshire.

● The answers, which are brought to you in glorious Todd-AO are: 'It's A Beautiful Day' comes from the film 'Americathon', the soundtrack of which has just been released here on CBS 70172. The album also contains tracks by Eddie Money, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, Zane Busby, Harvey Korman and the film's M.D. Tom Scott. Mark Wilkinson was the M.D. on 'If', but the piece of music from the flick that has always interested punters throughout the ages comes from Les Troubadours Du Roi Baudoin's 'Missa Luba', which now forms part of a double album, in the company of 'Miss Criolla', a Brazilian folk mass, on Philips 6641 867. An amazing seller, 'Missa Luba' has never been out of the Philips catalogue since it was first released here in 1964!

I AM having difficulty in finding a gauge to measure the pressure on the arm on my record player. Could you tell me where to obtain one?
ANDREW MUIRHEAD JNR, Edinburgh EH16 4BH

● Really, I can't imagine why you should find it hard to obtain such a gadget as there are several in the shops. The most common of these is manufactured by Bib, who market a stylus balance plus a deck level at a recommended price of £5.47. The balance is calibrated to be accurate within ¾ gram from ¾ to 5 grams. Most hi-fi shops will order the balance for you but should you run into any difficulty, then I suggest you contact Bib themselves at Kelsey House, Wood Lane End, Hemel Hempstead HP2 4 RQ

IT SEEMS yonks since I first heard that Pete Frame was to bring out a complete 'Family Tree' book. Has the idea been abandoned or have I missed the tome in the Christmas rush?
LES BURY, Guildford, Surrey.

● We tracked the elusive Frame down to the Branson ranch in London's Portobello Road where, amid abortive attempts to con a copy of PIL's metal monstrosity, he claimed that he was still working diligently on the book, which should now be with us in March. "Things have got a bit behind," he stated whilst under interrogation, "but Omnibus Press should be publishing the book in time for Easter. I've done about 30 family trees, including those of Gene Vincent, Cliff Richard, Deep Purple, Thin Lizzy, Ian Dury, Brum Rock, The Yardbirds, and West Coast rock, and these will all appear on special, fold-out double-pages. I'm not sure how much the book's going to cost but I think it'll retail for somewhere in the region of three quid." He added that he expected the book to sell well though he is not yet looking around for any possible tax havens.

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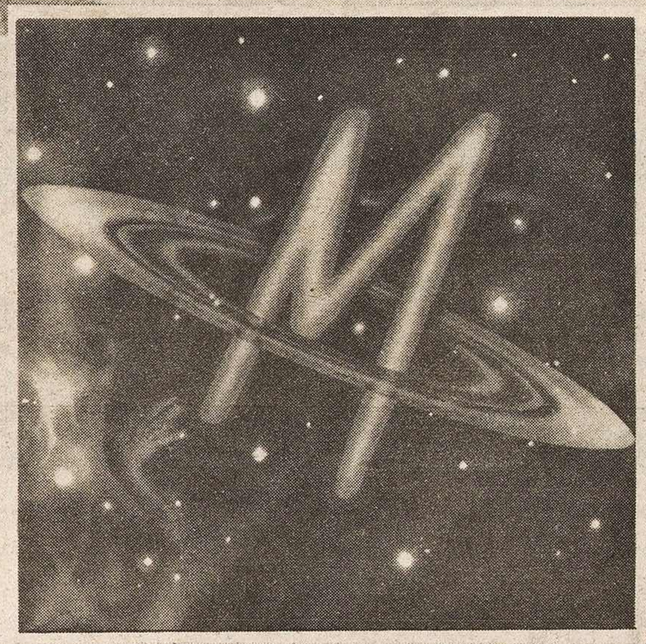

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PRINT

Monty Python's Life Of Brian (Eyre & Methuen £4.50)
And now for something not at all different to the film or the record as the annual Christmas cash-in from the Monty Python team is once more upon us.

The Life Of Brian is now a large format paper back, containing the Python team's script and several dozen pages of accompanying illustrative text, snaps from the Tunisian location, adverts for the Last Supper Card etc. Depending on which way up you slip this weighty tome into your hidden inside pocket you get either the dialogue plus pix or a Python scrap-book in full glorious three dimensional technicolour; it's a completely useless artefact, immoderately funny and cheap at half the price. Don't forget to haggle.

Big Red Diary 1980: Politics In Sport (Pluto Press — £1.95)
Every year Pluto Press produce a pocket sized diary with a theme of current interest. Past issues include food, law and disorder, and nuclear power, the format centring around a few introductory essays and a diary that illustrates significant events relevant to the topic. The 1980 version takes its lead from the forthcoming Moscow Olympics which promise to be the most politically explosive sporting meeting since the 1936 Berlin Games. The text combines facts of interest to any sporty enthusiast while maintaining a healthy perspective on propaganda and prejudice in every sport from football to chess.

THE TEDS — Chris Steele-Perkins & Richard Smith (Travelling Light / Exit £4.95).

AMAZING really, that no-one did it before — a Teds book that is — seeing how many Teds there are in Britain, and always have been, right from the start of rock and roll and even before that, right back in the early '50s, there were Teds around even then.

They were the ones who started it all, when you think about it — the clothes, the music, the dancing, the riots, the whole youth thing — ask any Ted and they'll tell you that. That's exactly what the geezers who made this book did as it happens: went round all the Ted pubs with a tape recorder and a camera, got all the regulars and big names like Sunglasses Ron and Tongue Tied Danny and Fifties Flash and suchlike, got 'em to spout off, took their pictures. They did some young Teds too, not the actual plastics but young blokes who are new to the movement. Not just London either — they did the rounds alright; Bradford, High Wycombe, places like that, and some of the big rock 'n' roll gigs a couple of years back — Bill Haley, Southend bank holiday, Picketts Lock, Ally Pally, and suchlike. They write about the Ted bands — Caven, Matchbox, Stevens and the rest, but don't talk to 'em, don't take their pictures.

The geezer that wrote this must have been a Ted or something cos he goes on about the early days at the start of the book, bit of history like, but there's no pictures from the old days, not even a snap of Vincent or Elvis, which is a bit odd seeing as that's the time everyone's trying to re-live, if you're honest about it — from the early '50s up to 1962, which as everyone knows was the greatest time ever for rock 'n' roll.

There's a great book called *Rock & Roll* by Chris May which has great pix of all the early rockers, Yanks and Brits. This though, it's just snaps of all the geezers you see at the rock 'n' roll gigs, really. There's some good ones mind, and they're all bound to buy it. And, like I said, plenty of interviews — amazing what some geezers will say after a few pints: "We're what the hippies tried to be; we look after our own." Quite good that.

Sometimes, though, I get the feeling this bloke is taking the piss a bit, like there's one bit where he goes on about playing Eddie Cochran's 'Three Stars' at the Blue Boy near Derby and at the end he writes "Death gives absurdity meaning." I mean, who's he calling absurd?

You get used to things like that, though, people taking the piss. That's how all the fights start — walk in a pub and a bunch of smoothies start taking the mick out of the threads, the hair — well that's out of order. People should respect the Teds — we're the originals and still the greatest. I think this writer bloke realises that; he goes on at the start about the Teds being the "first mass market existentialists". Well the movement always did attract artsy types, it's the music and the clothes, and the working class bottle. It's a very masculine movement, the Teds.

Creepers Kev

Alan Fletcher: Quadrophenia (Corgi 95p)
After the film of the album comes the inevitable book, or novel, as the copywriters primly describe this ill conceived adolescent pot boiler. Alan Fletcher's recreation of The Who's fumbling requiem for a past generation reeks of cheap sentiment, fumbling sex and absurd evocations of tribalism and youthful conceit with Townshend's lyrics liberally dotted around the story like sacred gospel. A laughable cash-in really that proves nostalgia is always last year's thing (and bloody big business).

Who's Who In Rock. Edited by William York (Omnibus Press £3.50) Rock books! Doncha just love 'em? Well, not when they happen to be as half-assed and lazy as this. The compiler admits most of the information herein is available on record jackets but even then the discographies are incomplete, information is misleading and some bands don't even get a mention. Where are The Clash? Where are The Standells? Pitiful.

James Haskins: The Steve Wonder Scrapbook (Cassell — £3.50)
A thorough and well researched insight into the secret life of Steve Wonder Of interest to fans, it doesn't fulfill its initial promise, and lacks original interview material, But the photographs are varied and the percentage of facts outweighs outrageous statements made on Wonder's behalf ("Like no one else on the pop music scene today, Stevie Wonder has the ear of America" etc), keeping the text interesting but never scintillating.

Max Bell

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Pressure in the dance

The Specials
The Selecter

Lyceum

TWO top five two-tone bands in one night. The message comes through loud and clear: rude bwoy can't fail.

The metropolis played host to the penultimate shows of the year's crowning tour this last weekend but one — on Saturday night in Lewisham Odeon and on Sunday at the Lyceum. Both joints were unmistakably jumping.

The difference between them was trivial, but it brought to mind something of the rock geography of the capital: outer suburbia being the province of mod, the inner city the stomping ground of skins, and central London made up of small cliques, plus an even dispersal of punks and headbangers throughout. Sociologists among you might like to draw this up in greater detail, with lots of directional arrows running back and forth to signify places and interactions, and in this way the soul of a city can be reduced to academic exercise in culture-by-numbers.

There weren't many arrows pointing to Lewisham — the audience was markedly local, mostly skins who see in the 2-Tone bands a proper historical reflection of themselves, just as they buy sweat-shop imitations of the genuine Sta-prest that Levi's don't make anymore. But there were plenty of arrows pointing to the more central and accessible Lyceum ballroom, arrows from all over the place, tribally speaking, and that's both healthy and significant.

The most telling difference, however, was that there were seats at Lewisham and there weren't at the Lyceum and it made *no* difference whatsoever.

They say dancing is the best cure for depression. Well, there were an awful lot of depressed people around that weekend — and dance music has certainly removed the low pressure trough that characterised the mood of afterpunk. That's pressure in the atmospheric sense.

The atmosphere at the Lyceum almost crackled. Try as you might you could hardly stand still, and nobody seemed very keen on even trying. It was the perfect response to the vivacious energy put out first by The Selecter and then The Specials, for even if the rhythm foundations both bands work for were not so readily conducive, the kinetic chaos that spills from the stage as six people make like their shoes are on fire establishes the basic thrust.

The Rezillos once had much the same idea, and though they couldn't anticipate the music, they did in part the style. Especially Fay Fife, whose pop fashion sensibility lay behind the Mary Quant variations which a fair number of girls at the Lyceum are now peachy keen on.

With their instrumental version of the James Bond theme and 'My Boy Lollipop' (re-written in praise of the medicacious colly), The Selecter unconsciously pointed up this wrinkle in an already marvellously confused time-stream. By which I mean there was no period that you could instantly name as the model for the Lyceum crowd. It was instead a stylistic confluence; a healthy mix that could only date from late '79. All you cynics should have been there too.

The Selecter and The Specials complement each other well, and not just for obvious reasons. The Selecter's more supple rhythms and more easily infectious songs smoothly open up the groove and work it into readiness for The Specials' rock attack. They're a bright, alert, untiring pop band, but it remains to be seen if they have such bold and challenging perspectives to offer as The Specials. 'Course it took me a while to realise how far The Specials went, so there you go. Both bands tend somehow to understate the intelligence beneath their boppy, poppy surfaces.

Meanwhile a lot of people tend to underestimate The Specials' vocalist Terry, whose immobile glare and deadpan voice are at odds with the exuberance on stage around him. In fact it's the perfect foil — the one thing you're bound to focus on because everything else is moving too fast — and the perfect persona to deliver sullen and disgruntled lyrics.

Terry doesn't write them as far as I can tell. Jerry Dammers does. But they seem to come from an odd and not entirely likeable individual who sees the situations of those around him with caustic clarity. To wit, from 'Do The Dog', which follows hot on the heels of the introductory 'New Era' in their carefully structured set: *"All you punks and skins and teds/National Front and natty dread/Keep on fighting till you're/Dead."* You're not likely to hear that sentiment more succinctly or forcefully.

The Specials' set doesn't so much build as start on a peak and finish on a peak and pause for one or two breathers inbetween. The first comes after 'New Era', 'Do The Dog', 'It's Up To You', 'Monkey Man' and 'Concrete Jungle', when they ease up the tempo for 'Too Hot'. Yet partly through enthusiasm and partly through weariness they tend at times to hurry the songs where a firm and even pace would be all the more effective.

Their update of 'Court Dismiss', 'Stupid Marriage' (a droller song Squeeze could not write) follows, and then, "for all you young couples that plan to go shaggin' in doorways afterwards", 'Too Much, Too Young', the originally proposed second single that is still more than worthy of the charts. 'Guns Of Navarone', next up, introduces Rico for the home run: 'Little Bitch', 'Rudy, A Message To You', 'Nite Klub' and 'Gangsters'. A medley of 'Long Shot Kick The Bucket' and 'Skinhead Moonstomp' is served for afters, and a mixture of exhaustion and satisfaction beams from exiting faces.

Two conclusions.

Unlike another band who have lately tried it, The Specials don't equivocate on their potentially destructive Sham Army type fostering of the Rudies. Their songs explicitly state the futility of that life, and glorify it only humorously.

They strike a strange balance between the innocuous and the deadly serious. They depict the downbeat, grimy side of English life more closely than anyone since Ian Dury, but they do it from a position that could be the most important since The Clash. Yet they have the most acute commercial instincts since Squeeze.

Let me know when you figure it out.

Paul Rambali

Secret Affair

Rainbow

SATURDAY night out: Sat on a rocking tube train, numbly non-reading a handy magazine, sensing bewildered stares from other late night joy-seekers, holding a bloodied tissue over a freshly and very cleanly sliced upper lip.

What a skilled artist the kid with the smirk in his eyes must be! A nudge, a flick, and the victim freezes, tumbles and flees.

Look where I was: Coming out from the Rainbow Theatre and its secondhand daylight. Coming away, already depressed, from a Secret Affair affair. Walking along the pavement, watching a little for the traffic, upsetting images rushing through my mind. Emerging from a time trap, preoccupied. Walking into a razor blade. Nudge. Flick. Militant entertainment in the streets of North London.

This is the time! Time for action! Thank God for Saturday night. Thank God for dance! style! leisure! clothes! Thank God for youth.

I understand why the momentary step backwards into New Mod happened. The blurring state of dubious class values; fashions discarded like matches; a need to belong; snobbishness; convenience; the attractive conventionality. After the inevitable manic-depressive post-punk swirl, New Mod provided the easy relief of ready-made uniforms and slogans. Only the smallest modification was necessary. Lovely!

The thin mod thread that has woven its way through this year's complex rock development won't stretch much further. As a craze, it was never going to mean that much, despite those who tried

Secret Affair/Ian Page — *Pix: Gabor Scott*

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to wrap it up as something more.

Secret Affair have effectively used it to step through into something else. Thanks mainly to Ian Page's persistent call for attention, the group have risen as leaders of New Mod's fickle obsession with discarded values and styles.

The new mods claim that things are never the same but that the mod thing has some real continuity to it. That mod has come right back where it belongs. But Secret Affair — an unimaginative rock group, a dry, characterless pop group — and their cardboard following prove that New Mod was an uncomfortable attempt to kiss some life into a style that looked good in the picture books and on the wide screen (and which evolved naturally, anyway, into skins, suaves and northern soul). This escape into another era is nostalgic and necrophiliac, reflecting a desire to get out of these confusing times without leaving them altogether. It can only shrivel up — it never grew too healthy — because it *is* a revival. It is politically reactionary and artistically impoverished, and contributes nothing substantial to developing rock culture. It is incapable of growing. New Mod is impotent.

Ian Page and Secret Affair are astute enough to realise this. They *are* capable of growing; purefying the mod components, stiffening the style, sharpening the creases. They could step effortlessly out of the new mod skin, pretend it never happened, and led by the young middle-aged Page, establish themselves as pioneering purveyors of the inevitable new Burton dummy rock — minds as immovable as their Prince Charles haircuts. Page's acceptable face of rock'n'roll could be fatal, interfering with the steps of those who find it futile to stay still and worse to disappear into the past.

Secret Affair at the Rainbow wasn't simply a peak New Mod spectacle; an audience remembering their poses and looking up to Page like he loves and has always been working towards. It wasn't just new mods indulging themselves. Secret Affair hinted they could take control. The wet quartet blandly reactivated a diluted interpretation of a jubilant dance music, wore lethal creases, soft buttons and small knots in thin ties and were busy selecting dull rules and regulations for their impending regime.

Secret Affair coldly exhibited a style of rock where all eccentricity, struggle, vulnerability, originality, spontaneity and, ironically, soul is ruthlessly avoided, leaving nothing but a truly mechanical and shadowy beat music. Page stiffly stalked the stage area in front of his grim, similarly suited colleagues, a comic equivalent of an American TV quizmaster, snootily singing down his nose.

Affair standards like 'Glory Boys', 'Time For Action', 'Soul Shout', 'My World' were delivered, and a new song, another cliche title, 'When The Show Is Over'. Same gestures, same noise; a real monotony.

There is a severity about Secret Affair 'live' on stage, and a grey high-handedness about Page that seems to make him deficient as a pop personality. Would you go for a guy dressed up as a Tory politician?

But Page is treated as a prophet, and in a way he is. What he does will be treated a lot more carefully than the mod fad, which he rode in on, was.

So it was New Mod dying in its own unoriginality, and Secret Affair confidently suggesting their own style — of discipline, tight lips, hollow dignity and trad rock. It could corner quite a market — those too scared or lazy to step forward. That doesn't make me happy. It's grim. The group seem more like propaganda for some cranky era of solidarity, neatness, precision and narrow-eyed determination than the rock experience or exploration. Rock'n'roll is extremes, limits, positive provocation, a radical investigative dialogue. And, yes, DANCE!

Look where I was: Leaving everyone to get on with it after a plain if lively encore. Looking forward to an early Sunday morning of real new dance music — Joy Division, Talking Heads, Public Image — to revitalise and reaffirm. Shaking my head, trotting into the smoky dark of North London. A gang just hanging around. Me in the 'wrong uniform'. A suit — baggy, and with pumps, open necked shirt and hair uncombed for months — but it's close enough for an annoyed dissenter. I was a mod all alone.

DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE TO THE RADIO!

Paul Morley

Bruce Woolley

Marquee

SLUNK out of nowhere, heading Somewhere fast, Bruce Woolley is *very good indeed.*

His timing isn't bad either. He offloads a new sound and vision onto the potentially huge audience still yearning for Bowie's melodies and the last fading strains of glam-rock, who believe there's more to pop than The Police, and who secretly admire a bent for Germanic keyboards, though the mere thought of Gary Numan makes their hair stand up and salute.

With his excellent 'English Garden' debut tucked securely in his belt, and with the precarious precedent of having co-written 'Video Killed The Radio Star', Woolley's now stepping out on his first headliner, handsomely bankrolled by CBS. It's all spruce-looking gear, big bright lighting rigs and perfect sound mix. A solid gold investment, they're thinking. They're right too.

From the opening chords of 'You're The Circus (I'm The Clown)', it's obvious his band The Camera Club must have been slaving eight days a week to have emerged as the impeccably tight, mobile unit needed to weave fast through the changing moods of Woolley's dissected song structures.

It's a pity they've given equal attention to the visuals. Bassist Nigel Scott Ross throws himself into a knot of graceless 'sensitive' poses, upstaging Woolley much of the time, and flash glam-rocker Rod Johnson (shades, blood capsule in gob; drums) seems all out to grab an excessive share of the limelight.

To these eyes, the music speaks for itself.

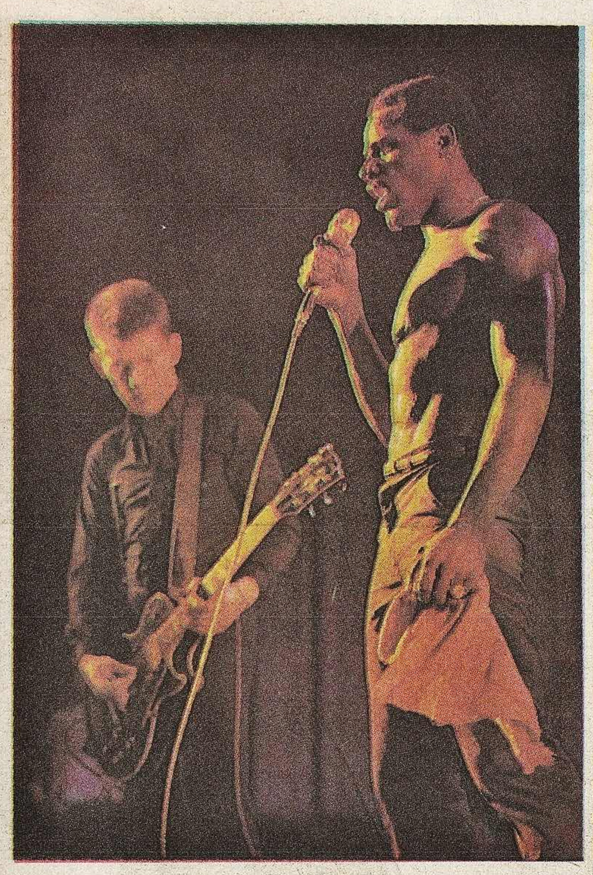
Its author turns out to be an engaging two metres of wiry compulsion in a stiff bellboy military tunic with braid epaulettes, topped off with a vocal of amazing range and capacity. He lunges into a restrained rock'n'roll extract, 'You Got Class', and 'Video Killed The Radio Star' ("as *we* see it"), an unlikely merger of scything, sharp chords, agile keyboards and thick-textured guitar against a carefully weighed backline (a might heavier than the bantamweight album mix), and swinging between a soft falsetto chorus and a full-bodied, sinuous verse in a way that characterises a lot of his songs.

Come the symphonic 'Warzawa'-packed overture to 'Clean/Clean', Tom Dolby's synth has struggled to the surface and a guitar appears around Wolley's neck, adding a further broken edge to the centre section. 'Dancing With The Sporting Boys' is a sideways squint at all that crushed romantic stuff about girls going off with other men — soft-centred, polished, persuasive — and 'No Surrender', being fairly sparse, pushes his Bowie (that man again!) and David Byrne vocal phrasing out front for perusal, while the backing still keeps a perfect balance of treble thinness and sure-fire locomotive drive.

They reap a couple of encores from a smallish but ecstatic crowd, delivering 'Johnny' with its insides pulled out and syncopated between bass and keyboard, and proving it's still early days yet by having to repeat 'You Got Class' (at twice the punch and pace, presumably to cover up).

Bruce Woolley is original and massively commercial. If his music isn't rattling from a million trannies in the very near future, then all is not well with the world. Just how he develops this sound remains to be heard, but — here and now — he's *very good indeed.*

Mark Ellen



Specials ***Pix: Anton Corbijn.***

To be 'blunt,' Rory Gallagher's back catalogue albums are now available at £3·99 each . . . and to be even more 'blunt,' it's no secret, that his current single 'Philby' is available over the counter and not under.

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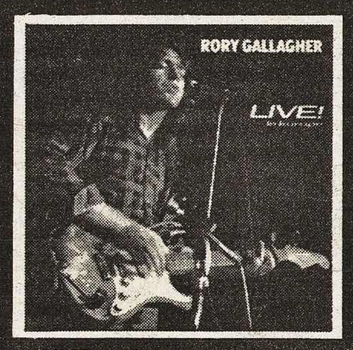

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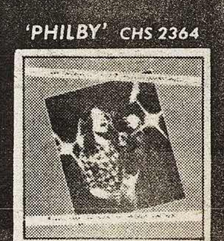

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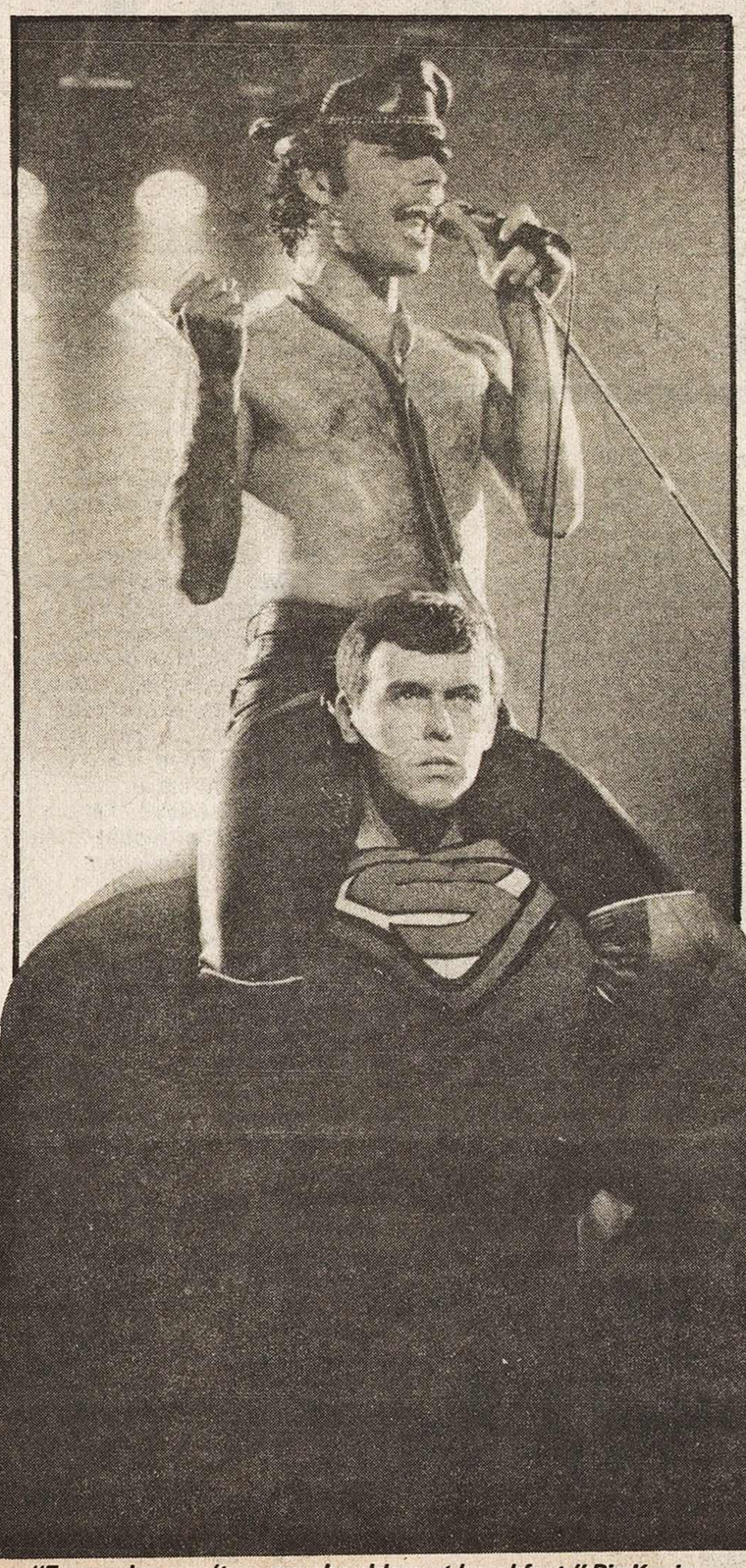

"Funny, he wan't on my shoulders at breakfast." Pic Kevin Cummins.

Love The One I Am

Queen

Birmingham

IT'S pitch black and I'm scaling a railway bridge somewhere outside Birmingham. True, it's a strange vantage point from which to view Queen, but then I'm lost on the site of the National Exhibition Centre, Queen are due on stage at any moment and this seems like the quickest route to the massed, muted roarings I can hear in the distance.

Of course, it isn't. I set off in the wrong direction, spend days plodding past vast, blank buildings and arrive, miraculously, only a few minutes into the act. And in the event, it doesn't much matter; I'm in time for the community singing.

It's wonderful in its way: there's a great gasp of joy at the first faint notes of each number and then everyone starts singing, faithfully following all Freddie's inflexions. In fact some of the numbers are almost entirely sung by the audience with our Fred (fashion note: he's modelling red leather trousers, blue knee pads and bare torso) conducting.

"I don't think they need me, actually," he confides to Brian May at one point. Actually, he's right; Fred's only there as a symbol of himself.

For of course the venue is too enormous for any kind of experimentation (and Queen aren't disposed towards it anyway); personality is dwarfed and success depends on exaggeration and recognition. The stage is huge and between the heads all you can see is four diminutive, two-dimensional figures and a large heap of gleaming gold drums.

The audience wants Queen's greatest hits paraded; Queen graciously grant their request and everyone goes home happy if not stimulated or on the verge of new vistas.

The noise is quite pleasant, if rather pompous: Freddie sings nicely and doesn't screech, the guitars are soothing and there's a bit of soggy punch from the percussion. The sound is a mock rock-mock classical pastiche and musical in the sense that it aims at beauty even if it falls far short of art.

Then we get the obligatory naughty and/or skilful bits; after all this is a "rock" show.

The awful 'Fat Bottomed Girls' is dedicated with juvenile relish to "anyone in the audience with great big tits and a great big arse". Fred ought to be ashamed of himself; most thirdformers have a better line in chat than that.

Then there's the bit in the middle where everyone shows what misunderstood prodigies they are: Brian May plays some pretty guitar; Roger Taylor hammers furiously at his kettle drums like a DIY fiend thwarted by the non-cooperation of a particularly obstinate nail; and finally we have that inane epic 'Bohemian Rhapsody' with full effects of smoke, lightening, large gong and the lilting tones of the promising young tenor who's standing directly behind me.

After a suitably impressive pause, which is filled with clapping and cheering, Queen reappear for 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love', go off (whistling, stamping, chanting) and come back on again. Only this time Fred's perched a little precariously on the shoulders of Superman.

Yes, I'm afraid so and no, I kid you not; the incredible hulk is clad in the customary red and blue costume (cape, underpants worn on top of the trousers etc) and there sits Fred, biker's cap firmly crammed on his head leading the massed choirs through a rendering of 'We Will Rock You'.

It's all rather incongruous really.

Then after a final chorus of 'We Are The Champions' that sounds like something stirring from The Sound Of Music, it's all over bar the national anthem (and that, I suspect, is a pious hope for the preservation of the group rather than the monarch).

Can we glean from this performance any advice on how to cope with the pressures of success and superstardom? It's easy: relax, get hip, lie back and learn to love yourself.

Lynn Hanna

Steel Pulse

Venue

OF COURSE, you're not meant to like Steel Pulse.

I'm not really sure why: is it just down to pure elitist snobbishness? As homegrown suppliers of

XTC

Nottingham

IT'S XTC. It's 'Beatown'. It's wordless, jittery ooh-aah-oohs; distorted music with dry, detached guitars and a hard, rhythmic heart?

"This is the first gig of the tour for us, so be gentle," Partridge pleads.

The audience don't hear him. Already a large wedge at the front is bouncing merrily as 'When You're Near Me I Have Difficulty' rips up love and coolly investigates the broken bits.

It's a happy 'Life Begins At The Hop'. To the left some students are cavorting with XTC album covers jammed on their heads; the lights go greenish-yellow, phosphorescent blue, deep pink; slides project black and white checks and bars behind pudgy Andy Partridge and elegantly emaciated Colin Moulding with his hollow cheeks and dark circles under deep-set eyes half-hidden beneath thick, black hair. Dave Gregory, with neat, layered hair and a wearing a T-shirt, looks altogether more mundane.

XTC are perfect with just guitars and very sparing use of synthesizer. I forget that Barry Andrews is missing until the end of the set. And it's strange to see them make such jagged, geometric music using mainly entirely orthodox instruments. They hold each component at arm's length, analyse, examine, carefully consider it for its precise effect and impact and only then is it incorporated.

The sound is so scrutinised, so contrived, so brave that it takes grave risks. Even the voice, the most malleable and impressionable of instruments, is made to twitch precisely.

'Roads Girdle The Globe' pulsates slowly with ponderous, dissonant discords; it's dully metallic and inexorable and as they chant *"Hail"* it becomes

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You Gotta Move On

Steel Pulse's David Hinds tries to ignore Superman and friend. Pic J. B. Sohiez.

reggae, do Pulse lack that stamp of authenticity for the strict roots aficionado? Or are they just one big yawn?

A bit of both, I think, though mainly the former and only occasionally the latter.

Bad for the credibility, of course, that the Pulsers were playing the Venue (which is really Batley Variety Club) which doesn't exactly bristle with spiritual links to the Vortex, the first London gig the six-piece Birmingham band played. But a three-night stint at Branson Enterprises is perhaps indicative of the fiscal path Island Records want the band to step: strictly Hip Easy Listening for Habitat homes and the car stereo. Yet such a judgement ignores that, with the entire front stage area jam-packed with dancing black and white youth, the band transcended the dire gig's limitations in a way that previously I'd only seen done by Al Green.

Also, there were times when Pulse appeared locked in a classic form-over-content situation: evocative album cover backdrops against which such archetypes within the band — militant yout' keyboardsman Selwyn Brown, Old Testament prophet drummer Steve Nisbett, multi-coloured coated singer David Hinds — became a blaze of energy setting off the tripwires of the proverbial unconscious to abundant visions of a primal universality, etc . . . And yet sometimes that energy seemed trammelled within its trappings, as though the band felt that if they'd got all those bits right then maybe the music would come together of its own accord.

The last time I saw them was at the RAR Victoria Park gig. I felt, as I did about the first album 'Handsworth Revolution', that their offerings of British rockers were worthy rather than praiseworthy, requiring support rather than acclaim. Equally, 'Ku Klux Klan' was welcome more for what it was — a militant pop reggae hit — than for what it actually delivered.

However, with the release of their second LP 'Tribute To The Martyrs' it became apparent that Steel Pulse are heavily into limitation-transcending — and specifically, Steel Pulse are into transcending the limitations of Steel Pulse.

If only for the title track alone — a wonderfully subtle number, handled with deft skill be Hinds' excellent voice, that insinuates itself into you with one of the most irresistible hook lines of the year — the LP showed how the band must come forward with what is inside it.

Following a low point in the set with the dull 'Blasphemy' and 'Prediction', 'Tribute To The Martvrs' came about two-thirds of the way through, completely elevating the standards of the evening's music. Already, though, there'd been other strong songs — 'George Jackson' and 'Drug Squad', a pungent, plangent new song. Another so far unrecorded number 'Harrassment' was less distinguished.

The set ended with a final encore of another of the finest Pulse numbers, 'Sound System'; a further high point that once again reminded us of the necessity to judge the band by their best work and not by their slightest.

They should beware of allowing their lyrics to become too sloganeering: sometimes they sound like they're taken from the Collected Songbook Of Jah Spart.

Along with Matumbi and Aswad, Steel Pulse form the ruling triumvirate of British reggae bands. All three can be notoriously erratic live; but aren't almost all of the greatest rock bands as well?

Chris Salewicz

---

processional, winding, desolate. 'Meccanic Dancing' is pulped, mashed, shredded pop. A new number 'Wait Till Your Boat Goes Down' is clinical reggae with a flickering rhythm and a rich parody of a melody. 'Helicopter' has the insubstantial glittery attraction of tinsel. 'Battery Brides' is slightly slower and more thoughtful than on vinyl but it still comes over as a series of amused, uncaring observations.

Hitherto this has been bright, brittle music that nags at the nerves; calculating, superficial, fun.

Then things start to alter.

There's a hint when Partridge screams angrily "Are you receiving me?" at the slurred, happy students swaying in front of him before singing the song of the same name. It happens as he starts to sing-speak those dreamily introverted verbal doodlings at the beginning of 'Complicated Game' and the audience bellows back the words in response.

The soft curves of his face set hard, he coldly stares them out. He starts singing: *"I said it really doesn't matter where you put your vote/Someone comes along and moves it/And it's always been the same/It's just a complicated game.'*

He's roaring, spitting, screeching, his face hideously contorted. All the guitars start howling in sympathetic rage, and such an apparently simple song is suddenly the definitive expression of vindictive, vitriolic fury.

It's the same with 'Making Plans For Nigel'.

At one side of the stage Colin Moulding and Dave Gregory sing sweetly, the epitome of calm, immovable, terrifying reason *("We only want what's best for him");* on the other — damp hair plastered to his head and face an ugly mask of utter misery — Partridge trills his high vocal embellishments, dismayed, disgusted and, when he joins in the verse, bitter, betrayed and ironic.

These two songs are amongst the most powerful I've heard performed by anybody, anywhere. And the emotion is carried over into the encores: the thick, pliant 'Radios In Motion,' 'Statue Of Liberty'; 'This Is Pop' is played as vindication and manifesto, and with 'Into The Atom Age' the audience slowly, jerkily explodes with Andy Partridge still abandoned and possessed on stage and the rest of the group grinning and visibly moved.

It looks as if XTC have stopped being cleverly self-conscious, slyly self-deprecating and have finally fulfilled themselves: the seemingly cold, semi-surreal lyrics, the way they dissect and reassemble sound now makes complete, stunning sense.

Perhaps all they ever lacked was the confidence to take themselves seriously.

Lynn Hanna

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Unidentified Flying Ryvita

Hawkwind
Doll By Doll
Hammersmith Odeon

IT'S been assumed that Doll By Doll have something to do with the new wave; by the evidence of this performance those claims can only be based on blank chronology. So where *are* they exactly?

Their obscure wooing of Artaud and RD Laing is irreconcilable with the flash routine of their show. They try to reach parts other bands can't reach by following animated lines of communication and seem obsessive about giving 'money's worth'. Everything is included in a Doll By Doll set that might lend itself to critical hyperbole but nothing enhances their pedigree.

Their music is heavy metal with embellishments that they presumably conceive as redeeming factors. There are dank powerchords wielded for plain muscle and Jackie Leven's vocal somersaults reach for potent magic but land on the wrong side of Zep/Sabbath ritual mysticism.

I didn't expect them to be so unexciting. They don't drill as deep as I'd thought and aren't remotely painful. It's only when 'Palace Of Love' opens out into colliding tendons of sound, as the lights damp out and we're left alone with a building monotone screech, that suddenly Doll By Doll are in sharp focus. The irony is that the lights are out and the band nowhere in view.

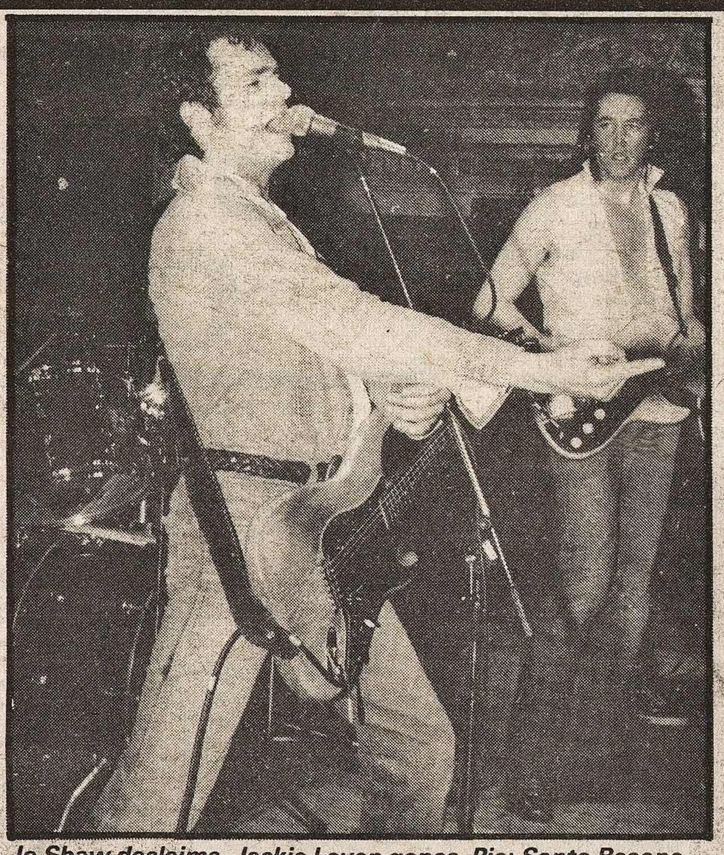
Looking backward for revolt were those Masters Of The Universe, Hawkwind. Since the universe is an unappealing expanse of grey matters, hostile gases and even more of nothing it's not much of a boast. Still, never mind.

Their music, of course, is crass, bloated and tedious. Their lyrics aren't your domination abominations but ridiculous sci-fi tales with a hamstring injury. Real Trash. When they feel like a kip they swamp the stage with repugnant smoke so you can't see them.

The Lasers! Hush, this is the serious bit. A UFO arrives to take us away from the concert. But, too fast, tracer bullets fly from behind the drumkit and gun it down.

Finally, in a massive symbolic gesture, an oversize piece of Ryvita lingers overhead. So much for tasteful advertising.

Pete Archer



Jo Shaw declaims, Jackie Leven gapes. Pic: Santo Basone.

Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later
Hammersmith Odeon

THIS was crap. C—R—A—P. Worse, Alvin Lee knows it was: the return to the sterile arrogance of his Woodstock period is so deliberate he even sports the flared, patched jeans and white clogs of yore, not to mention the Ban The Bomb sticker on his guitar.

Like Danny La Rue attempting to leave drag behind or Racquel Welch aiming to be more than a sex symbol, Lee has in recent years shown a determination to shake off the Mr. Speedfingers tag. Judging by his abysmal pandering to the boogie hordes of Hammersmith, failure to do so has done dire things to his self respect.

Hendrix's arrangement of 'Hey Joe' was shamelessly raped and disfigured, there was even a snatch of 'That'll Be The Day", while "Goin' Home' is of course the most overblown rock medley of all time. All this and a drum solo too.

The peace signs were thicker than porcupine quills. How much more dignified to go into production and play down your local once in a while.

Harry George

Trax
Glasgow

MAINLY it's the eyes, but with body angles, tiny gestures and new facial shadows Willie Adamson of Trax suddenly seems Italian onstage: a crooner; I think of Tony Bennett, a Scottish Frank Sinatra (someone they will mention a half hour later, psychic phenomena fans!).

Three of the others look timidly at the audience as if we might attack them, which only leaves bass player Derek Armstrong to sing alongside Willie with similar purpose — and *he* looks Spanish

Due to Willie's footwork, a common hometown (Dunfermline) and similar area of appeal they're often dismissed as Skids copyists. The humourless intensity is comparable, but I'd say Nobby Martin's keyboards and the band's melodies conspire to afflict Trax with something closer to — oh — 'Skids Pay Tribute To The Genius Of . . . Barclay James Harvest!"

Anyone intrigued can ruin parties with Trax' 'Home' E.P. The rest of us can dread the moment when they are imposing enough to attract aspiring manipulators. It shouldn't take too long.

Glenn Gibson

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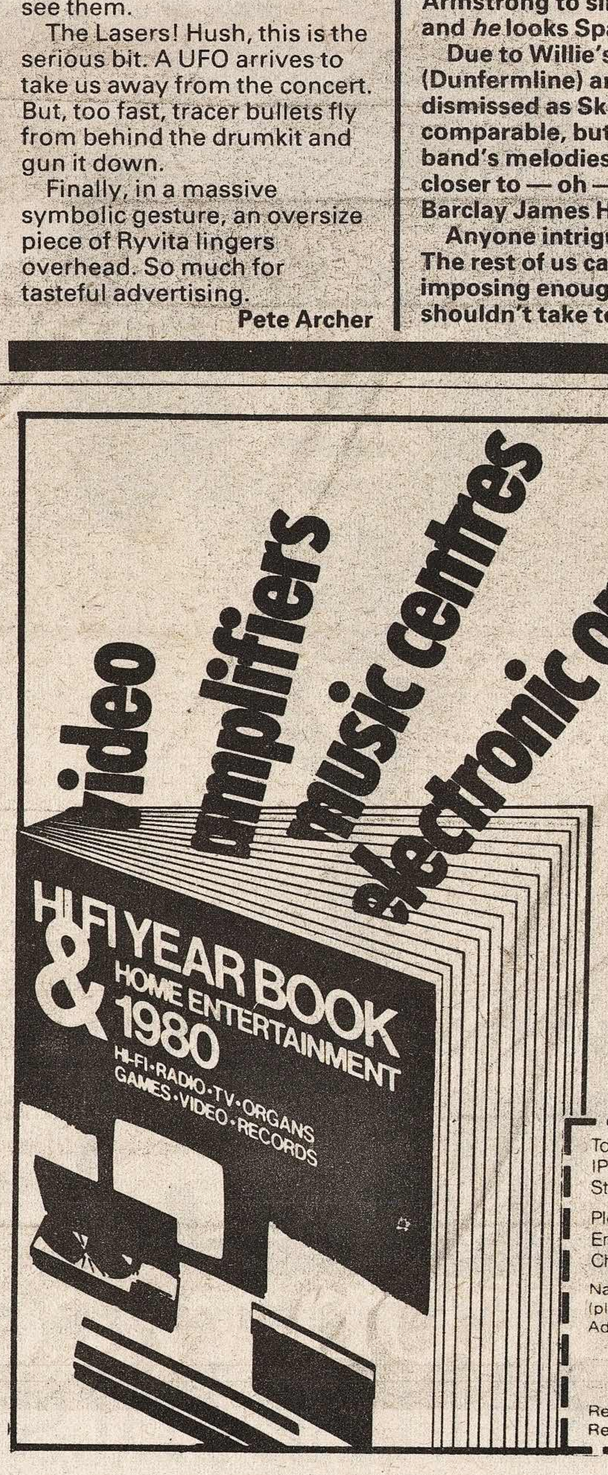

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The Dickies

Marquee

IT'S product — pure and simple. It could be cut-price punk; it could be a family pack of egg'n'onion matzo crackers. It's all in a day's work for The Dickies.

And if it's product they want, then product they'll get; louder, faster, cheaper and more commercial than last time.

So while most of the nation's still in shock from the unlikely success of their debut 'The Incredible Shrinking Dickies' this haywire batch of bozos from San Fernando Valley, LA, have had the nerve to push out a dodgy second album ('Dawn Of The Dickies'), and hop a skytrain for the purpose of desecrating the vainglorious values of The New Wave by napalm-bombing our lesser venues with spitfire cartoon punk-a-hula dolled up in oafish gorilla masks.

Leonard Graves Philips, The Dickies' shag-haired frontman, was once heard to spout: "I think our music has an infantile appeal going for it." The Marquee audience seems to bear this out.

Philips, again: "Hello London. We're The Dickies, and 'You're So Hideous'."

This is by way of an air-raid warning to herald 45 minutes of souped-up, garbled, gonzoid, near-talentless contrived, volatile, pulverising pogomotion, each two-minute classic being decipherable from this wall of crash cymbals, lumpen tubs, cranked-up organ, and shambling chainsaw chordage by a selection of fatuous props. Props like a bird-beak glove for 'Hideous', a kind of low-budget djelabi for 'Sounds Of Silence', a bathtub squeaky plastic truncheon for 'Curby Job', a rubber dog-mask, an inflatable doll.

For *two years* they've been pulling this scam; two whole years of burgling other people's numbers ('Nights In White Satin' is the latest to be nailed to the roster), steamrolling them into flat chunks of demented noise and then dressing it all up in third rate punk pantomime threads. Their own songs sould like slabs of Ramonic major chords slung together in frantic support of a nasal drone; the covers sound (of course) uncommonly melodic amid such spikey scenery, despite The Dickies efforts to trash each one of their finer points.

Every year needs its Barron Knights. Come in Dickies, your time is (almost) up.

Mark Ellen

Above: Ahem, Neil Innies pictured in hilariously obvious chest costume and (top) Dickies lead singer Leonard Philips in stupid garb and stew of gob. Pix: Anton Corbyn.

Neil Innes

Venue

EX-BONZOS mainstay, ex-Rutle and *Rutland Weekend TV* impresario Neil Innes has manoeuvred himself onto an enviable footing.

Free from the shackles of having to produce a *type* of music for a specific theme, he's now compressing the whole spectrum of his enormous talent into His Own Show (and his own album — 'The Innes Book Of Records'), and — better still — Polydor are picking up the tab.

However you approached this gig — as a long-time sympathiser, a curious outsider, or just a subscriber to all *Monty Python* affiliates — the only justifiable gripes anyone could have harboured was that there simply wasn't *enough* of it.

Innes' sense of melody and pacing was immaculate, his wit shrewdly understated, and his band afforded it all a handsome amount of clout (embroidered by a completely stunning guitarist, Ollie Halsall) without intruding in any way into what was undeniably a one-man show.

The set lost nothing in the hands of his backing band (as opposed to the album's big-sound brass arrangements), and they swung from high-vaudeville ice-skate strut to slow chugging reggae to soggy ballad to moonshine Southern Country to Rutles and back with effortless flair.

Innes, in a black penguin suit and bow-tie, his ears sticking out beneath a peaked cap, seems to have toned down his wit from his late, straight parody to a more devious camera-pan of society's banana-skins.

'Here We Go Again' is mechanical romance to a direct Macca-spoof funk/disco backing; 'All In The Name Of Love' lifts the slightly rusty lid on more happy loving couples; 'The Protest Song' — a minor classic for solo harp and acoustic — is unkind to Bob Dylan, and 'Love Is Getting Deeper' is dangerously close to trans-channel crooner Charles Aznavour, sweeping through stale suburban life like a matured descendent of the Bonzo's 'My Pink Half Of The Drainpipe.'

I doubt if there's a single of 'Urban Spaceman' calibre anywhere on the set (a shame, as that's all Innes needs to get back to the top), but to miss the man live is masochism.

Mark Ellen

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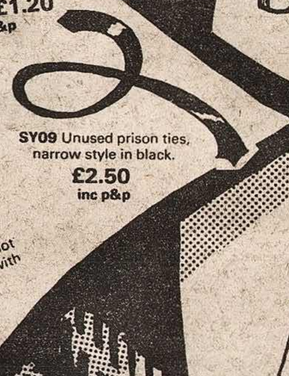

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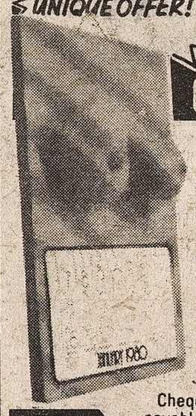

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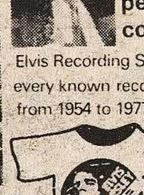

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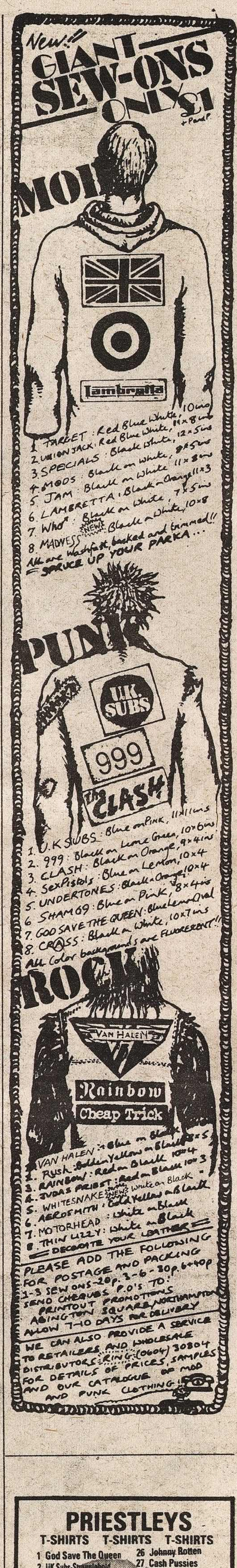
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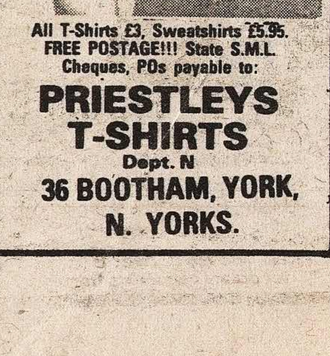

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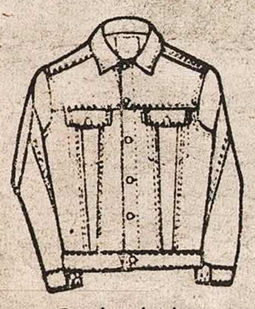

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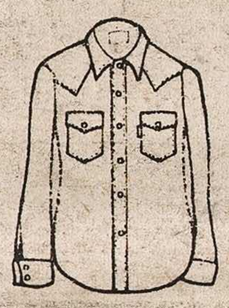

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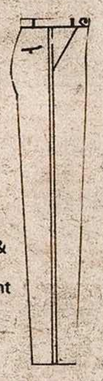

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4	(5)	MADNESS	(logo)
5	(2)	SPECIALS	(logo)
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7	(10)	QUADROPHENIA	(logo)
8	(13)	MERTON PARKAS	(logo)
9	(7)	JOE JACKSON	(pic+logo)
10	(11)	SELECTER	(logo)
11	(17)	TEENBEATS	(logo)
12	(15)	THE CLASH	(logo)
13	(9)	PISS OFF	(logo)
14	(14)	R'N'R SWINDLE	(logo)
15	(19)	THE CHORDS	(logo)
16	(18)	BACK TO ZERO	(logo)
17	(12)	THE LAMBRETTAS.	(logo)
18	(8)	SID VICIOUS	(date+logo)
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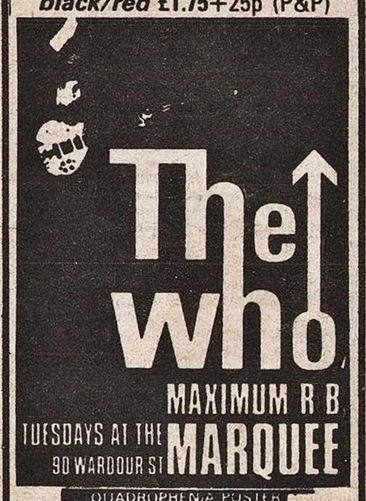

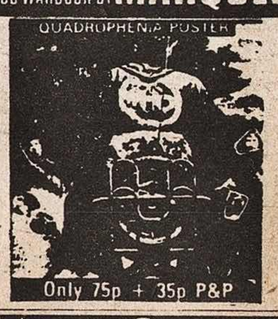

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XMAS IS HERE, ALL SING NOEL. ELVIS IS DEAD AND SO IS LOWELL.

More of the same next week only in

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

HUNTER-RONSON

■ *From page 8*

Band's line-up (two keyboards, two lead guitars, Hunter on rhythm guitar and acoustic piano, a saxophonist doubling on keyboards, plus a strong, supple rhythm section), the multi-layered textures were as impressive as the material was diverse. Hunter pulled out a selection from literally every album he's appeared on except 'Overnight Angels' whilst displaying ample proof that his current songs are just as strong as the older fare.

The bitter-sweet melancholia of the 'Mott' album's arguable high-point — 'I Wish I Was Your Mother' — was granted a treatment that exposed every nuance of an already exceptional song. The 'Brain Capers' song 'Angeline' — dedicated to Guy Stevens — was riveting, whilst the rockers, though numbers like 'Roll Away The Stone' and 'Golden Age Of Rock'n'Roll' still somewhat shallow, hit aces-high peaks with 'All The Way From Memphis', 'Once Bitten' and 'One Of The Boys'.

Most impressive of all were a couple of numbers from 'Schizophrenic', itself something of a flawed return to greatness— 'Bastard' and 'Standing In My Light'. The former was buffeted along vengefully by a stabbing stutter of a riff, Hunter's vocal a perfect study in understated meance, holding it back for maximum impact where most would go into hysterical tirades. 'Standing In My Light' was the finest moment though: the perfect statement of intent. A solitary ARP synthesizer projects a swelling tierce slow-burn as Hunter harangues repeatedly on the key line *"Move over 'cos you're standing in my light"*, striking out at the autitorium, informing them in no uncertain terms that he will not lay down and disappear, that he can take on the young-bloods if they choose to fire the first salvo.

A live double album is planned featuring most of the numbers performed at Hammersmith, with four newly written songs as a bonus. Hunter's manager Steve Popovich has been pushing constantly for such a collection and Hunter has succumbed.

"I can't honestly say I'm excited about the live album, simply because the greatest kick for me is the birth of a new song. I'm more into what the next studio album is going to sound like."

The live effort will however get Hunter's past form in full focus for the '80s — not to mention acting as a publicly available memento for the highly successful six-month US tour.

"Adversely effected by the current recession?" Hunter chortles at the question. "Ha, me and Ronson laughed our way around the States. While everything was going down we were bounding from strength to strength. Ironically that's what always happens with me and him.

"It's funny," he concludes, serious again, "this whole thing about the '80s coming and it's Orwell time. I can't swallow that, but if does seem to be a fact that at the turn of a decade fundamental changes do occur. But me, I want . . . I really want to go through this shot and see how far I can take it. Just for fun, really. I'm not that interested in the pressures but . . . more than anything, I feel really good about it. See, I never felt good about the whole drive to the top thing before. Never. I could've taken it all the way probably with Mott but by the time I'd reach the vital point, I was too fucked to go any further. I just didn't have the strength then. But I've got all the strength now.

Ronson, notorious for running scared of commitment, is more open-ended in his thoughts for the future.

"I just want the experience of something . . . anything. Everything." He laughs at himself. "I need that experience more than seeing my name in lights or shovin' loads of money in the bank. I just want to get better to check certain routes out, learn something new. Fuck, I'm gonna play till I die. I never seem to see things in small stretches.

Hunter: "We have the feeling we can do it all our own way. We don't have any problems right now. We just want to take it as far as we can. If it does, great. If it doesn't, well great too.

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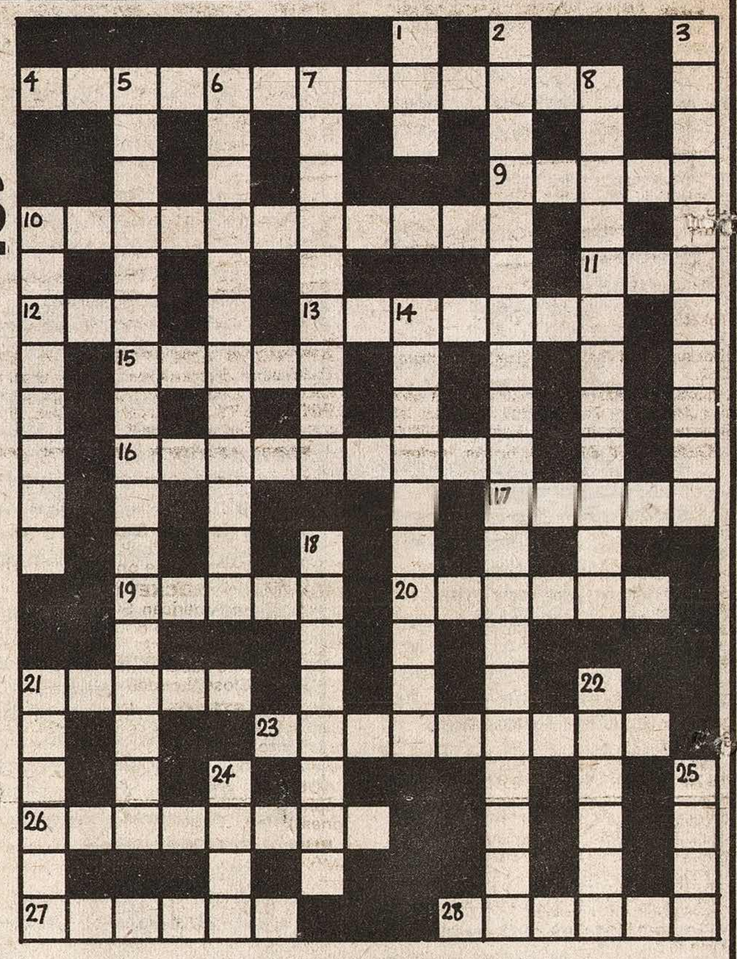
NME X-PRESS WORD

ACROSS

4 Two-Toned Miracles oldie (5,2,1,5)
9 'Head head headbanger!
10 The Sly elpee looks different broken up! (4,7)
11 Where the Pistols recorded with R. Biggs
12 Singer with 14 down has gone back into the jellied eel shop!
13 & 26 Blank Generation's moving tribute to HRH's Jubilee (3,4,3,5)
15 & 10 down Silver Screen Special: Film director who was married to the murdered Sharon Tate
16 Played keyboards with his BOF group of the same name on 1972 hit 'Hold Your Head Up' (3,6)
17 Smelly wind instruments?!
19 Jones or Loggins
20 Barry Gibb wrote it, Frankie Valli had the hit, Robert Stigwood rubbed his hands
21 First name of 'Young Hearts Run Free' sweetie
23 Hippy landmark from the first Denim Era
26 See 13
27 Elton John's label
28 Strangler wants little Elvis destroyed!!

DOWN

1 Remember 'How Long'? The answer was fifteen minutes ...
2 The original was a 1963 hit for Dusty Springfield (1,4,4,2,2,4,3)
3 US folkie, she's had hits with 'Amazing Grace' and 'Send In The Clowns' (4,7)
5 & 25 Aptly-titled hit for a group initially formed at architectural college (7,5,2,3,4)
6 Earlyish Boomtown Rats hit (4,3,6)
7 Frog in 'ere (anag.)
8 Stranglers' album and single (2,4,6)
10 See 15
14 Fold dog 'ere (anag. 2 words)
18 'Chicken Skin Music' was his fifth album (2,6)
21 See 24
22 Time for what, Ian?
24 & 21 down Nick Lowe's folk-singing mother-in-law
25 See 5



Last week's answers

ACROSS: 1 Toyah Wilcox; 5 Erroll Dunkley; 8 Roger Waters; 10 Them; 11 (James) Taylor; 13 'Oliver's (Army'; 14 'Eton (Rifles)'; 15 Banshees; 17 Bob Marley; 18 Anita (Ward); 20 'Help'; 21 Art (Garfunkel); 22 (Canned) Heat; 24 Charlie (Watts); 26 'Money'; 27 Sailor.
DOWN: 1 'The Prince'; 2 Wild Willy Barrett; 3 (Arthur) Conley; 4 Fee (Waybill); 6 Righteous Brothers; 7 James (Taylor); 9 Stevie Wonder; 12 Ronnie Spector; 16 Skatalites; 19 Canned (Heat); 23 Amii (Stewart); 25 'Oliver's) Army'.

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LONDON'S calling — long distance from America, I notice.
Ian, Shoreham, Sussex

Nowadays it is far easier to account for the premises and wide open spaces that *do not* monitor your movements. Take London for example, what about those innocuous lamp posts at road junctions with cameras at the top, not lights; the stores riddled with monitoring equipment, and the discos and in the social security offices, in the etc. etc.? Like I said, it's easier to count the places without. Make no mistake fellow Winstons, you are being watched.

Then there's all you assholes in the music business singing about 1984 etc., all talk and no action, 'cos you got your record deal and you're just interested in sticking to your contract. Big deal, it's just the same as being a coal miner, or a civil servant or a Christ knows what, i.e. it's just a job and you couldn't give two tosses about what's really going on, just as long as there's a bluddy pay packet on Friday! Don't try and con us all!

One thing is for sure, all the Maggies and Sunny Jims and Sir K.J.s will have to go and I'm no Marxist, Moslem, NF, IRA, UDA, RAC (ad infinitum) fanatic. We're all caught up in this technological wilderness and have long, long ago lost touch with the basics and realities of living and you can blame the US and USSR but the basic problem is here in the good ol' UK which is full of non-thinking automatons who have no idea what is happening at all.

George Orwell was right, the only thing is, he's not very good on dates!
Brother of Winston, Edinburgh.
We've forwarded a copy of your letter to Whitehall, Winnie. — M.S.

Many of you may have missed a very important quote from Ian Penman, so pay attention: "No attempt whatsoever to raise levels of discussion either publicly or internally."

This absolutely contradicts Neil Spencer's claim that *NME* helps readers to make up their own minds: The "balanced viewpoint" is less than useless when most critics are only concerned with showing us how good they are at writing.

Ian Penman at the very least performs a vital function in that he causes the reader to question what they usually listen to, instead of merely absorbing it, i.e. what's the difference between Led Zep and The Clash? Well, apart from style, nothing. Both groups utilise the same form, only the content is slightly different — big deal, it's still HM. As a result of his logical approach, Penman is attacked by less aware punks and patronised by insecure critics like Monty Smith.

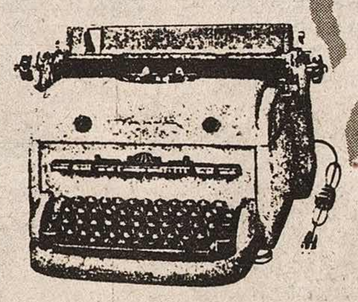
Nick Kent, of course, is the great stylist. He can write long sentences that sound good when impressionable minds read them out loud to their younger sisters. Kent, however, is hardly worth reading insofar as he never does anything more than flatter existing prejudgements or else provoke outraged correspondence as a result of his petty verbose put-downs.

He accuses G. Numan of ripping off Bowie's style — I agree — but does nothing to explain why this is popular with "the masses" beyond his fatuous remark about making it approachable. Kent does nothing apart from stating the obvious, and tarting it up in that all-too-familiar style of his. His contributions to *NME* are merely irritating which is not the same thing as thought-provoking.

Ian Penman, Julie Burchill, Andy Gill are all valuable contributors because they deal with absolutes; they actually question the function of music, examine why it looks and sounds the way it does. They de-trivialise, thank God.

The rest of you are a long way behind.
James Gunn, London
Well, Jim, why not invite those three around and have a right old knees-up. Glad they made you think, though. Funnily enough, Danny Baker and Angus MacKinnon do the same for me. — M.S.

I think music is overrated.
Steve, Oxford



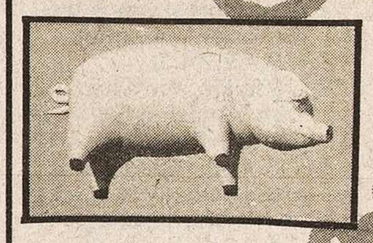
According to Collins' National Dictionary, a 'Penman' is 'one who writes a good hand; an author'.

I've a growing feeling that someone here's not telling the truth.
I. C. Cul, Boffin Island

I think *NME* is a great rag. I can even tolerate pictures of the Floyd with juvenile captions underneath them. But enough is enough.

Will Ian Penman kindly shift his derriere out of his lush, deep-piled armchair and say something sensible? Come to think of it, why the hell did Penman have to review the new Floyd album at all? Angus MacKinnon's piece on 'Animals' *(believed to be a Pink Floyd album released about three years ago. — Ed.)* was constructive, probably the best piece of rock journalism I've ever read. It was informative without being boring. But this was only because Mr MacKinnon had bothered to think, to analyse and research on a capable level.

Let's hope *NME* interview Roger Waters bloody soon and get the other side of the argument before Penman's piece of bollocks influences those who haven't heard the album for themselves.
N. J. Brookman, Great Waltham, Essex
Angus really wishes you hadn't remembered that. — M.S.



So Pink Floyd have figured out that our educational system could be a lot better. Very astute. So do they write about how the Tory cuts are going to leave schools without adequate numbers of teachers, or adequate books, materials, heating or maintenance? Do they tell how many kids are going to be left without a midday meal when the schools meals service is axed? Do they help to set up a free school along the lines of Summerhill with their disgusting mega-buck bank balances?

All in all, it's just another nail in the coffin.
Mike Lovett, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.
Own up, would you send a child of yours to a school run by the Floyd organisation? Mind you, they'd probably play football. — M.S.

Reading all your anti-student stuff over the past couple of weeks and then attempting to read Ian Penman's Pink Floyd review, I've decided that at least you can understand what students are talking about (most of the time, anyway!).
Martin (yes, I'm a student), Bath.

In reply to Sebastian O'Shaunessy's letter (dated November 24), I would just like to say that I have never heard so much jealous clap-trap before. Where would the country be without students willing to slog their guts out night after night in order to achieve some sort of degree which will inevitably benefit society (which obviously, badly needs it!)?

Students are the largest charity-raising body in the world, and unless O'Shaunessy is willing to give up a warm night in front of the fire and TV and prepared to go collecting in the cold, wet winter nights, trying to raise money from tight-fisted misers (of whom he is probably one), then I think that it's about time the 'black claw of Doom' disposed of him.

I am sick to the teeth of envious morons with half an O-Grade, who continually criticise the role of students. Just because they weren't 'brainy' enough to get into university doesn't mean that they should go around trying to create a completely wrong image of those who were.

They may be grateful to students one day, eg. when they need a doctor or lawyer, or try to improve their children's education, so that they don't end up with the same degenerate minds as their parents.

I hope this letter is simple enough for Sebastion to understand.
Secretary of the 'Students Appreciation Society', University of Edinburgh

Of course you don't like students — they're too intelligent for you to put down. If you slag students, how come your whole goddam paper is full of intellectual comments aimed at "university types", the paper must be bought mainly by persons of the student community, and most of all — why the hell do you advertise in *New Scientist*? If this isn't blatant hypocrisy I don't know what the hell is. Would a Seditionaries patron buy *New Scientist*?
Chunk E. Pineapple, Bedford
I've no idea who would buy *New Scientist*, but we get cheap rates wiv 'em, so we advertise. Any more questions, you pigeon-holing pillock? — M.S.

I have been a regular reader of your wonderfully enlightening paper for nearly three years now. During that time I have never failed to be delighted at the contents. All criticism of singles, albums and concerts have been clear and concise. Your devotion to accuracy is stunning, almost as stunning as your ability to interview the 'in' people at the time when they are 'in' and then pick the prime time to instigate a back lash against those people.

Most of all, I find your lively and often witty letters page to be veritable nectar. You provide a great community service by printing letters like this one from wankers like me. Thank you sirs, you and your great works are deeply appreciated.
Love A Star Duf Tent (An.), Lancaster University
That's more like it. — M.S.

Nothing you ever say about us will improve my opinion of students. The criticisms of us which have appeared on this page are typical of the romantic and ill-informed ideas held about us by outsiders. We are the most apathetic, elitist, self-centred, loud-mouthed and hypercritical bunch of wankers you could ever have the misfortune to meet. For supposedly intelligent people, the concentration of narrow-minded reactionaries on our campuses has to be experienced to be believed.
Ayo Hughes and Nicholas Thurtle, Brunel University
Well done, lads. Now's the time to come clean. — M.S.

It grieves us greatly to read Max Bell's claim that "the university of life" was "all the bleedin' education I ever 'ad" *(Gasbag 1.12.79)*. Since when has Trinity College, Cambridge, gone under this name — or is it just that Mr Bell is ashamed to admit to being a member of our college?
Guy Burgess, Anthony Blunt and Charles Windsor, Trinity College, Cambridge
Oh, very clever — the fact remains that Max never learnt anything there. You should see his copy before it's corrected. — M.S.

Dear Ding (Max Bell), Don't be nasty to Here And Now, they're nice. There isn't a catch to them playing free gigs, they just like people. My friend Ian and me like them, and we've seen them in Wycombe twice. A hippy had a dog and it was upset 'cos the music was so loud, and the hippy covered its ears and said, 'Hey man, this is Here And Now, don't worry'. I think that's nice, although the dog was pissed off.

I think that the letters page is best, but I like the pictures too. I'm not a hippy, I'm a tiller boy 'cos I've been in love for two weeks now, and my fringe is long.
Phnaph The Barge, Kingston, JA

Trends may come and trends may go yet Smudge still really loves his Whiskers.
Roy Allstars.

It seems that Public Image Ltd. have created something of a problem with the release of 'The Metal Box'. Angus MacKinnon is right to say the band have "no cosy accommodating antecedents", and therein lies the crux of the matter. Virgin Records have put a price of £7.45 on an album which follows the almost totally inaccessible first album. God knows who's going to play it on the radio so who can be expected to fork out that sum for something they haven't heard after the first album's experimental overkill?
Eric Musicpaper-Critic, Bootle, Merseyside
Give up. Who? — M.S.

Does the cassette version of 'Metal Box' come in a Golden Virginia tin?
Johnny H. Period

PiL's 'Metal Box' makes an ideal baking tin for shortbread and we all fight over who's going to eat the logo bit.
Ozzie Trier, West Horsley, Surrey
P.S. What can we do with the records?
Please send them to Eric Musicpaper-Critic. — M.S.

With my luck, when my fifteen minutes of fame come up I'll be on the bog.
Dr John, Sheffield

Congratulations, Deanne Pearson. You have successfully persuaded me to donate to the *NME* Benevolent Fund two sheets of paper and about ½p worth of biro-ink (generous, huh?)

Your article on Madness kicked-off well up the League table, but soon plunged down to Division 2 when you brought on Politics to face the unsuspecting team. A definite foul, methinks. Just 'cos the band don't happen to take any particular stance you seem to view them with suspicion, and wasted most of the match attempting to extract a complete slag-off of the NF and BM from the band. To their credit they did not do so.

All very well for you, 'cos had you succeeded you could go back to the safety of your seat in the stand; but where would this leave the band themselves? Still out on the pitch now facing the wrath of the more infamous sections of the terraces. Final result — they are forced off through injury and replaced by less talented substitutes.

So stop trying to turn an honest, non-political, good-time band into another Sham. Your tackles are too high, Pearson, so take an early bath. Keep politics out of sport. Get on with the game, lads.
Will le Chien (alias Jimmy Hill), Upton Park
P.S. You're not related to Stuart by any chance, are you?
She's not, but she's got better legs than that tired old Revie reject. — RON GREENWOOD

If you print this letter I will kill myself.
Adam Wood, Bradford
One down . . .

At last! The Gang Of Four backlash has started. I was pleased to read Paul Morley's carefully textured review of the four loveable agitprop mop tops. Not that I hate, or even dislike the band's chunky soup of meat and veg, the steaming gravy of social in-sight, it's just that nagging feeling I get when I read yet another glowing review, that something's wrong. No one band can surely fulfil, and then live up to so much journalistic idealism can it? Me, I find it all a bit chewy and have to spit it out. Paul Morley is essential to the balanced view that your paper strives to maintain and I hope he continues to present such an exciting spice in the packet soup of rock journalism. I must go now, the dinner's burning.
Nick Dwyer, Brighton
. . . the Four to go. — M.S.

I think I am the only person that thinks Gary Numan's new single, 'Complex', sounds like the main theme from Tubular Bells.
T. Denning, A law student from Chester
No you're not. — MIKE OLDFIELD'S ACCOUNTANT

I think Gary Numan is a miserable old tit.
From not a very nice person at all, Haverhill
Hey, less of the 'old'. — GARY NUMAN

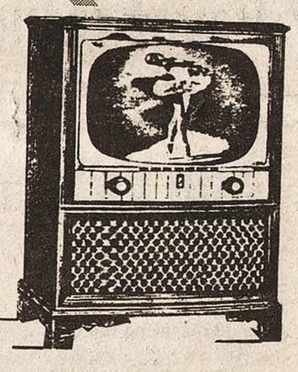
Now we know how provocative, controversial and perverse (and therefore cool) Julie Burchill can be, how about a couple of pages on Beryl Bainbridge, Iris Murdoch, Fay Weldon, Doris Lessing etc.? Don't tell me Julie, you were only kidding.
David Spurking, Northampton

In two *NME* pages, Julie Burchill mentions the word sex thirty times!

Now that's what I call obsession.
M. C. Bourgeois, Edgbaston, Birmingham
You think *she's* obsessed and you counted that awful word all the way through? — M.S.

It really annoys me when you writers say there's lots of trouble at 2-Tone gigs. I was shitting myself before going to the Lyceum but there was no trouble whatsoever, except when I elbowed somebody in the stomach.
Specs, Kennington, London

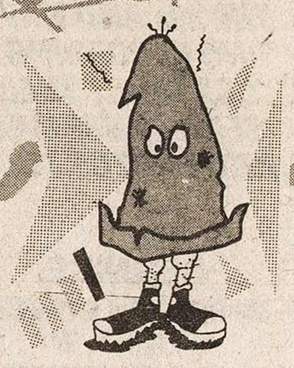
I have seen The Damned five and a half times (I walked out of last week's Rainbow farce). My brother has seen them eight times. Whilst I don't suppose for a moment that this is some sort of record, it must surely be a reflection on the sad state of society today.
The Red Knight, London, Lufbra, Oldham, Bradford



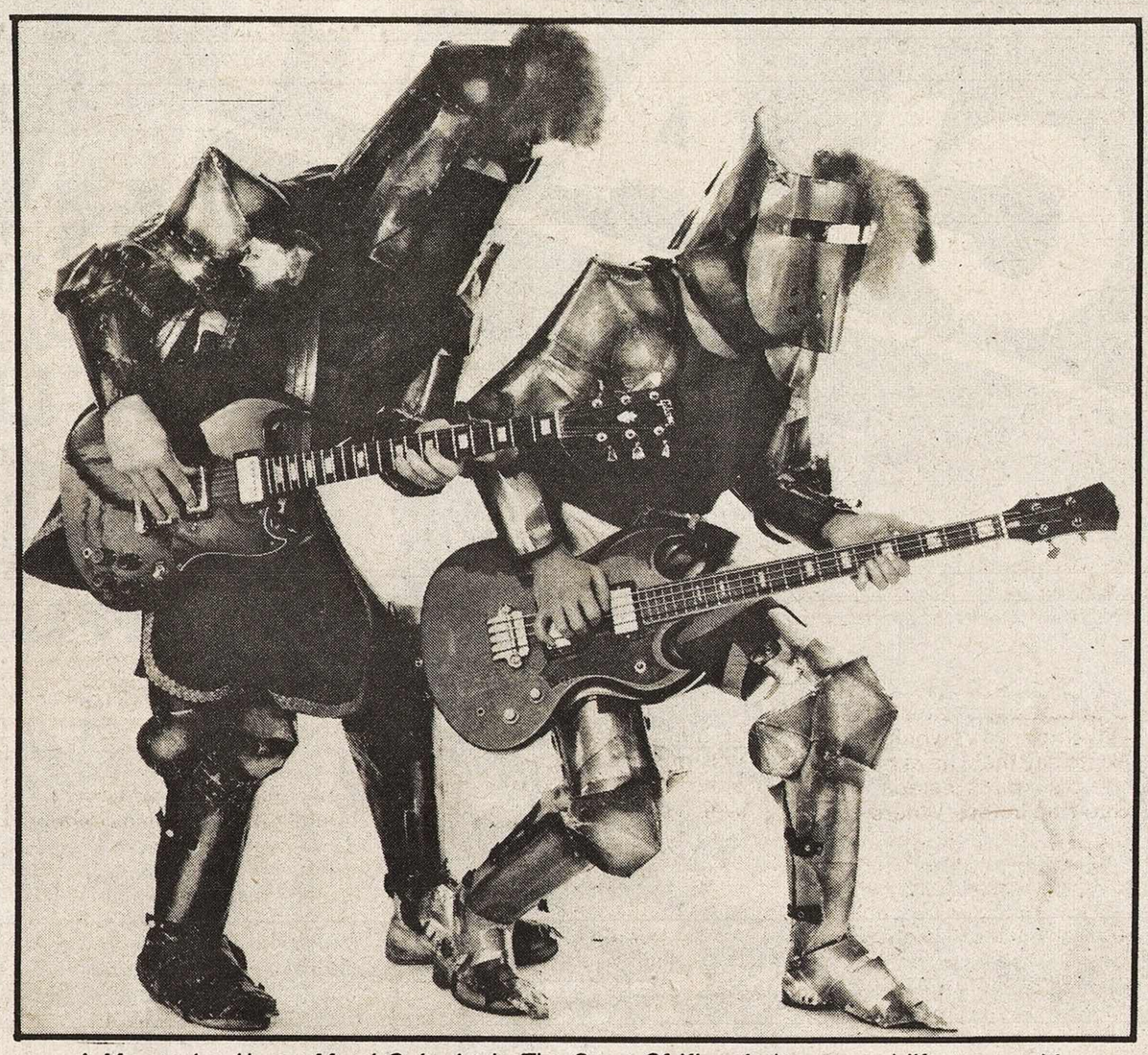
You bastards! I've waited years for a TV star to come along who looks like me, so I can get approached in the streets, and you decide to start a *Shoestring* backlash. Now I'll have to cancel the doodling classes.
Eddie Stonelighthouse, Nottingham

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark spelt backwards is Krad— *(Alright, that's enough. Far too easy. Just take these four Gang Of Eight albums and scarper. — M.S.)*
Blimey, that's it. — M.S.

M. Smith gets into the Bag



T-ZERS PLAYS ITS GUITAR



A Mancunian Heavy Metal Guitarist In The Court Of King Arthur started life as a multi-million dollar technicolour Hollywood sensurround blockbuster. Now it is to be the Albertos latest show, opening next week at London's Mayfair Theatre, retitled Never Mind The Bullocks. What an original title, CP.
Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

THEY'RE digging up Norfolk to make silos for long-range cruise missiles . . . grave doubts are being voiced over the new 'monetarist' policies . . . the bus broke down on the way to the office . . . yes, the world's in a right old stew and amidst it all an editorial directive lands on *T-Zers'* head. "Forget the usual strained efforts at humour and start off this week with a rock star's name in bold type," it reads. "Something like: **Bob Dylan** fell off stage at tne Nashville etc. etc." So here goes:

Bob Dylan fell off stage at the Nashville . . . Acutally this isn't exactly true. Bob Dylan has probably never been anywhere near the Nashville in his entire life, but he was on stage at the Santa Monica civic recently complaining about the poor time-keeping of the American railways. That's not quite true either. The Zim was in fact trying to cheer himself up after his born again tour of the US got off to a poor start in San Francisco with much heckling and the odd refund demand. He told the Civic's audience that "you know we're all going off the deep end any way . . . But there's a man who died on the cross for us, and it's time you all recognised that if you want to be saved." This time the audience cheered his proclamation, though one cheeky wag was heard to shout: "Me first, **Brian!**" . . .

Three thousand miles away in the BBC bar awaiting their turn to be rolled out in front of a dozen bewildered teenies were the **Darts, The Damned, UK Subs, The Stranglers** and **Motorhead.**
The very cream of a generation together for the first time in one place! Early reports say shelling has stopped and casualities are lower than was first expected. **Dollar** tried to get in on the action but would've missed their make-up call, and **'M'** took shelter behind **Robin Scott**'s ego . . .

Other laughable moments in audio-visual media occured when Capital Radio's rock savant **Graham Dene** played the new People's Choice, **The Clash's** 'London Calling' and afterwards fellow DJ said **Roger Scott** had set his alarm early just to hear that single. "If I were his wife, I'd sue for divorce," quipped Dene. Is there no hope for these people! Apparently not. And better still, a sketch about a DJ on **Les Dawson's** *Dawson's Watch* gave a free airing to **Secret Affair**'s 'Time For Action'. After it finished, it was described as "The latest smash from **Gary Gangrene**" . . .

Controversial black feminist **Millie Jackson** came close to causing a mild scandal at her record company's pressing plant last week when the works heard the frank and meaningful statements she makes on a song called 'The Phuck You Symphony' from her new album, 'Live And Uncensored'. Tools were apparently downed, but picked up again when the subject of Christmas bonuses was broached. Millie's company Polydor, however, deny that anything remotely unusual took place, and the record, which was recorded in LA, will hit the shops just slightly later than scheduled . . .

The Specials took their two-toned selves down to a special in-store personal apparence at a vinyl emporium in SW London last Monday but arrived a teensy bit tardy and discovered that the 300 or so Rudies who had come to meet them were in such high spirits that they'd inadvertantly broken the shop window and were 'rejoicing' in the street clutching armfuls of records and such. One of the local schools later rang up the shop to find our when classes would be resumed . . .

Long-haired, be-denimed blues guitarist **Rory Gallagher** was not entirely satisfied with the treatment he was getting from the **Jefferson Starship** on their US tour. To impress upon the Starship that they should treat their support acts with a little more respect the normally placid Rory landed one on **Paul Kantner** after a show in Chicago and came off the tour forthwith . . .

After **Pete Briquette** found himself on the recieving end of a display of physical prowess whilst leaving Dingwalls poseurs gallery t'other week (see *T-Zers t'other week),* **The Boomtown Rats'** conscience has been stirred into setting up a legal fund, perhaps via Release, to assist people who've been similarly mistreated by surly thugs masquerading as bouncers. Meanwhile the chief Rat was seen consoling himself to his outfits' poor chart-wise showing at **Talking Heads'** Hammersmith Palais gig alohg with **J Pyjamas,** several **Hot Rods** and somebody called **Topper Headon** . . .

Courtesy of sensitive, lonely intellectual **Paul Weller,** something literary your way comes. In fact it's a volume of poems from the pen of one **Dave Waller** (no relation) of Woking. The book is the first release on Weller's long-planned publishing set-up and is available for a mere 75p or the equivalent in used bank notes from **The Jam** fan club. And speaking of things mod-related, **Gary Crowley,** dubbed the world's loudest receptionist during his stint at the *NME* console, has sounded what must be the death-knell of the movement. At The Jam's recent Rainbow bash, a moody Gal announced he would be hanging up his Sta-prest in disillusionment . . .

A report in one of the other comics to the effect that **John Lennon,** who was once in a group with **Paul McCartney,** will be making a new album — his first in over four years — with pianist **Nicky Hopkins** and other unidentified musicians elicited a terse "no comment" from a representative of the reclusive born again American dairy farmer . . .

And as Baptist fever spreads in the wealthy but unprincipled colonies, maverick rock'n'roll lunatics **The Cramps** have decided to call their debut album — just finished in Memphis with producer **Alex Chilton** — 'Songs The Lord Taught Us'. Calm down psychobillies, it'll be out in January, voodoo permitting . . .

New York radio station WPIX would ordinarily be **Buzzcocks** staunchest supporters, but they've banned the group from their airwaves following certain incidents during their last tour. The band's photographer broke the nose of a WPIX staffer, Buzzcocks threw WPIX DJ **Jane Hamburger** off the stage when she tried to introduce them. And they've always been such nice boys . . .

What can all this mean? *Can I Come Too?,* a movie about a porno cinema, contains a song by none other than **Ross MacManus, Elvis Costello**'s pater . . . The laughing **Police**man **Sting** (well wouldn't you be laughing if you earned as much as him?) turns up as lead singer on the **Radio Actors'** ecologically sound single 'Nuclear Waste' . . . and **Ry Cooder** is in Caraibes *(Somewhere north of Watford — Ed)* and cannot be reached. This has been a cryptic *T-Zers* section brought to you by an equally bemused *T-Zer* writer who can neither confirm nor deny nor even begin to explain the contents of this paragraph . . .

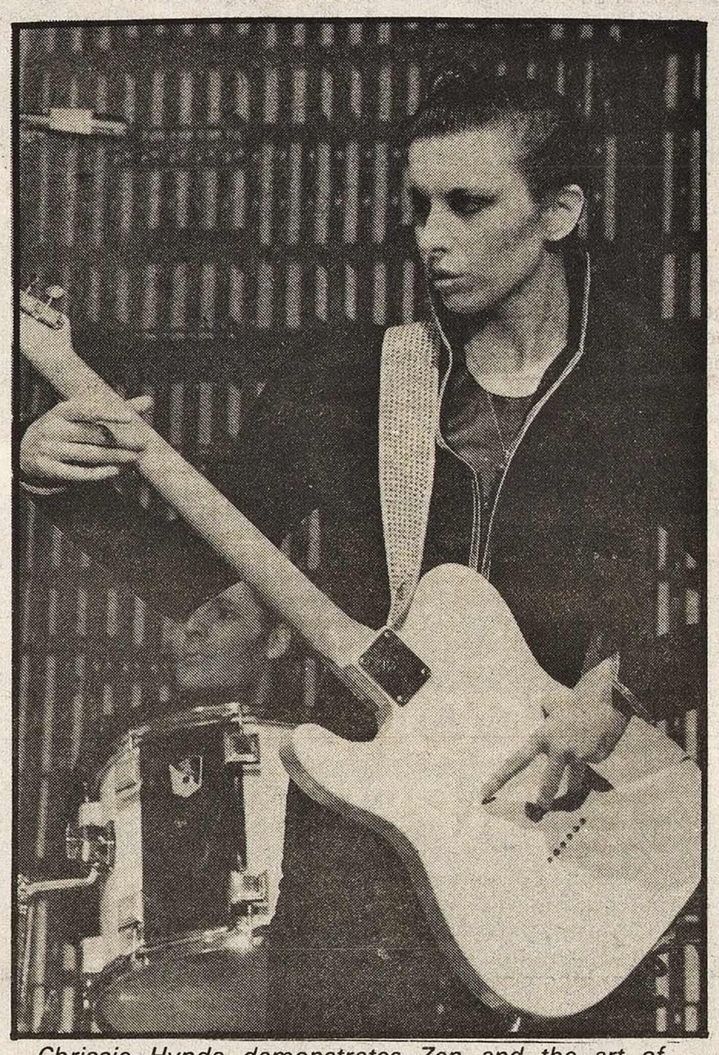
Those sensitive intellectuals **The Cure** were asked to drop 'Killing An Arab' from their set at Wolverhampton Poly last week because of the large Arabian caucus on the campus who might miss the symbolic reference from **Albert Camus'** *The Outsider* and take offence. **Richard Tree,** spokesman for the student union, told The Cure's label, Fiction Records, that the Arab caucus had given notice that it The Cure play 'Killing An Arab' they would stop the show, and security at the hall could not be held responsible for what might ensue. Official union policy at the campus indicentally supports the PLO and considers their methods justifiable(!), and a member of the Poly's Arab Association called Fiction records a tool of Zionist conspiracy, which is ironic considering Polydor, who finance Fiction, are a German company. Anyhow, The Cure made noises about their rights of free speech for a while and eventually played the song, retitling it 'Killing An Englishman' . . .

As the consumptive season looms once more and everybody is being asked to celebrate **Christ**'s birthday by buying more junk, here's news of the ideal Christmas gift for the man who has everything — something he doesn't need anyway. A video-cassette of **Blondie**'s 'Eat To The Beat', made by director **David Mallot** of US '60s teen-show *Shindig* fame, and due in selected American stores just in time for the '80s. Blondie, meanwhile will be bringing a five camera crew along under director **Lech Kowalski** (we've never heard of him either) to cover the whole of Blondie's forthcoming Brit and French tour for a feature-length film . . .

Guests at **Martin Scorcese's** wedding to one **Isabella Rossellini** in Rome included **Robbie Robertson** and **Robert DeNiro,** whom chums have taken to calling Fat Bobbie since he set out to gain 50 lbs for *Raging Bull,* the Scorcese-directed movie in which he plays **Jake LaMotta,** the only fighter ever to admit to taking a fall for the Mafia . . .

For those of you perverts who read the paper from the front you may have already browsed **Paul Morley's** account of his person being attacked after the **Secret Affair** Rainbow gig. In spite of his rather dreamy fashion this did actually take place and Paul is nursing some rather stinging gashes to his lower face courtesy of our skinhead brethren. We trust that the thin white Mancunian will not think we underestimate the sickening gravity of the thuggery if we point out that he is currently forced to talking from the corner of his mouth in a manner which does rather resemble that of a racetrack tipster . . .

And lastly a man called **Mr Bebb,** who lives in Miami, Florida and is proud to be known as the world's number one **XTC** fan, has taken the unprecedented step of naming his son — wait for it — **Xeno Tholingil Curtis Bebb!** Young Curt, as he will probably wish to be known is believed to be able to tell one XTC song from another even at this early stage, but is as yet unable to distinguishe fact from an **Al Clark** press release . . .



Chrissie Hynde demonstrates Zen and the art of playing guitar on the Kenny Everett Video Show. At no time do her fingers leave her hands.
Pic: John Nichols

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